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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE FIGHT FOR THE HUDSON—TRENTON AND PRINCETON

THE FIGHT FOR THE HUDSON

Part of Tablet, Placed in Brooklyn by the Sons of the Revolution, Marking the Line of Defence at the Battle of Long Island.

WHILE Congress was coming to a decision upon the great question of Independence, the war was entering its second stage, and, as it proved, that in which the American Revolution narrowly escaped shipwreck. When the British undertook to coerce the colonies by force, they expected little resistance. They did not measure at all the task before them, and they were, therefore, taken by surprise when the people rose up and sprang upon them. The British governors were expelled one after another without any serious conflict, and the colonies passed rapidly and easily to the condition of independent States. The political management of the king and his ministers was so clumsy that a firm union of all the colonies was formed before their very eyes, and this one absolutely essential condition of American success was made sure at an early day. In a military way they had fared no better. Their ill-considered raid on Concord had resulted in a disorderly retreat. Their victory at Bunker Hill had been purchased at an enormous sacrifice of life, and had only served to encourage the Americans. They had been compelled, by the superior generalship of Washington, to evacuate Boston, and their blundering attack on Charleston had been repelled with loss and humiliation. All the solid advantages, both military and political, during the first year of revolution, had been wholly on the side of the Americans. This was due to the wilful ignorance of the English as to their opponents, whom they despised, and who for this reason took them unawares and defeated them, and to the further fact that a people in arms was a new force of great power, upon which neither they nor anyone else had calculated.

These conditions could not, in the nature of things, endure. The British, recovering from their surprise, proceeded to make arrangements for conquering their revolted provinces in a manner commensurate to the work before them, the seriousness of which they had so entirely underestimated. George III., who took a deep personal interest in the war, which, consciously or unconsciously, he felt to be the test of his schemes and the trial of his power, set his agents running over Europe to buy soldiers from anybody who had men to sell.

His first effort was in Russia. Gunning, the English Minister, interpreted some flowery compliments and sounding

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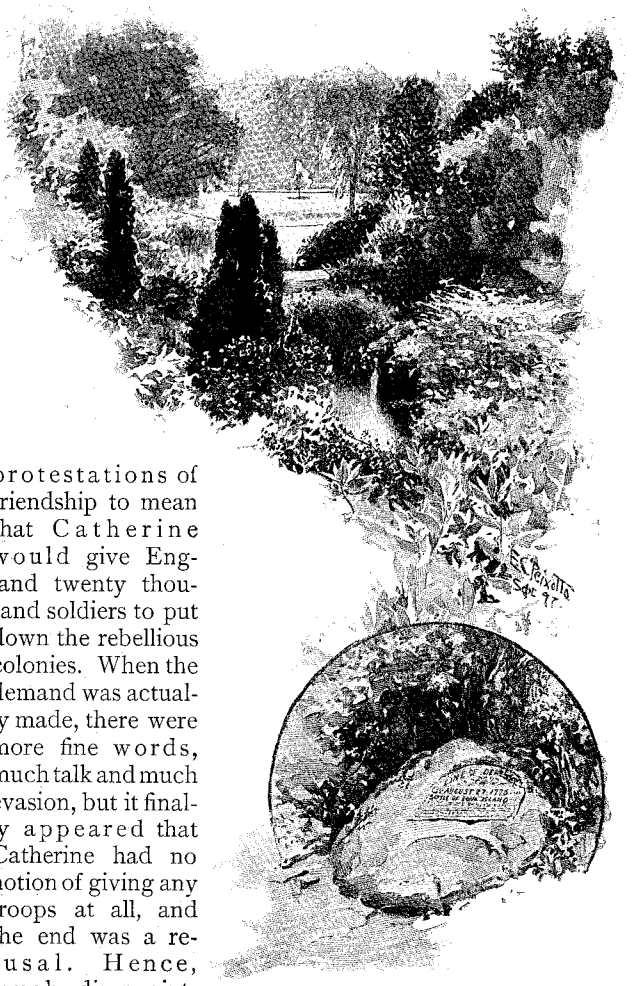

Battle Pass, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

Showing a part of the battle-field.
The tablet designates the line of defence.

protestations of friendship to mean that Catherine would give England twenty thousand soldiers to put down the rebellious colonies. When the demand was actually made, there were more fine words, much talk and much evasion, but it finally appeared that Catherine had no notion of giving any troops at all, and the end was a refusal. Hence, much disappointment in England, where the Russian soldiers were confidently expected. George fared no better in Holland when he asked for the Scotch Brigade. The Prince of Orange was sufficiently ready, but the States-General hesitated, and the only result was a polite offer to let England have the brigade provided they should not be called upon to serve out of Europe, which was equivalent to a refusal. Among the little states of Germany, George had better luck. Some of the petty princes offered troops voluntarily, and in others he had no difficulty in making a bargain. The wretched grand dukes, electors, princes, and other serene persons exacted a heavy price for the men whom they sold, but still England got the men, and in large numbers, especially from Brunswick and Hesse Cassel. Frederick of Prussia, on the other hand, as a man and a German, regarded with feelings akin to loathing this sale of men by the lesser German princes. At a later time he would not even permit England's mercenaries to cross his territory, for he had no sympathy with George, and being not only a great man but a clear-sighted and efficient one, he looked with contempt on English incompetence and blundering, and predicted the success of the colonies. Why a brave and powerful people like the English should have bought soldiers to fight their battles in a civil war is not easy now to understand. It was, however, due to the general inefficiency which then prevailed in British administration, and was a very costly expedient apart from the money actually spent, for it injured England in European opinion, encouraged and justified the colonies in seeking foreign aid, and smoothed the path for American diplomacy. It also spurred on the Americans to fight harder because foreign mercenaries were employed against them, and it embittered their feelings toward the mother-country. The allies obtained by the British Ministry in Europe were, nevertheless, in the highest degree creditable and desirable, compared to those they sought and procured in America itself. That they should have enlisted, paid, and organized regiments of American loyalists, was proper enough, but when they made alliances with the Indians and turned

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Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

The Retreat from Long Island.

Washington superintending the transfer of the troops across the East River.

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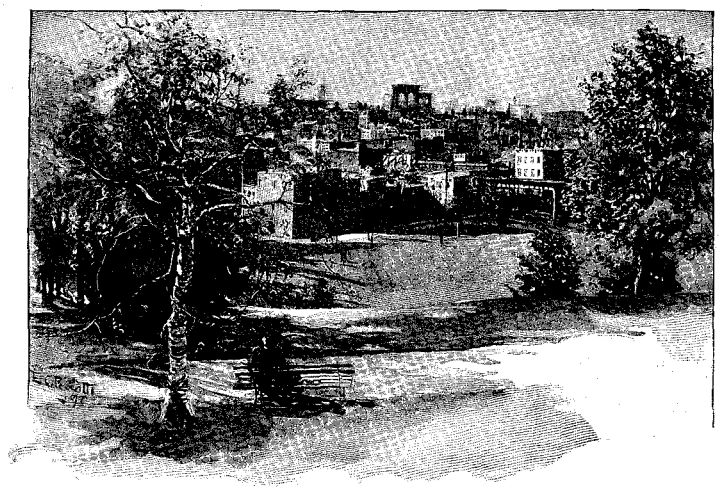
them loose on the frontier settlements and against American armies, they took a step which nothing could palliate or excuse. To make allies of cruel fighting savages and set them upon men of their own race and blood, was something that could not be justified and met with its fit reward. The Americans knew well what Indian warfare meant, and when England sent Indians on the war-path against them, it roused a burning hatred which nothing could appease. If it was the King's plan to drive the Americans to desperation and make the retention of the colonies absolutely hopeless, this alliance with the Indians was the surest way to accomplish that result. Yet without her Hessians, Indians, and loyalists it must be admitted England would not have had even a chance, for she seemed unable to furnish any adequate number of troops herself. It was all part of the amazing blundering which characterized English administration in the American Revolution, and for which we have no explanation except in the fact that the King was undertaking the work of government and carefully excluded all men of the first order from his councils.

From the American point of view at that time, however, these considerations, as well as the ultimate effect of England's policy in getting allies, were by no means apparent. All they saw was that the men had been procured, and that powerful armies and fleets were coming against them. This was what Washington had to face. It was no use discussing the morals or the policy of buying Germans. There they were under the English flag, and they were there to fight.

Washington certainly was under no illusions. He knew that England would make a great effort and was a great power. He knew, too, that New York would be the first object of British attack. It was the essential strategic point, without which any attempt to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies, by controlling the line of the Hudson, would be utterly barren. Without any delay he quitted Boston, the scene of his victory on March 17th, and was in New York by April 13th, bringing with him all the troops he could gather. The outlook there was dark enough. The city was undefended; most of his troops were new recruits; there was a powerful Tory party, and Tryon, the last British Governor, was actively intriguing and conspiring with the loyalists from his station on a man-of-war. Congress, on the other hand, was struggling with the question of independence and did little to aid him, while the provincial committees had neither the experience nor as yet the determination of those he had left in New England. Nevertheless, all that man could do was done. Defensive works were completed or erect-



Present View from Old Fort Putnam (now Fort Greene), Brooklyn.

This Fort formed a part of the defences on Long Island.

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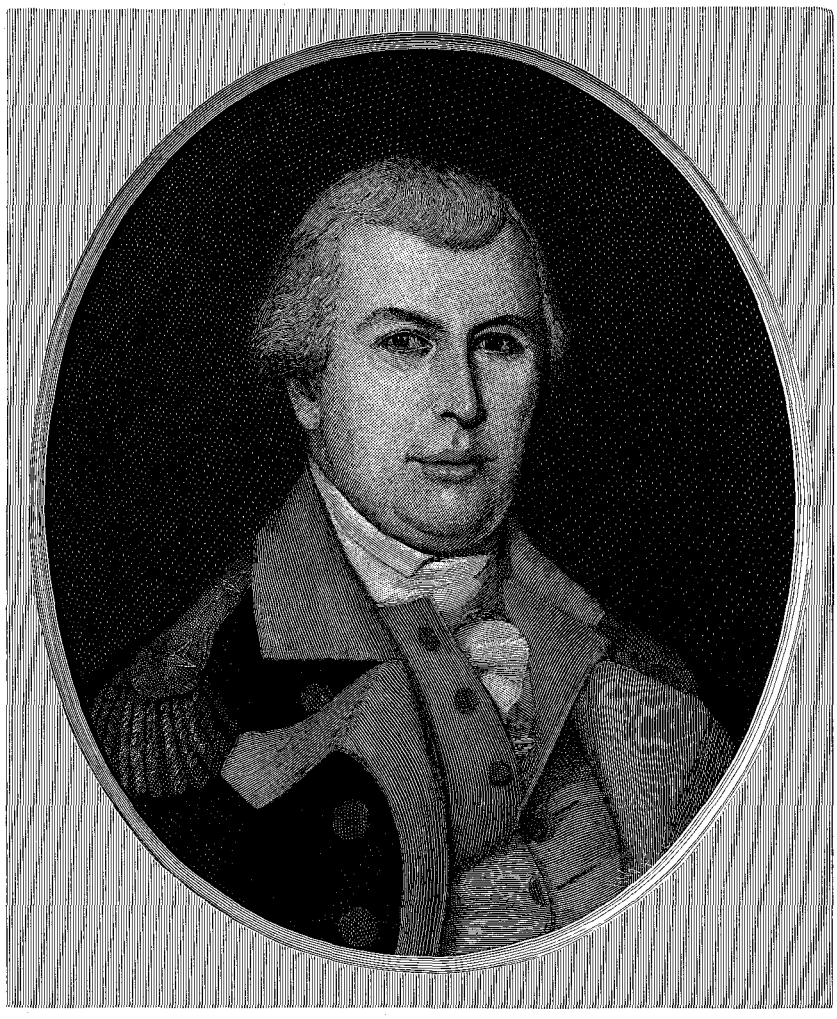

GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, 1783

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

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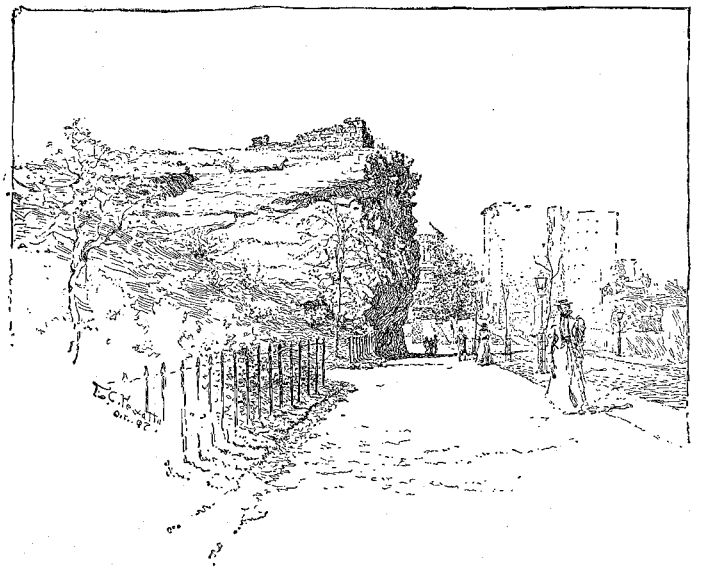

Ruins of Old Stone Block-house, 123d Street and Amsterdam Avenue (Morningside Park), New York City—Looking West.

(One of a series of defences in Harlem.)

had nothing to oppose. It seemed madness to fight against such odds and run the risk of almost certain defeat. But Washington looked beyond the present and the immediate military situation. As usual, political considerations had to be taken into account. To give up New York without a struggle, and to have saved his army intact by an immediate retreat and without fighting, however wise from a military point of view, would have chilled and depressed the country in a dangerous degree, and to carry on a popular war successfully it was necessary to have the support of the people. Besides, the army was there, and there it must fight.

ed on Brooklyn Heights, on Manhattan, at Kingsbridge, and along the East and Hudson Rivers. The army was drilled and disciplined after a fashion; the Tory plottings were checked, and every preparation was made that energy and ability, ill supported, could devise.

Yet the result of all these labors when the hour of conflict approached and the British army had arrived, was disheartening. Washington had been able to gather only 17,000 men. Nearly 7,000 of these were sick or on furlough, and he had fit for duty only 10,000 men to cover his necessarily extensive line of works. With this small force, ill armed, inexperienced, and ill provided, he was called upon to face and do battle with a British army of 31,000 men now assembled on Staten Island, well-disciplined regulars, thoroughly equipped and provided and supported by a powerful fleet to which Washington

Site of Fort Washington, New York City, Looking Toward Fort Lee.

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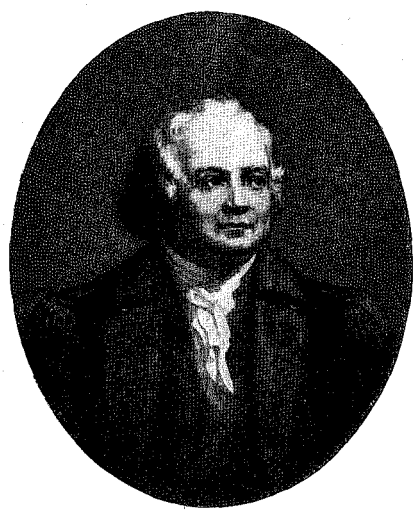
ular war the public spirit must be maintained. More important than this even was the danger which Washington saw plainly far away to the north. There Carleton was pressing down the line of the lakes. If Sir William Howe and his army succeeded in advancing rapidly and meeting him before winter set in, it would mean the division of the northern colonies by the British forces and a disaster to the Americans which could probably never be repaired. Even the sacrifice of an army would be better than this. So Washington determined to hold his ground and fight. He said that he hoped to make a good defence, but he was not blind to the enormous risk, to the impossibility almost, of holding his long line of posts with so few men and with an enemy in command of the sea. Even while he wrote cheerfully as to holding his positions he exhibited the condition of the army to Congress in the plainest terms, and constantly demanded more men. But even if he had known defeat to be certain he still had to consider the wishes of Congress and the state of public opinion, and he likewise felt that present defeat would result in a larger ultimate victory, if by delay he could prevent the junction of the main British army with the forces from the north.



General Israel Putnam.

From a portrait by H. I. Tompson, after a pencil-sketch from life by John Trumbull.

Washington was unable to tell just where the attack would come, which compelled him to spread out his small force in order to cover so far as possible every point. This put him at an additional disadvantage when the British moved, as they did on August 22d, landing 15,000 men on Long Island, and following this up on the 25th with the German division under Heister, with forty cannon. The Americans had about 8,000 men, half in the works at Brooklyn and half outside to meet the British and defend the approaches. The whole position was untenable in the long run because the English controlled the sea, and yet New York could not be held at all if Brooklyn Heights were in the hands of the enemy. It was a choice of evils, and it is easier to point out Washington's military error in trying to hold Long Island than to say what he should have done. It was also a serious mistake to divide the troops and leave half outside, and to this mistake, for which the commander-in-chief was finally responsible, was added a series of misfortunes and small blunders. The command on Long Island had been intrusted to General Greene, the best officer Washington had. Just before the British landed, Greene was stricken with a violent fever, and the command passed first to Sullivan and then to Putnam. Both were brave men. Neither was a soldier of great ability nor a strategist, and they were alike ignorant of the country which Greene knew by heart. Sullivan held the outposts. Putnam remained at Brooklyn Heights and did not come out when the fighting began. The British fleet opened a heavy fire on the New York works early on August 27th. Meantime the British forces skilfully divided, and well guided during the previous day and night, had got round to Sullivan's rear by undefended roads. Sullivan, hemmed in on all sides, made a vigorous effort to retreat, but it was useless. Some of the Americans, by desperate fighting, broke through, but many were captured, including Sullivan himself. Lord Sterling, in command of the other outlying American force, fared

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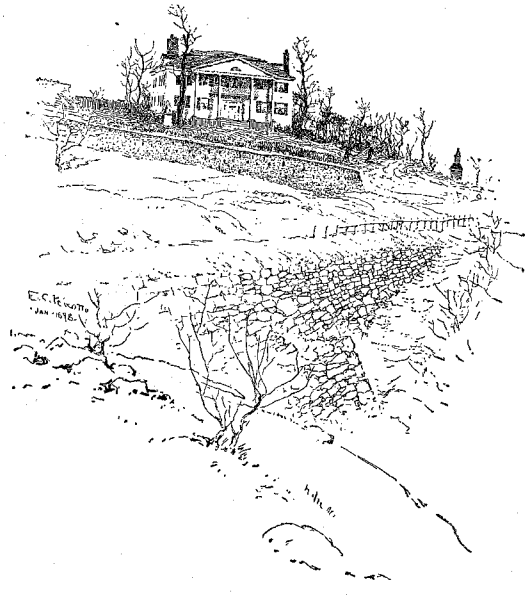
almost as ill as Sullivan. Attacked on both sides, he had no line of retreat, except across Gowanus Creek. His men made a gallant stand, and most of them succeeded in crossing the creek, but Sterling himself and many of his division were taken prisoners. The Americans outflanked, outgeneralled, and outnumbered four to one, were badly beaten in these two actions. They lost 970 men in killed and wounded, and 1,077 captured, while the British loss was but 400.



The Jumel Mansion, Washington Heights, New York City.
For a time Washington's Headquarters.

Washington, when he heard of the British landing, had sent six regiments to Brooklyn, and came over on the day of the action only to witness with anguish the utter rout of the detachments under Sullivan and Sterling. The situation was grave in the extreme. The troops were thoroughly demoralized by their losses, and many of the militia actually deserted. It looked as if the American army were doomed. But the British delayed, and, mindful of Bunker Hill, instead of at once assaulting the Brooklyn intrenchments, which alone protected the shattered American army, they broke ground for a siege. This gave Washington time, and time was all he needed. He brought over reinforcements, encouraged his men and strengthened his works. But he did not mean to fight there except as a last resource. He had no idea of staking his whole army on a single action against overwhelming odds if he could avoid it. While the men labored on the intrenchments, he quietly gathered boats, and seeing on the 29th that the British meant to come on his rear with their fleet, he embarked his whole army that night and crossed successfully to New York. It was a masterly retreat. In the face of a strong enemy lying within gunshot, with a hostile fleet close at hand, he got 9,000 men into boats ferried them across a broad stream with strong tides and currents, and left behind only a few heavy guns. The wind was light and a thick mist helped to cover the movement. Washington, in the saddle and on foot for forty-eight hours, watched over everything, and was the last to leave. As he followed his heavily laden boats through the kindly mist and darkness he must have felt a sense of profound relief, for he had grasped a fortunate chance and had rescued his army from an almost hopeless position. The Americans had been beaten in two heavy skirmishes, but the American army had escaped. It was possible to make the raw militia who had been defeated in their first open action into veterans, for they lacked nothing for becoming good soldiers but experience. But if the only American army in the field had been destroyed at the very outset of the contest, the Revolution would have been in great peril. Washington's one thought was to hold his army together and fight as often as he could, but whatever happened, that army which he commanded must never be dissolved. He had fought in an impossible position, been beaten, and saved his army from the brink of destruction, taking full

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

The Retreat Through the Jerseys.

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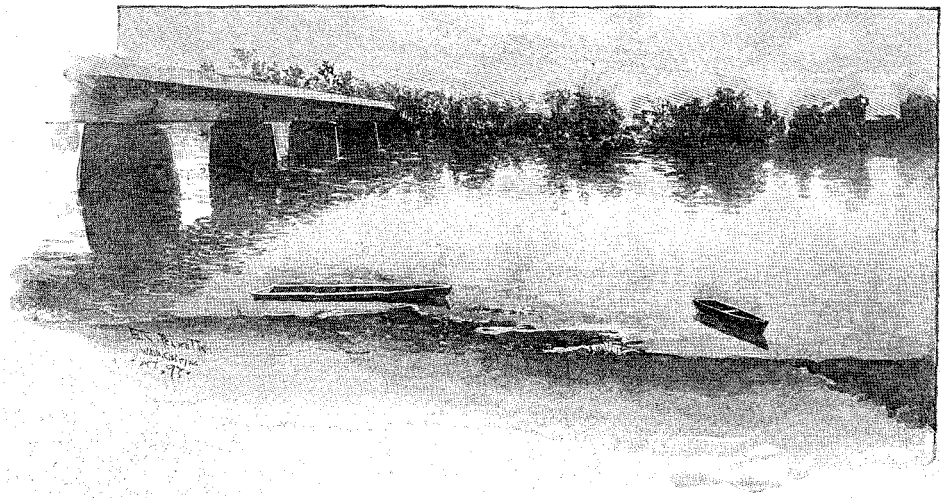

The Point at which Washington Crossed the Delaware River.
(As it now appears.)

advantage of the mistakes of his opponents. Now, on Manhattan Island, he faced the enemy once more, ready to fight again.*

Some time after the Battle of Long Island Jay wrote that he had often thought during the previous spring that it would be best to destroy New York, desolate all the country about it, and withdraw up the river. This suggestion came from Greene at the time, and after the retreat from Long Island Washington took it up and submitted it to Congress. From a military point of view the destruction of the city was the just conception of an able general. It sounded desperate, but it was really the wisest thing to do. If carried out it would have forced the British to abandon New York and the mouth of the Hudson, it would have left them on the edge of winter without quarters, and in the end would have probably shortened the war. But it was too strong a measure for Congress, and Washington was obliged to drop the idea. As the city was clearly untenable with the forces at his command, there was no further resource but retreat, and on September 10th, although a majority of his officers were still loath to abandon the town, Washington began his preparations for withdrawal. While he was thus engaged, Howe, on the 14th, repeated the Long Island manœuvre, intending to threaten the city in front and on the North River with the fleet, while with his army crossing the East River and landing on the left flank he could cut off and destroy the American army. In accordance with this plan, Howe, on September 15th, landed at Kip's Bay and drove the militia posted there in headlong flight. Washington hearing the firing, rode to the landing, only to see his men fleeing in all directions. The sight of their panic and cowardice was too much for him. The fierce fighting spirit that was part of his nature broke through his usually stern self-control in a storm of rage. He rode in among the fugitives and made desperate efforts to rally them. He exposed himself recklessly to death or capture, and was almost dragged from the field by his officers. Yet despite this disaster he managed to get his army together, and although Putnam with the rear-guard had a narrow escape, Washington finally succeeded in bringing his whole army safely to Harlem Heights. While the victorious Howe took possession of New York, and proceeded to look about him, Washington intrenched himself strongly on the Heights. He also sent out detachments under Colonel Knowlton, the hero of the rail fence at Bunker Hill, and Major Leitch, and at-

* The best statement in regard to the battle of Long Island by a professional soldier is that of General Carrington, U. S. A., in his "Battles of the American Revolution." The whole chapter should be carefully studied. I can only quote here a few lines. General Carrington says (p. 212): "The Battle of Long Island had to be fought. . . . The defence was doomed to be a failure from the first, independent of the co-operation of a naval force. . . . Washington was wise in his purpose 'to make the acquisition as costly as possible to his adversary.' . . . The people of the country demanded that New York should be held to the last possible moment."

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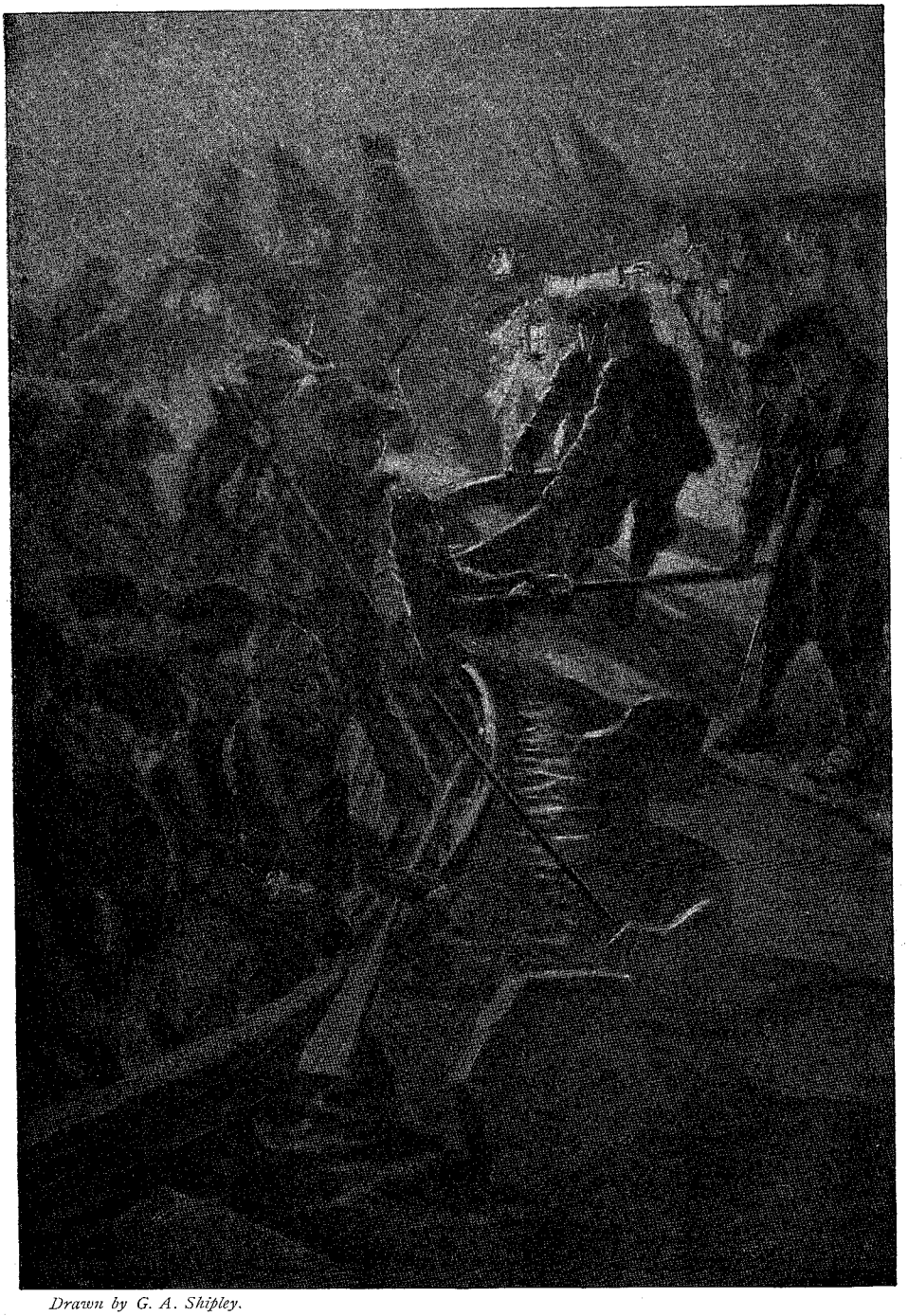

Drawn by G. A. Shipley.

Washington's Troops Disembarking on the Trenton Shore of the Delaware River.

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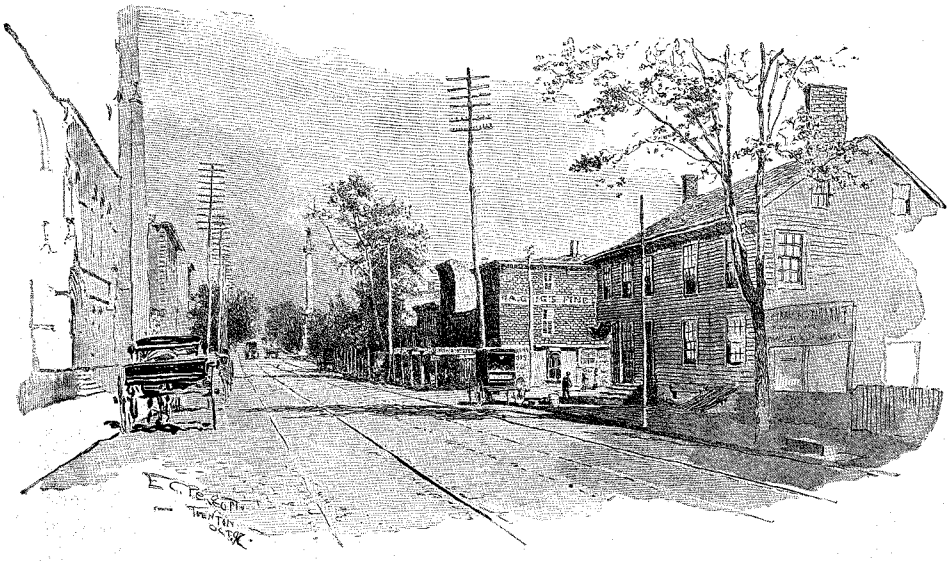
tacked the British light troops who were in an advanced position. The light troops were defeated and forced back to the main line, but the Americans, who fought well, lost both Knowlton and Leitch. That Washington, with a demoralized army, in the midst of disaster and retreat should have assumed the offensive and made a successful attack, is an instance of his power and tenacity, of which many instances were yet to come. It was this iron determination to fight at every opportunity, whether after victory or defeat, which enabled him to constantly check and delay the British, and what was far more important, turned his raw militia into an army of steady, disciplined fighters with a blind confidence in their chief.



Old King Street (now Warren Street), Trenton.

On the right is a building which was occupied by the Hessians. On the site of the monument, in the background, was stationed the American artillery, which commanded this street and Queen Street, along which the Hessians were quartered.

Howe, having considered the situation, decided that the Harlem Heights were too strong for a front attack, and set about a repetition of the flanking movements of Long Island and Kip's Bay. His control of the water with the fleet, and his superior numbers, enabled him to do this with success. Washington seeing just what was intended, for he perfectly understood by this time the British generals who were not given to complicated intellectual operations, had no mind to be shut up on Manhattan Island. So he occupied the passes, and when Howe—it was now October 14th—attempted to land, he held him back until he had withdrawn his army to the right bank of the Bronx, holding a strong line from Fordham to White Plains. After five days the British advanced again, meeting Glover's brigade, who skirmished vigorously and fell slowly back to the main army. By the 28th the two armies were face to face, and Howe prepared to fight a great battle and end the war. They undertook first to turn the American left, and made a heavy attack on Chatterton's Hill. Twice they were repulsed and driven back with severe loss. Rahl, with his Germans, meantime crossed the Bronx and turned the American right, so that General McDougal was forced to abandon Chatterton's Hill and fall back, fighting stubbornly, to the lines at White Plains. The great and decisive battle failed to come off. The Americans, moreover, were learning to fight in the open. In this action they lost one hundred and thirty killed and wounded, the British two hundred and thirty-one, something very different from the Long Island result. The next day Howe considered the propriety of an assault, but thought the works too strong. Then Lord Percy ar-

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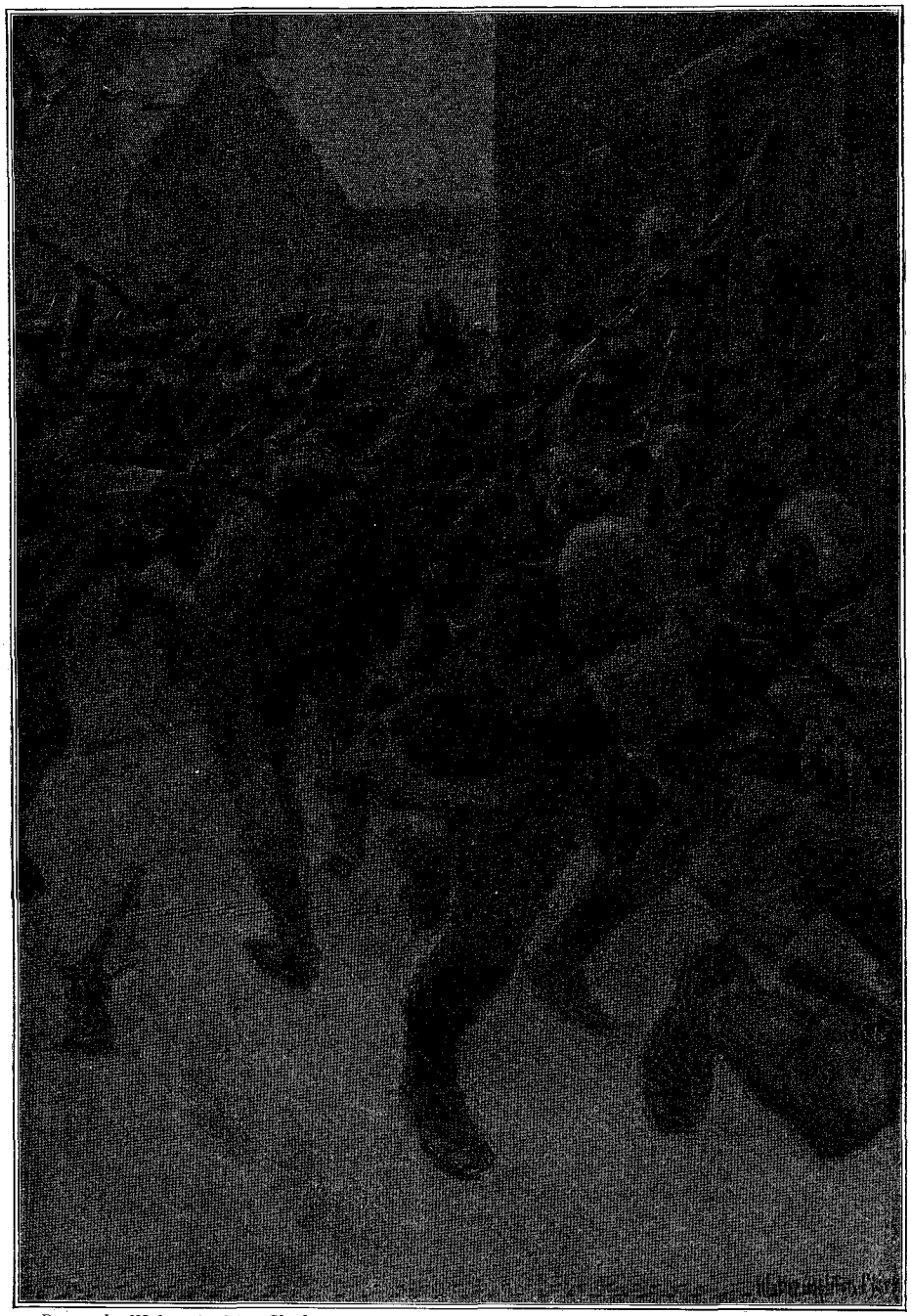

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Surprise at Trenton.

The Hessians poured out from their barracks but were forced back by a fierce bayonet charge.

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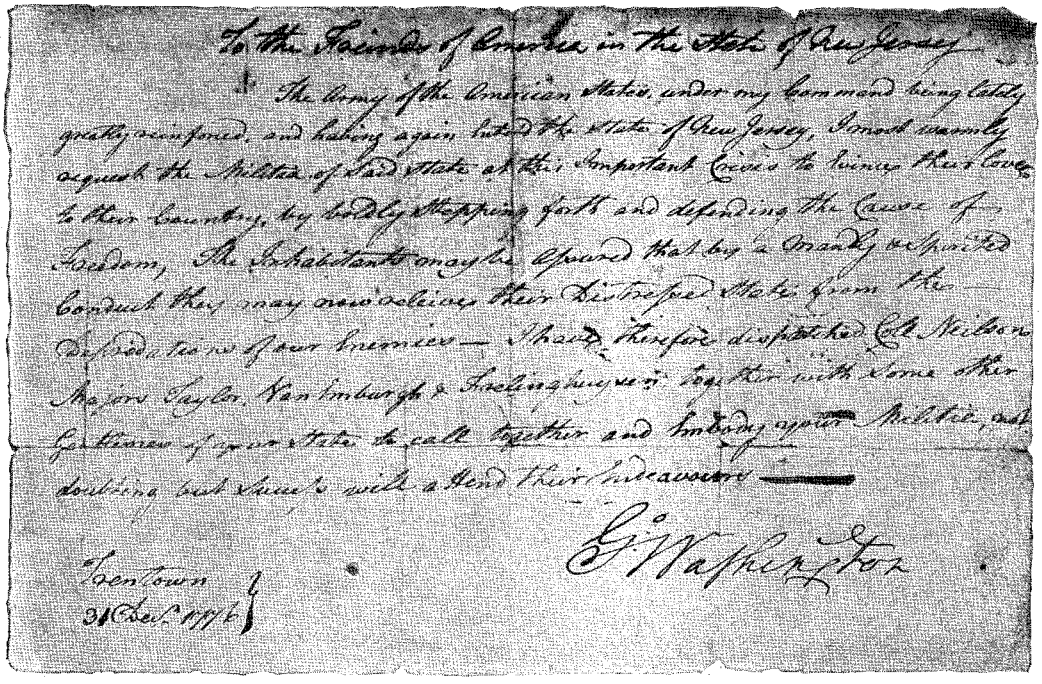

A "Call to Arms."

Reproduced for the first time in fac-simile (reduced) from the original document.
(By courtesy of the owner, William R. Weeks, Esq.)

rived with reinforcements, but it stormed on the following day, and then Washington quietly withdrew, leaving the British looking at the works, and took up a new and stronger position at Newcastle.

While Washington was awaiting a fresh attack, the enemy began to move to Dobbs's Ferry, whither Howe himself went in person on November 5th. The Americans, suspecting a movement into New Jersey, sent troops across the river, leaving a samll force at Peekskill to guard the approach to the Highlands. But Howe's object was not what the Americans supposed. He went back for the purpose of capturing Fort Washington. This fort and Fort Lee, on the opposite bank of the Hudson, were intended to command the river, a purpose for which they were quite inadequate. Washington, with correct military instinct, wished to abandon both, but especially Fort Washington, when he retreated from Manhattan. He gave way, however, to the judgment of a council of war, and especially to the opinion of Greene, who declared that the position was impregnable. His yielding to his council was a mistake on this, as on other occasions, and his too great deference to the opinion of his officers in the early years of the war, when existing conditions very likely forced him to subordinate his own views to those of others, was usually unfortunate. In this instance the correctness of his own judgment and his error in not standing to it were soon and painfully shown. Greene was no doubt mistaken in declaring the fort impregnable, but if it had been it could not have withstood treachery. It is now known, through a letter which came to light some twenty years ago, that William Demont, the adjutant of Colonel Magaw, went into the British lines and furnished Lord Percy with complete plans of the works and a statement of the armament and garrison. This, as we now know, was the news that took Howe and his army back to New York. Washington started for the fort as soon as he learned of the British movement, but was turned back by word that the garrison were in high spirits, and confident of maintaining the place. They did not know that they had been betrayed,

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and Howe, thoroughly informed, made a skilful attack at every point, and carried the outworks. The Americans, driven into the central fort, were exposed on all sides. They could not even hold their ground until night, at which time Washington promised to come to their relief, desperate as the attempt must have been. They therefore surrendered on that day and over 2,000 men fell into the hands of the British, who had lost 454 in the assault, despite the advantages which Demont's treason gave them.

After the fall of Fort Washington, Howe crossed over into New Jersey, and the first campaign for the Hudson came to an end. The Americans had been beaten in nearly every engagement, and they had suffered a heavy loss by the capture of the fort. Yet the British campaign had none the less failed. With his undisciplined troops broken and demoralized by defeat, Washington had outmanœuvred his adversary. He had avoided a pitched battle, he had moved from one strong position to another, and, although so inferior in numbers, he

IN COUNCIL OF SAFETY,

PHILADELPHIA, *December* 8, 1776.

SIR,

THERE is certain intelligence of General Howe's army being yesterday on its march from Brunswick to Princetown, which puts it beyond a doubt that he intends for this city.—This glorious opportunity of signalizing himself in defence of our country, and securing the Rights of America forever, will be seized by every man who has a spark of patriotic fire in his bosom. We entreat you to march the Militia under your command with all possible expedition to this city, and bring with you as many waggons as you can possibly procure, which you are hereby authorized to impress, if they cannot be had otherwise—Delay not a moment, it may be fatal and subject you and all you hold most dear to the ruffian hands of the enemy, whose cruelties are without distinction and unequalled.

By Order of the Council,

DAVID RITTENHOUSE, Vice-President.

To the COLONELS *or* COMMANDING OFFICERS *of the respective* Battalions *of this* STATE.

TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

THE Enemy are at Trenton, and all the City Militia are marched to meet them.

Reduced from a Broadside Issued by the Council of Safety.

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had forced Howe to undertake slow and time-wasting flank movements. Howe consumed two months in advancing thirty miles. This in itself was defeat. Winter was upon him. Carleton had been forced to retire from Crown Point; the line of the Hudson was still in American control, and the American army, much as it had suffered, was still in existence. The British incompetence and the ability of Washington were signally shown during this period of unbroken British success, when all the odds were in favor of Howe and against his opponent.

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

It is easy to see now that while the British had been highly successful in their immediate objects, they had been defeated in the greater object upon which the fate of the war really turned. It is easy, too, to appreciate the ability with which Washington had fought losing fights in such a way as to defeat the essential purpose of the English campaign. But at the time none of these things were apparent and could not be understood. At the moment the country saw only unbroken defeat, and the spirit and hope of the Americans sank. The darkest hour of the Revolution had come.

Fort Washington fell on November 16th. This rendered Fort Lee useless, and Washington ordered its immediate evacuation. While the necessary preparations were being made, the enemy landed and Greene was forced to withdraw in great haste, saving his men, but losing everything else. He at once joined the main army, and it was well he could do so, for the situation was critical in the extreme. Washington was now in an open flat country. He could not slip from one strong position to another, and hold the British in check as he had done on the Hudson. His army, too, was going to pieces. The continued reverses had increased desertions, and the curse of short enlistments, due to the lack of foresight and determination in Congress, was telling with deadly effect. When their terms expired, the militia could not be induced to stay, but departed incontinently to their homes. Washington sent urgent orders to Lee, who had been left behind in the Highlands with 3,000 men, to join him, but Lee, who thought Washington "damnably deficient," and longed for an independent command, disobeyed orders, lingered carelessly, and talked largely about attacking the enemy in the rear. While thus usefully engaged he was picked up by a British scouting party and made a prisoner. At the time this was thought a disaster. The colonial idea that Lee was a great man because he was an Englishman was still prevalent. As a matter of fact, it was a piece of good fortune, for he was a mere critic and fault-finder, and an endless trouble to the American general.

Washington, holding up as best he might against all these reverses, and with hardly 3,000 men now left in his army, was forced to retreat. He moved rapidly and cautiously, holding his little force together and watching the enemy. The British came on, unresisted, to Trenton and contemplated an advance to Philadelphia. There all was panic, and the people began to leave the city. In New Jersey many persons entered the British lines to accept Howe's amnesty, but this movement, which might easily have gathered fatal proportions in the terror and depression which then reigned, was stopped by the actions of the British themselves. Parties of British and Hessian soldiers roamed over the country, burnt and pillaged houses, killed non-combatants, ravished women, and carried off young girls. These horrors made the people desperate, and they stopped seeking amnesty and took up arms.

All this alarm, fortunately, came to nothing. The winter was so advanced that the British decided not to go to Philadelphia, but nevertheless the panic continued there for some days. After Washington had been forced to cross to the west bank of the Delaware, Congress, thoroughly frightened, adjourned to Baltimore. Before going, however, they passed a resolution giving Washington "full power to order and direct all things relative to the department and to the operation of the war." Thus they put all that was left of the Revolution into his hands and made him dictator. They could not have done a wiser act, but they were imposing a terrible burden on their general.

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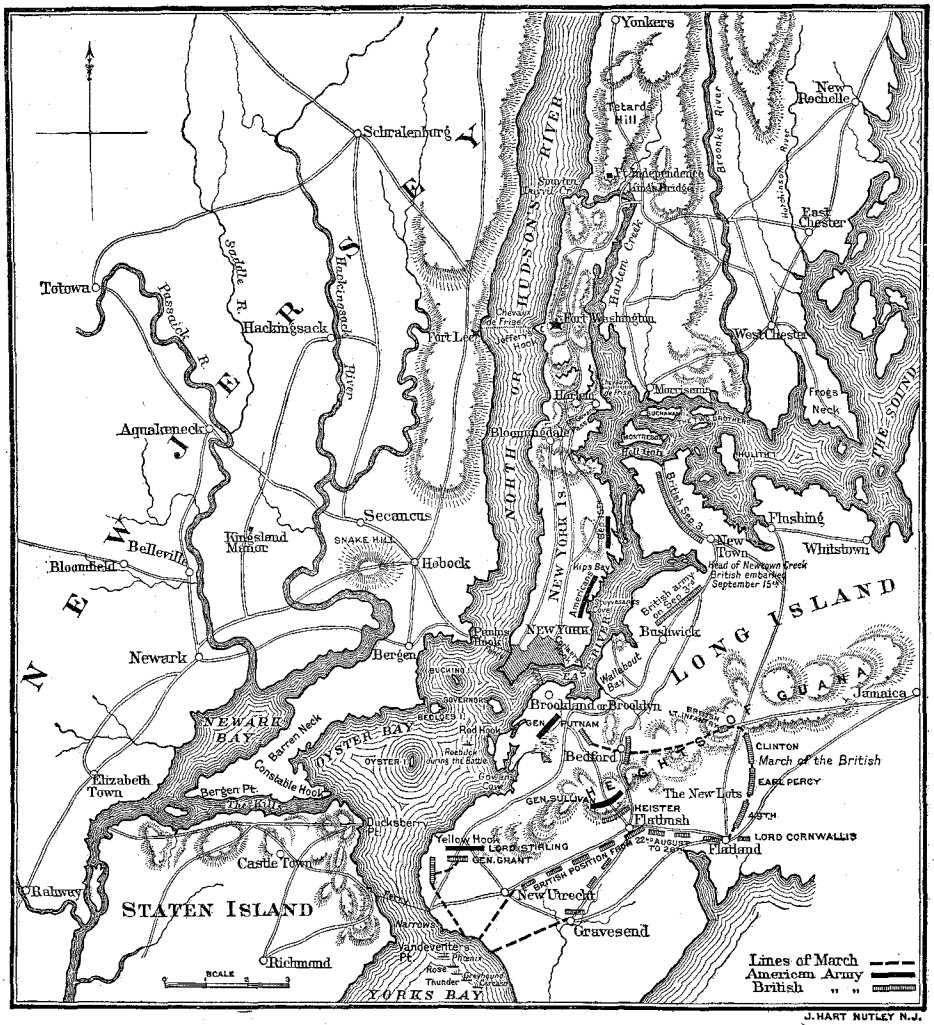

The Battle of Long Island.

Redrawn from an old map, showing the positions of the American and British armies.

Never did a dictator, indeed, find himself in greater straits. In all directions he had been sending for men. By every method he sought to hold those he had. Yet, as fast as he gathered in new troops others left him, for the bane of short enlistments poisoned everything. He was not only fighting a civil war, but he had to make his army as he fought, and even for that he had only these shifting sands to build on. "They come," he wrote of the militia, "you cannot tell when, and act you cannot tell where, consume your provisions, waste your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment." He was as near desperation as he ever came in his life. We can read it all now in his letters, but he showed nothing of it to his men. Schuyler, always faithful, sent him some troops. Sullivan, too, came with those that Lee had tried to lead, and then it was found that the terms of these very troops were expiring and that by the New Year he would be left with only fifteen hundred, although at the moment he had between five and six thousand men still with him and in outlying detachments. Opposed to him were the British, 30,000 strong, with headquarters in New York, and strong divisions cantoned in the New Jersey towns. Outnumbered six to one, ill provided in every way, and with a dissolving army, it was a terrible situation to face and conquer. But Washington rose to

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the height of the occasion. Under the strain his full greatness came out. No more yielding to councils now, no more modest submission of his own opinion to that of others. A lesser man, knowing that the British had suspended operations, would have drawn his army together and tried to house and recruit it through the winter. Washington, with his firm grasp of all the military and political conditions, knew that he ought to fight, and determined to do so. He resolved to attack Trenton, where Colonel Rahl was posted with twelve hundred Hessians. To assure success, he made every arrangement for other attacks to be combined with that of his own force, and they all alike came to nothing. Putnam was to come up from Philadelphia, and did not move. Ewing was to cross near Trenton, but thought it a bad night, and gave it up. Gates had already departed from Bristol, whence he was to support Washington, and had gone after Congress to get support for himself. Cadwalader came down to the river, thought that it was running too fiercely, and did not cross. They all failed. But Washington did not fail. Neither river nor storm could turn him, for he was going to fight. On the night of Christmas he marched down to the Delaware with twenty-four hundred men, who left bloody footprints behind them on the snow. The boats were ready. Glover's Marblehead fishermen manned them, and through floating ice, against a strong current, in the bitter cold, the troops were ferried over. It was four o'clock before they were formed on the Jersey side. They were late in landing, they had still six miles to march and a driving storm of sleet and snow beat in their faces. Washington formed his little force in two columns, one under Greene, one under Sullivan. As they marched rapidly onward Sullivan sent word that the muskets were wet and could not be fired. "Tell your General," said Washington, "to use the bayonet, for the town must be taken." So they pressed forward, the gray winter light slowly brightening around them.

In the town to which they were bound all was comfort. While the Americans had been rowing across a swollen river amid floating ice and marching with blood-stained steps through storm and darkness, the Hessians had been celebrating a hearty German Christmas. They had caroused late and without fear. Rahl had been warned that Washington was planning an attack, but contempt for their foe was again uppermost in the British councils, and he laughed and paid no heed. From their comfortable slumbers and warm beds, with the memories of their Christmas feasting still with them, these poor Germans were roused to meet a fierce assault from men ragged, indeed, but desperate, with all the courage of their race rising high in the darkest hour, and led by a great soldier who meant to fight.

Washington and Greene came down the Pennington road driving the pickets before them. As they advanced they heard the cheers of Sullivan's men, as with Stark in the van they charged up from the river. The Hessians poured out from their barracks, were forced back by a fierce bayonet charge, and then, trying to escape by the Brunswick road, were cut off by Hand's riflemen, thrown forward by Washington. Rahl, half-dressed, tried to rally his men, and was shot down. It was all over in less than an hour. The well-aimed blow had been struck so justly and so fiercely that the Hessians had no chance. About two hundred escaped. Some thirty were killed, and nine hundred and eighteen, with all their cannon, equipage, and plunder, surrendered at discretion as prisoners of war. The Americans lost two killed and six wounded.

The news of the victory spread fast. To convince the people of what had happened, the Hessian prisoners were marched through the streets of Philadelphia, and a Hessian flag was sent to Baltimore to hang in the hall of Congress. The spirits of the people rose with a great rebound. The cloud of depression which rested upon the country was lifted, and hope was again felt everywhere. Troops came in from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the New England men agreed to stay on after the expiration of their term of enlistment.

The blow struck by Washington fell heavily upon the British. Even with their powerful army they could not afford to lose a thousand men at a stroke, nor would their prestige bear such sudden disaster. It

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Battle of Princeton.

The new Pennsylvania militia in the van wavered under the British fire, and began to give way. Washington rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, and called to his men to stand firm.

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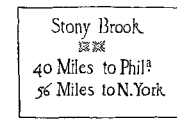
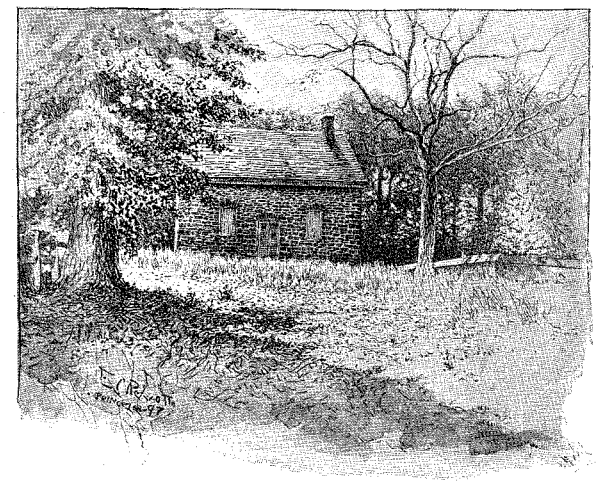
Stony Brook Bridge, near Princeton.

The Americans destroyed it to cut off the pursuing British; rebuilt 1792.



was clear even to the sluggish mind of Howe that the American Revolution was not over, and that Washington and an American army still kept the field. Trenton must be redeemed, and they determined to finish the business at once.

Washington with his fresh troops moved first, and reoccupied Trenton. Cornwallis set out against him with 7,000 men on December 30th. He outnumbered Washington, had a perfect equipment, and intended to destroy his opponents. As he marched from Princeton on January 2d, the Americans, under Hand, Scott, and Forrest, fought him at every step, falling back slowly and disputing every inch of the ground, as Washington had directed. It was noon before they reached Shabbakong Creek, and they were two hours crossing it. Then came a fight at Trenton, where they suffered severely from the American fire, but when they charged, the Americans, having but few bayonets, gave way, retreated from the town and joined the main army, which held a strong position on the south side of the Assanpink. The British opened a heavy cannonade and then made an attempt to cross the bridge, which was repulsed. Many officers urged a general and renewed attack, but the short winter day was drawing to a close, and Cornwallis decided to wait until morning. Washington had worn out the day with stubborn skirmishing; he had no intention of fighting a pitched battle with his ill-armed men, inferior in numbers to their well-equipped opponents, who would receive reinforcements in the morning. Cornwallis had given him all he wanted, which was time, a gift constantly conferred on Washington by the British generals. He had checked the enemy all day, and he had now the night in which to act. So he had the men go to work on intrenchments, lighted camp-fires along the river-bank, and having convinced Cornwallis that he would be there in the morning, he marched off with his whole army at midnight, leaving his fires burning. Cornwallis had left all his stores at Brunswick, and three regiments of foot and three companies of horse at Princeton. Thither then Washington was marching that winter night. He meant to strike his superior enemy another blow at a weak point. By daybreak he was near Princeton, and moved with the main army straight for the town. Mercer was detached with three hundred men to destroy the bridge which gave the most direct connection with Cornwallis.



Quaker Meeting-house, near Princeton.

Near which Washington formed his troops before the battle.

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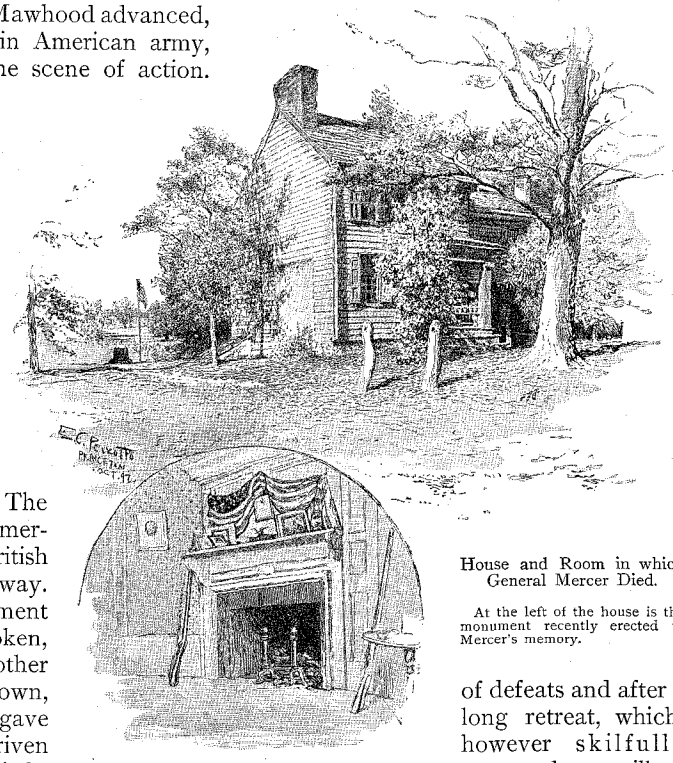
The enemy had started at sunrise, and one regiment was already over the bridge when they saw the Americans. Colonel Mawhood at once recrossed the bridge, and both Americans and English made for some high commanding ground. The Americans reached the desired point first, and a sharp fight ensued. The American rifles did great execution, but without bayonets they could not stand a charge. Mercer was mortally wounded, and his men began to retreat. As Mawhood advanced, he came upon the main American army, marching rapidly to the scene of action. The new Pennsylvania militia in the van wavered under the British fire, and began to give way. Washington forgetting, as he was too apt to do, his position, his importance, and everything but the fight, rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, and called to his men to stand firm. The wavering ceased, the Americans advanced, the British halted, and then gave way. The Seventeenth Regiment was badly cut up, broken, and dispersed. The other two fled into the town, made a brief stand, gave way again, and were driven in rout to Brunswick. Washington broke down the bridges and, leaving Cornwallis, who had discovered that he had been outgeneralled, to gaze at him from the other side of the Millstone and of Stony Brook, moved off to Somerset Court-house, where he stopped to rest his men, who had been marching and fighting for eighteen hours. It was too late to reach the magazines at Brunswick, but the work was done. The British suffered severely in the fighting of January 2d, although we have no figures of their losses. But on January 3d at Princeton they lost nearly four hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and their detachment at that point was shattered and dispersed. Cornwallis gave up the plan of immediately crushing and destroying the American army, stopped his pursuit, withdrew all his men to Amboy and Brunswick, contracted his lines, and decided to allow the effacement of the American army wait until spring.

The Trenton and Princeton campaign was a very remarkable one, both from a military and a political point of view. Washington found himself, after a series of defeats and after a long retreat, which, however skilfully managed, was still retreat, face to face with an enemy outnumbering him in the proportion of six to one. In little more than a week, in the dead of winter, with a dwindling army of raw troops shifting and changing under his hand through the pernicious system of short enlistments, he had assumed the offensive and won two decisive victories. He had struck his vastly superior foe twice with superior numbers on his own part at the point of contact, so that he made his victory, so far as was humanly possible, sure beforehand. With a beaten and defeated army operating against overwhelming odds, he had inflicted upon the enemy two severe defeats. No greater feat can



House and Room in which General Mercer Died.

At the left of the house is the monument recently erected to Mercer's memory.

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be performed in war than this. That which puts Hannibal at the head of all great commanders was that he won his astonishing victories under the same general conditions. There was one great military genius in Europe when Washington was fighting this short campaign in New Jersey—Frederick of Prussia. Looking over the accounts of the Trenton and Princeton battles, he is reported to have said that it was the greatest campaign of the century. The small numbers engaged did not blind the victor of Rossbach and Leuthen. He did not mean that the campaign was great from the number of men involved or the territory conquered, but great in its conception, and as an illustration of the highest skill in the art of war under the most adverse conditions. So, in truth, it was. Washington was, by nature, a great soldier, and after the manner of his race, he fought best when the tide of fortune seemed to set most strongly against him. He had complete mastery of the whole military situation, and knew exactly what he meant to do while his opponents were fumbling about without any idea, except that the Americans were beaten and that they must crush the audacious general who would not stay beaten. This perfect knowledge of all the conditions, including the capacity of the generals opposed to him, combined with celerity of movement and the power of inspiring his men, were the causes of Washington's success. And this is only saying in a roundabout way that Washington, when the pressure was hardest, possessed and displayed military genius of a high order.

But there was another side than the purely military one to this campaign, which showed that Washington was a statesman as well as a soldier. The greatest chiefs in war ought also to be great statesmen. Some few of them in the world's history have combined both state and war craft, but these are on the whole exceptions, and Washington was one of the exceptions. He not only saw with absolute clearness the whole military situation, and knew just what he meant to do and could do, but he understood the political situation at home and abroad as no one then understood it. During the eighteen months he had been in command, he had dealt with Congress and all the State governments and had gauged their strength and their weakness. He had struggled day after day with the defects of the army as then constituted. The difficulties to be met were known to him as to no one else. He had watched and studied popular feeling and was familiar with all its states and currents. He had seen the rush of the first uprising of the people, and had witnessed the power of this new force which had invaded Canada, seized Ticonderoga, and driven British armies and fleets from Boston and Charleston. But living as he did among difficulties and facing facts, he also knew that the first victorious rush was but a beginning, that a reaction was sure to come, and that the vital question was whether the war could be sustained through the period of reaction until the armed people could arise again, more soberly, less enthusiastically than before, but disciplined and with set purpose determined to win by hard, slow, strenuous fighting. The first rush passed. The inevitable defeats came in New York. The period of reaction set in deeper and more perilous perhaps than even Washington anticipated. If he closed his campaign in defeat and retreat, the popular spirit on which he relied would not probably have an opportunity to revive, and the American Revolution would never see another spring. After the retreat up the Hudson, the loss of New York, and the falling steadily back in New Jersey, Europe would conclude that the moment England really exerted herself, the rebellion had gone down before her arms, and all hopes of foreign aid and alliance would be at an end. Without a striking change in the course of the war, the cause of the American people was certainly lost abroad and probably ruined at home. This was the thought that nerved Washington to enter upon that desperate winter campaign. He must save the Revolution in the field, before the people, and in the cabinets of Europe. He must fight and win, no matter what the odds, and he did both.

The result shows how accurately he had judged the situation. After Trenton and Princeton the popular spirit revived, and the force of the armed people began to stir into a larger and stronger life. The watchers in Europe doubted now very

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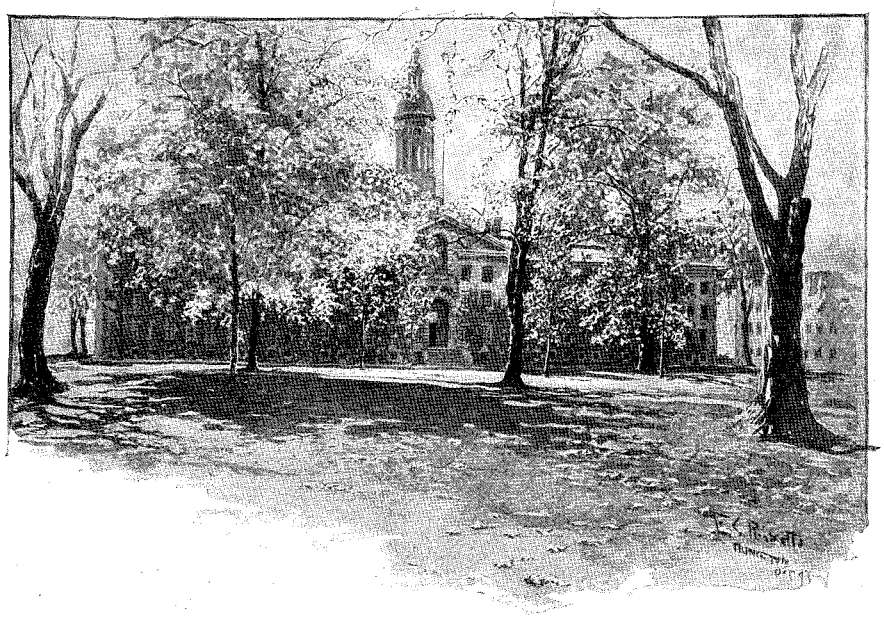

Nassau Hall, Princeton, Erected 1756.

Seized by the British in 1776; retaken by Americans at the Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. Here met, from June 26, 1783, to November 4, 1783, the Continental Congress, and here General Washington received the grateful acknowledgments of Congress for his services in establishing the independence of the United States.

seriously England's ability to conquer her colonists, and began to look on with an intense and selfish interest. The American people awoke suddenly to the fact that they had brought forth a great leader, and they turned to him as the embodiment of all their hopes and aspirations. The democratic movement destined to such a great future had passed from the first stage of victorious confidence to the depths of doubt and reaction, and now after Princeton and Trenton it began to mount again. Congress had given all power into the hands of Washington, and left the united colonies for the time being without civil government. Washington took up the burden in his strong hands in the darkest hour, and bore it without flinching. All that was left of the American Revolution during that Christmas week was with Washington and his little army. How they fared in those wintry marches and sharp battles, in storm and ice and snow, chilled by the bitter cold, we know. The separation of the North American Colonies from the mother-country was probably inevitable. It would have come sooner or later, either in peace or war. But it is equally certain that the successful Revolution which actually made us independent, was saved from ruin by George Washington in the winter of 1776.

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INCARNATION

By Harrison S. Morris

THE granite rose on either side
  In hills the toil of hands had made:
  The many-windowed gaols of trade
  Where eyes are dimmed, ideals fade,
And youth forgets the earth is wide.

With light to make a meadow glad
  The liberal morning sloped the street;
  But here the yellow sun was heat,
  Or harmed the wool or hurt the wheat
Of trampling merchants, eager-eyed.

Yet one—below the least of these—
  Of wrinkled cheek and rounded back,
  Looked cheerly on the sunlit track,
  The ruddy bricks, the shining stack,
And found delight in city trees;

Nor heeded how his burden weighed
  Because his eyes could see the sun;
  Nor knew that, out of myriads, one
  Beside him saw a shadow run
That clasped the centuries in its shade.

A tray of tools, a timbered frame
  That lay along his shoulder—these
  Bent low his back and plodding knees
  From nature's nicer symmetries,
And stirred the breath that went and came.

But like a loving spirit there,
  In even footfall at his side,
  A shadow walked the pavement wide
  With bended head, and humble pride,
And angled cross aslant the air.

It was as if the dateless sun
  Forgot the years, the far abode—
  And lo! upon the sordid road
  The cross-worn Nazarean trode,
Holding the journey never done.

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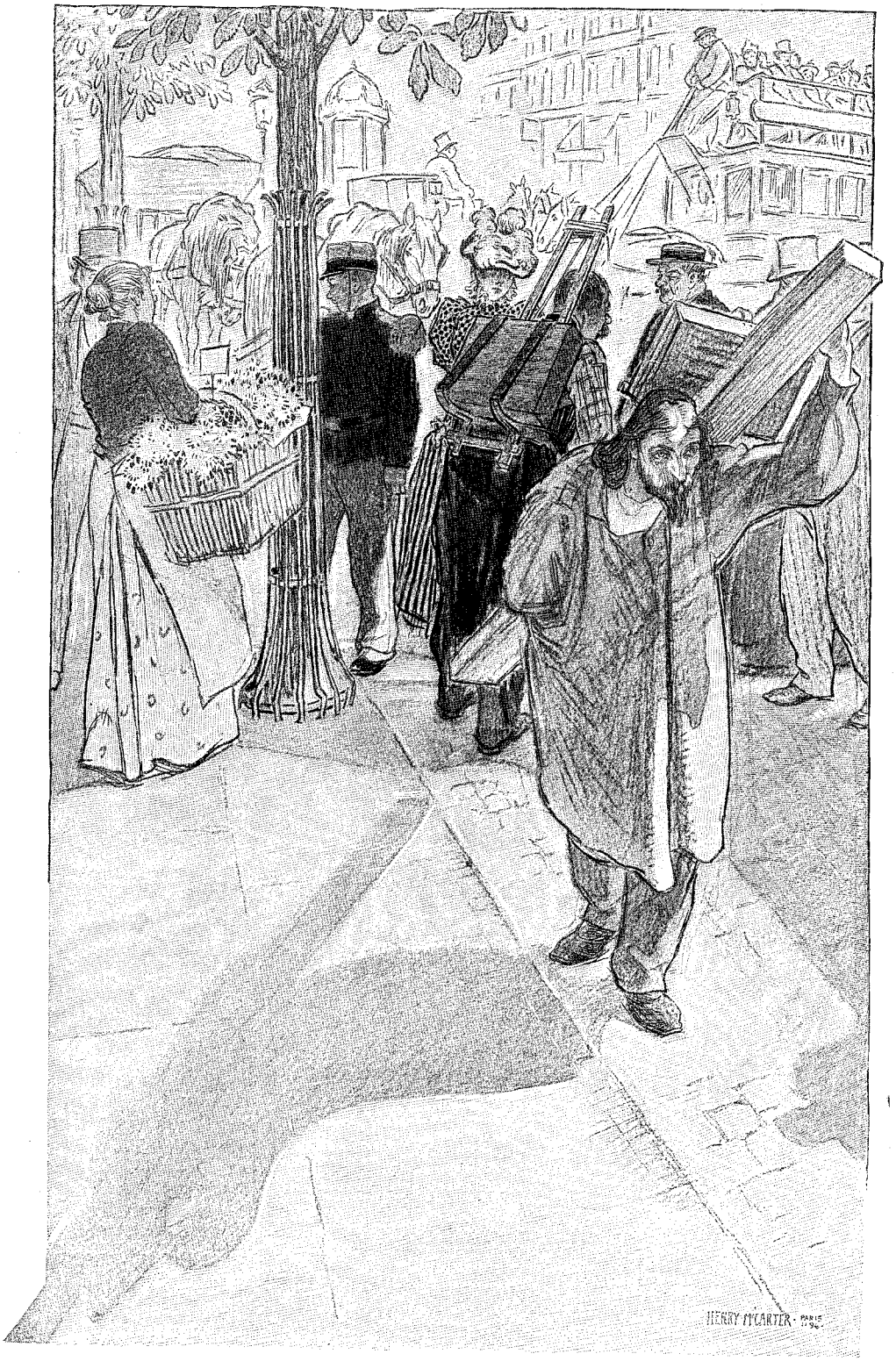

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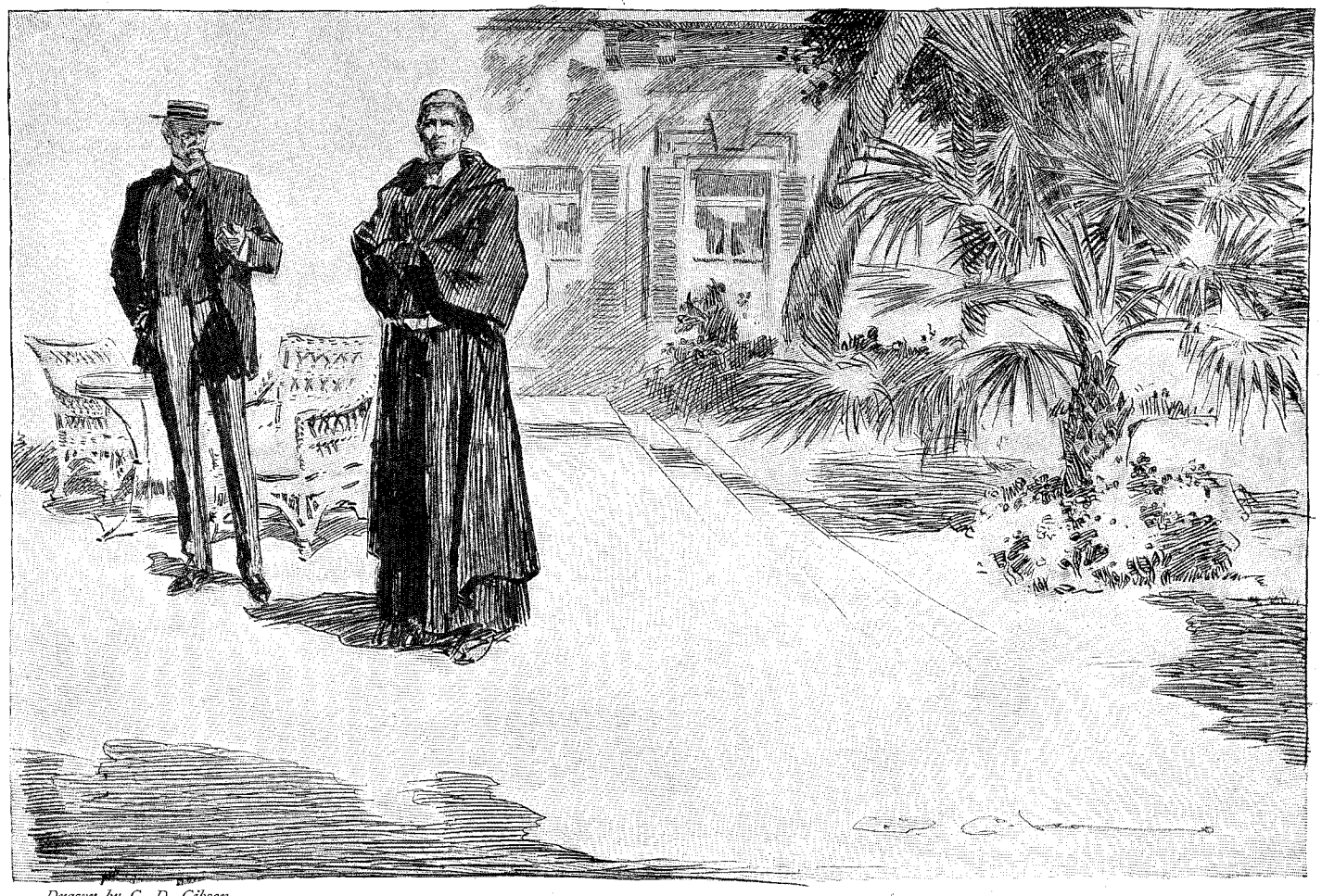

Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

The monk continued to gaze steadily at the blue waters.—Page 421.

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THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

FIRST PART

THE private terrace of the hotel Grand Bretagne, at Tangier, was shaded by a great awning of red and green and yellow, and strewn with colored mats, and plants in pots, and wicker chairs. It reached out from the King's apartments into the Garden of Palms, and was hidden by them on two sides, and showed from the third the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the great shadow of Gibraltar in the distance.

The Sultan of Morocco had given orders from Fez that the King of Messina, in spite of his incognito, should be treated during his stay in Tangier with the consideration due to his rank, so one-half of the Hotel Grand Bretagne had been set aside for him and his suite, and two soldiers of the Bashaw's Guard sat outside of his door with drawn swords. They were answerable with their heads for the life and safety of the Sultan's guest, and as they could speak no language but their own, they made a visit to his Majesty more a matter of adventure than of etiquette.

Niccolas, the King's major-domo, stepped out upon the terrace and swept the Mediterranean with a field-glass for the third time since sunrise. He lowered it, and turned doubtfully toward the two soldiers.

"The boat from Gibraltar—has she arrived yet?" he asked.

The two ebony figures shook their heads stiffly, as though they resented this introduction of a foreign language, and continued to shake their heads as the servant addressed the same question to them in a succession of strange tongues.

"Well," said Colonel Erhaupt, briskly, as he followed Niccolas out upon the terrace, "has the boat arrived? And the launch from the yacht," he continued, "has it started for shore yet?"

The man pointed to where the yacht lay, a mile outside the harbor, and handed him the glass.

"It is but just now leaving the ship's side," he said. "But I cannot make out who comes in her. Ah, pardon," he added, quickly, as he pointed to a stout elderly gentleman who walked rapidly toward them through the garden. "The Gibraltar boat must be in, sir. Here is Baron Barrat coming up the path."

Colonel Erhaupt gave an exclamation of satisfaction, and waved his hand to the new-comer in welcome.

"Go tell his Majesty," he said to the servant.

The man hesitated and bowed. "His Majesty still sleeps."

"Wake him," commanded Erhaupt. "Tell him I said to do so. Well, Baron," he cried, gayly, as he stepped forward. "Welcome—or are you welcome?" he added, with an uneasy laugh.

"I should be. I have succeeded," the other replied, gruffly, as he brushed past him. "Where is the King?"

"He will be here in a moment. I have sent to wake him. And you have been successful? Good. I congratulate you. How far successful?"

The Baron threw himself into one of the wicker chairs, and clapped his hands impatiently for a servant. "Twelve thousand pounds in all," he replied. "That's more than he expected. It was like pulling teeth at first. I want some coffee at once," he said to the attendant, "and a bath. That boat reeked with Moors and cattle, and there was no wagon-lit on the train from Madrid. I sat up all night, and played cards with that young Cellini. Have Madame Zara and Kalonay returned? I see the yacht in the harbor. Did she succeed?"

"We do not know, the boat only arrived at daybreak. They are probably on the launch that is coming in now."

As Barrat sipped his coffee and munched his rolls with the silent energy of a hungry man, the Colonel turned and strode up and

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down the terrace, pulling at his mustache and glancing sideways. When the Baron had lighted a cigarette and thrown himself back in his chair, Erhaupt halted and surveyed him in some anxiety.

"You have been gone over two weeks," he said.

"I should like to see you accomplish as much in as short a time," growled the other. "You know Paris. You know how hard it is to get people to be serious there. I had the devil's own time at first. You got my cablegram?"

"Yes; it wasn't encouraging."

"Well, I wasn't hopeful myself. They wouldn't believe a word of it at first. They said Louis hadn't shown such great love for his country or his people since his exile that they could feel any confidence in him, and that his conduct in the last six years did not warrant their joining any undertaking in which he was concerned. You can't blame them. They've backed him so many times already, and they've been bitten, and they're shy, naturally. But I swore he was repentant, that he saw the error of his ways, that he wanted to sit once more before he died on the throne of his ancestors, and that he felt it was due to his son that he should make an effort to get him back his birthright. It was the son won them. 'Exhibit A,' I call him. None of them would hear of it until I spoke of the Prince. So when I saw that, I told them he was a fine little chap, healthy and manly and brave, and devoted to his priest, and all that rot, and they began to listen. At first they wanted his Majesty to abdicate, and give the boy a clear road to the crown, but of course I hushed that up. I told them we were acting advisedly, that we had reason to know that the common people of Messina were sick of the republic, and wanted their king; that Louis loved the common people like a father; that he would re-establish the Church in all her power, and that Father Paul was working day and night for us, and that the Vatican was behind us. Then I dealt out decorations and a few titles, which Louis has made smell so confoundedly rank to Heaven that nobody would take them. It was like a game. I played one noble gentleman against another, and gave this one a portrait of the king one day, and the other a miniature of 'Exhibit A' the next, and they grew jealous, and met together, and talked it over, and finally unlocked their pockets. They contributed about £9,000 between them. Then the enthusiasm spread to the women, and they gave me their jewels, and a lot of youngsters volunteered for the expedition, and six of them came on with me in the train last night. I won two thousand francs from that boy Cellini on the way down. They're all staying at the Continental. I promised them an audience this morning."

"Good," commented the Colonel, "good—£9,000. I suppose you took out your commission in advance?"

"I took out nothing," returned the other, angrily. "I brought it all with me, and I have a letter from each of them stating just what he or she subscribed toward the expedition—the Duke Dantiz so much; the Duke D'Orvay, 50,000 francs; the Countess Mattini, a diamond neckless. It is all quite regular. I played fair."

The Colonel had stopped in his walk, and had been peering eagerly down the leafy path through the garden. "Is that not Zara coming now?" he asked. "Look, your eyes are better than mine."

Barrat rose quickly and the two men walked forward, and bowed with the easy courtesy of old comrades to a tall fair girl who came hurriedly up the steps. The Countess Zara was a young woman, but one who had stood so long on guard against the world, that the strain had told, and her eyes were hard and untrustful, so that she looked much older than she really was. Her life was of two parts. There was little to be told of the first part; she was an English girl who had come from a manufacturing town to study art and live alone in Paris, where she had been too indolent to work, and too brilliant to remain long without companions eager for her society. Through them and the stories of her wit and her beauty, she had come to know the King of Messina, and with that meeting the second part of her life began; for she had found something so attractive, either in his title or in the cynical humor of the man himself, that for the last two years she had followed his fortunes, and Miss Muriel Winter, art student, had become the Countess Zara, and an uncrowned queen. She was beautiful, with great masses of yellow hair and wonderful

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brown eyes. Her manner when she spoke seemed to show that she despised the world and those in it almost as thoroughly as she despised herself.

On the morning of her return from Messina, she wore a blue serge yachting suit with a golf cloak hanging from her shoulders, and as she crossed the terrace she pulled nervously at her gloves and held out her hand covered with jewels to each of the two men.

"I bring good news," she said, with an excited laugh. "Where is Louis?"

"I will tell his Majesty that you have come. You are most welcome," the Baron answered.

But as he turned to the door it opened from the inside and the King came toward them, shivering and blinking his eyes in the bright sunlight. It showed the wrinkles and creases around his mouth and the blue veins under the mottled skin, and the tiny lines at the corners of his little bloodshot eyes that marked the pace at which he had lived as truthfully as the rings on a tree-trunk tell of its quiet growth.

He caught up his long dressing-gown across his chest as though it were a mantle, and with a quick glance to see that there were no other witnesses to his deshabille, bent and kissed the woman's hand and taking it in his own stroked it gently.

"My dear Marie," he lisped, "it is like heaven to have you back with us again. We have felt your absence every hour. Pray be seated, and pardon my robe. I saw you through the blinds and could not wait. Tell us the glorious news. The Baron's good words I have already overheard, I listened to them with great entertainment while I was dressing. I hoped he would say something discourteous or foolish, but he was quite discreet until he told Erhaupt that he had kept back none of the money. Then I lost interest. Fiction is never so entertaining to me as the truth and real people. But tell us now of your mission and of all you did; and whether successful or not, be assured you are most welcome."

The Countess Zara smiled at him doubtfully and crossed her hands in her lap, glancing anxiously over her shoulder.

"I must be very brief, for Kalonay and Father Paul are close behind me," she said. "They only stopped for a moment at the custom-house. Keep watch, Baron, and tell me when you see them coming."

Barrat moved his chair so that it faced the garden-path, the King crossed his legs comfortably and wrapped his padded dressing-robe closer around his slight figure, and Erhaupt stood leaning on the back of his chair with his eyes fixed on the fine, insolent beauty of the woman before them.

She nodded her head toward the soldiers who sat at the entrance to the terrace as silent and immovable as blind beggars before a mosque. "Do they understand?" she asked.

"No," the King assured her. "They understand nothing, but that they are to keep people away from me—and they do it very well. I wish I could import them to Paris to help Niccolas fight off creditors. Continue, we are most impatient."

"We left here last Sunday night, as you know," she said. "We passed Algiers the next morning and arrived off the island at mid-day, anchoring outside in the harbor. We flew the Royal Yacht Squadron's pennant, and an owner's private signal that we invented on the way down. They sent me ashore in a boat, and Kalonay and Father Paul continued on along the southern shore, where they have been making speeches in all the coast-towns and exciting the people in favor of the revolution. I heard of them often while I was at the capital, but not from them. The President sent a company of carbineers to arrest them the very night they returned and smuggled me on board the yacht again. We put off as soon as I came over the side and sailed directly here.

"As soon as I landed on Tuesday I went to the Hôtel de Messina, and sent my card to the President. He is that man Palaccio, the hotel-keeper's son; the man you sent out of the country for writing pamphlets against the monarchy, and who lived in Sicily during his exile. He gave me an audience at once and I told my story. As he knew who I was I explained that I had quarrelled with you, and that I was now prepared to sell him the secrets of an expedition which you were fitting out with the object of re-establishing yourself on the throne. He wouldn't believe that there was any such expedition, and said it was

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blackmail and threatened to give me to the police if I did not leave the island in twenty-four hours—he was exceedingly rude. So I showed him receipts for ammunition and rifles and Maxim guns, and copies of the oath of allegiance to the expedition, and papers of the yacht in which she was described as an armored cruiser, and he rapidly grew polite, even humble, and I made him apologize first, and then take me out to luncheon. That was the first day. The second day telegrams began to come in from the coast-towns, saying that the Prince Kalonay and Father Paul were preaching and exciting the people to rebellion, and travelling from to town in a man-of-war. Then he was frightened. The Prince with his popularity in the south was alarming enough, but the Prince and Father Superior to help him seemed to mean the end of the Republic.

"I learned while I was down there that the people think the Father put some sort of a ban on everyone who had anything to do with driving the Dominican monks out of the island and with the destruction of the monasteries. I don't know whether he did or not, but they believe he did, which is the same thing, and that superstitious little beast, the President, certainly believed it; he attributed everything that had gone wrong on the island to that cause. Why, if a second cousin of the wife of a brother of one of the men who helped to fire a church, falls off his horse and breaks his leg, they say that he is under the curse of the Father Superior, and there are many who believe the Republic will never succeed until Paul returns and the Church is re-established. The Government seems to have kept itself well-informed about your Majesty's movements, and it has never felt any anxiety that you would attempt to return, and it did not fear the Church party because it knew that without you the priests could do nothing. But when Paul, whom the common people look upon as a living saint and martyr, returned hand in hand with your man Friday, they were in a panic and felt sure the end had come. So the President called a hasty meeting of his Cabinet. And such a Cabinet! I wish you could have seen them, Louis, with me in the centre playing on them like an advocate before a jury. They were the most dreadful men I ever met, bourgeois and stupid and ugly to a degree. Two of them were commission-merchants, and one of them is old Dr. Gustavanni, who kept the chemist's shop in the Piazza Royale. They were quite silly with fear, and they begged me to tell them how they could avert the fall of the Republic and prevent your landing. And I said that it was entirely a question of money, that if we were paid sufficiently the expedition would not land and we would leave them in peace, but that——"

The King shifted his legs uneasily, and coughed behind his thin, pink fingers.

"That was rather indiscreet, was it not, Marie?" he murmured. "The idea was to make them think that I, at least, was sincere, was not that it? To make it appear that though there were traitors in his camp, the King was in most desperate earnest? If they believe that, you see, it will allow me to raise another expedition as soon as the money we get for this one is gone, but if you have let them know that I am the one who is selling out, you have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs. They will never believe us when we cry wolf again——"

"You must let me finish," Zara interrupted. "I did not involve you in the least. I said that there were traitors in the camp of whom I was the envoy, and that if they would pay us 300,000 francs we would promise to allow the expedition only to leave the yacht. Their troops could then make a show of attacking our landing-party and we would raise the cry of 'treachery' and retreat to the boats. By this we would accomplish two things—we would satisfy those who had contributed funds toward the expedition that we had at least made an honest effort, and your Majesty would be discouraged by such treachery from ever attempting another attack. The money was to be paid two weeks later in Paris, to me or to whoever brings this ring that I wear. The plan we finally agreed upon is this: the yacht is to anchor off Basnai next Thursday night. At high tide, which is just about daybreak, we are to lower our boats and land our men on that long beach to the south of the breakwater. The troops of the Republic are to lie hidden in the rocks until our men have formed. Then they are to fire over their heads and we

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are to retreat in great confusion, return to the yacht and sail away. Two weeks later they are to pay the money into my hands, or," she added with a smile, as she held up her fourth finger, "to whoever brings this ring. And I need not say that the ring will not leave my finger."

There was a moment's pause, as though the men were waiting to learn if she had more to tell, and then the King threw back his head and laughed softly. He saw Erhaupt's face above his shoulder, filled with the amazement and indignation of a man who as a duellist and as a soldier had shown a certain brute courage, and the King laughed again.

"What do you think of that, Colonel?" he cried, gayly. "They are a noble race, my late subjects."

"Bah," exclaimed the German. "I didn't know we were dealing with a Home for old women."

The Baron laughed comfortably. "It is like taking money from a blind beggar's hat," he said.

"Why, with two hundred men that I could pick up in London," Erhaupt declared, contemptuously, "I would guarantee to put you on the throne in a fortnight."

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed his Majesty. "So they surrendered as quickly as that, did they?" he asked, nodding toward Madame Zara to continue.

The Countess glanced again over her shoulder and bit her lips in some chagrin. Her eyes showed her disappointment. "It may seem an easy victory to you," she said, consciously, "but I doubt, knowing all the circumstances, if any of your Majesty's gentlemen could have served you as well. It needed a woman and——"

"It needed a beautiful woman," interrupted the King, quickly, in a tone that he would have used to a spoiled child. "It needed a woman of tact, a woman of courage, a woman among women—the Countess Zara. Do not imagine, Marie, that we undervalue your part. It is their lack of courage that distresses Colonel Erhaupt."

"One of them, it is true, did wish to fight," the Countess continued, with a smile. "A Frenchman named Renaud whom they have put in charge of the army. He scoffed at the whole expedition, but they told him that a foreigner could not understand as they did the danger of the popularity of the Prince Kalonay who, by a speech or two among the shepherds and fishermen, could raise an army."

The King snapped his fingers impatiently.

"An army of brigands and smugglers!" he exclaimed. "That for his popularity!" But he instantly raised his hands as though in protest at his own warmth of speech and in apology for his outbreak.

"His zeal will ruin us in time. He is deucedly in the way," he continued, in his usual tone of easy cynicism. "We should have let him into our plans from the first, and then if he chose to take no part in them we would at least have had a free hand. As it is now, we have three different people to deceive; this Cabinet of shopkeepers, which seems easy enough; Father Paul and his fanatics of the Church party, and this apostle of the divine right of kings, Kalonay. And he and the good Father are not fools—— "

At these words Madame Zara glanced again toward the garden, and this time with such evident uneasiness in her face that Barrat eyed her with quick suspicion.

"What is it?" he asked, sharply. "There is something you have not told us."

The woman looked at the King, and he nodded his head as though in assent. "I had to tell them who else was in the plot besides myself," she said, speaking rapidly. "I had to give them the name of some man who they knew would be able to do what I have promised we could do—who could put a stop to the revolution. The name I gave was his—Kalonay's."

Barrat threw himself forward in his chair.

"Kalonay's?" he cried, incredulously.

"Kalonay's?" echoed Erhaupt. "What madness, Madame. Why name the only one who is sincere?"

"She will explain," said the King, in an uneasy voice; "let her explain. She has acted according to my orders and for the best, but I confess I——"

"Someone had to be sacrificed," returned the woman, boldly, "and why not he? Indeed if we wish to save ourselves, there is every reason that it should be he. You know how mad he is for the King's return, how he himself wishes to get back to the island and to his old position there. Why, God only knows, but it is so. What

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pleasure he finds in a land of mists and fogs, in a ruined castle with poachers and smuggling fishermen for companions, I cannot comprehend. But the fact remains, he always speaks of it as home and he wishes to return. And now, suppose he learns the truth, as he may at any moment, and discovers that the whole expedition for which he is staking his soul and life is a trick, a farce? That we use it only as a bait to draw money from the old nobility, and to frighten the Republic into paying us to leave them in peace? How do we know what he might not do? He may tell the whole of Europe. He may turn on you and expose you, and then what have we left? It is your last chance. It is our last chance. We have tried everything else and we cannot show ourselves in Europe, at least not without money in our hands. But by naming Kalonay I have managed it so that we have only to show the written agreement I have made with the Republic and he is silenced. In it they have promised to pay the Prince Kalonay, naming him in full, 300,000 francs if the expedition is withdrawn. That agreement is in my hands, and that is our answer to whatever he may think or say. Our word is as good as his, or as bad; we are all of the same party as far as Europe cares, and it becomes a falling out among thieves, and we are equal."

Baron Barrat leaned forward and marked each word with a movement of his hand.

"Do I understand you to say," he asked, "that you have a paper signed by the Republic agreeing to pay 300,000 francs to Kalonay? Then how are we to get it?" he demanded, incredulously. "From him?"

"It is made payable to him," continued the woman, "or to whoever brings this ring I wear to the banking-house of the Schlevingens two weeks after the expedition has left the island. I explained that clause to them by saying that Kalonay and I were working together against the King, and as he might be suspicious if we were both to leave him so soon after the failure of the expedition we would be satisfied if they gave the money to whichever one first presented the ring. Suppose I had said," she went on, turning to the King, "that it was either Barrat or the Colonel here who had turned traitor. They know the Baron of old, when he was Chamberlain and ran your roulette wheel at the palace. They know he is not the man to turn back an expedition. And the Colonel, if he will pardon me, has sold his services so often to one side or another that it would have been difficult to make them believe that this time he is sincere. But Kalonay, the man they fear most next to your Majesty, to have him turn traitor, why—that was a master-stroke. Even those boors, stupid as they are, saw that. When they made out the agreement they put down all his titles, and laughed as they wrote them in. "Prince Judas" they called him, and they were in ecstacies at the idea of the aristocrat suing for blood-money against his sovereign, of the man they feared showing himself to be only a common blackmailer. It delighted them to find a prince royal sunk lower than themselves, this man who has treated them like curs—like the curs they are," she broke out suddenly—"like the curs they are!"

She rose and laughed uneasily as though at her own vehemence.

"I am tired," she said, avoiding the King's eyes, "the trip has tired me. If you will excuse me, I will go to my rooms—through your hall-way, if I may."

"Most certainly," said the King. "I trust you will be rested by dinner-time. Au revoir, my fair ambassadrice."

The woman nodded and smiled back at him brightly, and Louis continued to look after her as she disappeared down the corridor. He rubbed the back of his fingers across his lips, and thoughtfully examined his finger-nails.

"I wonder," he said, after a pause, looking up at Barrat. The Baron raised his eyebrows with a glance of polite interrogation.

"I wonder if Kalonay dared to make love to her on the way down."

The Baron's face became as expressionless as a death-mask, and he shrugged his shoulders in protest.

"——Or, did she make love to Kalonay?" the King insisted, laughing gently. "I wonder now. I do not care to know, but I wonder."

According to tradition the Kalonay family was an older one than that of the House of Artois, and its name had always been the one next in importance to that of

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the reigning house. The history of Messina showed that different members of the Kalonay family had fought and died for different kings of Artois, and had enjoyed their favor and shared their reverses with equal dignity, and that they had stood like a rampart when the kingdom was invaded by the levelling doctrines of Republicanism and equality. And though the Kalonays were men of stouter stuff than their cousins of Artois, they had never tried to usurp their place, but had set an example to the humblest shepherd of unfailing loyalty and good-will to the King and his lady. The Prince Kalonay who had accompanied the Dominican Monk to Messina was the last of his race, and when Louis IV. had been driven off the island, he had followed his sovereign into exile as a matter of course, and with his customary good-humor. His estates, in consequence of this step, had been taken up by the Republic, and Kalonay had accepted the loss philosophically as the price one pays for loving a king. He found exile easy to bear in Paris, and especially so as he had never relinquished the idea that some day the King would return to his own again. So firmly did he believe in this, and so keenly was his heart set upon it, that Louis had never dared to let him know that for himself exile in Paris and the Riviera was vastly to be preferred to authority over a rocky island hung with fogs, and inhabited by dull merchants and fierce banditti.

The conduct of the King during their residence in Paris would have tried the loyalty of one less gay and careless than Kalonay, for he was a sorry monarch, and if the principle that "the King can do no wrong" had not been bred in the young Prince's mind, he would have deserted his sovereign in the early days of their exile. But as it was, he made excuses for him to others and to himself, and served the King's idle purposes so well that he gained for himself the name of the King's Jackal, and there were some who regarded him as little better than the King's confidential blackguard, and man Friday, the weakest if the most charming of his Court of Adventurers.

At the first hint which the King gave of his desire to place himself again in power, Kalonay had ceased to be his Jackal and would have issued forth as a commander-in-chief, had the King permitted him, but it was not to Louis's purpose that the Prince should know the real object of the expedition; so he assigned its preparation to Erhaupt, and dispatched Kalonay to the south of the island. At the same time Madame Zara had been sent to the north of the island, ostensibly to sound the sentiment of the old nobility, but in reality to make capital out of the presence there of Kalonay and Father Paul.

The King rose hurriedly when the slim figure of the Prince, and the broad shoulders and tonsured head of the monk appeared at the farthest end of the garden-walk.

"They are coming," he cried, with a guilty chuckle; "so I shall run away and finish dressing. I leave you to receive the first shock of Kalonay's enthusiasm alone. I confess he bores me. Remember, the story Madame Zara told them in the yacht is the one she told us this morning, that none of the old royalists at the capital would promise us any assistance. Be careful now, and play your parts prettily. We are all terribly in earnest."

Kalonay's enthusiasm had not spent itself entirely before the King returned. He had still a number of amusing stories to tell, and he reviewed the adventures of the monk and himself with such vivacity and humor that the King nodded his head in delight, and even the priest smiled indulgently at the recollection.

Kalonay had seated himself on one of the tables, with his feet on a chair and with a cigarette burning between his fingers. He was a handsome, dark young man of thirty, with the impulsive manner of a boy. Dissipation had left no trace on his face, and his eyes were as innocent of evil and as beautiful as a girl's, and as eloquent as his tongue. "May the Maria Santissima pity the girls they look upon," his old Spanish nurse used to say of them. But Kalonay had shown pity for everyone save himself. His training at an English public school, and later as a soldier in the École Polytechnique at Paris, had saved him from a too early fall, and men liked him instinctively, and the women much too well.

"It was good to be back there again," he cried, with a happy sigh. "It was

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good to see the clouds following each other across the old mountains and throwing black shadows on the campagna, and to hear the people's patois and to taste Messinian wine again and to know it was from your own hillside. All our old keepers came down to the coast to meet us, and told me about the stag-hunt the week before, and who was married, and who was in jail, and who had been hung for shooting a customs officer, and they promised fine deer stalking if I get back before the snow leaves the ridges, for they say the deer have not been hunted and are running wild." He stopped and laughed. "I forgot," he said, "your Majesty does not care for the rude pleasures of my half of the island." Kalonay threw away his cigarette, clasping his hands before him with a sudden change of manner.

"But seriously," he cried, "as I have been telling them—I wish your Majesty could have heard the offers they made us, and could have seen the tears running down their faces when we assured them that you would return. I wished a thousand times that we had brought you with us. With you at our head we can sweep the island from one end to the other. We will gather strength and force as we go, as a landslide grows, and when we reach the capital we will strike it like a human avalanche.

"And I wish you could have heard him speak," Kalonay cried, his enthusiasm rising as he turned and pointed with his hand at the priest. "There is the leader! He made my blood turn hot with his speeches, and when he had finished, I used to find myself standing on my tiptoes and shouting with the rest. Without him I could have done nothing. They knew me too well, but the laziest rascals in the village came to welcome him again, and the women and men wept before him and brought their children to be blessed, and fell on their knees and kissed his sandals. It was like the stories they tell you when you are a child. He made us sob with regret and he filled us with fresh resolves. Oh, it is very well for you to smile, you old cynics," he cried, smiling at his own fervor, "but I tell you, I have lived since I saw you last!"

The priest stood silent with his hands hidden inside his great sleeves, and his head rising erect and rigid from his cowl. The eyes of the men were turned upon him curiously, and he glanced from one to the other, as though mistrusting their sympathy.

"It was not me—it was the Church they came to welcome. The fools," he cried, bitterly, "they thought they could destroy the faith of the people by banishing the servants of the Church. As soon end a mother's love for her children by putting an ocean between them. For six years those peasants have been true. I left them faithful, I returned to find them faithful. And now——" he concluded, looking steadily at the King as though to hold him to account, "and now they are to have their reward."

The King bowed his head gravely in assent. "They are to have their reward," he repeated. He rose and with a wave of his hand invited the priest to follow him, and they walked together to the other end of the terrace. When they were out of hearing of the others the King seated himself, and the priest halted beside his chair.

"I wish to speak with you, Father," Louis said, "concerning this young American girl, Miss Carson, who has promised to help us—to help you—with her money. Has she said yet how much she means to give us," asked the King, "and when she means to let us have it? It is a delicate matter and I do not wish to urge the lady, but we are really greatly in need of money. Baron Barrat, who arrived from Paris this morning, brings back no substantial aid, although the sympathy of the old nobility, he assures me, is with us. Sympathy, however, does not purchase Maxim guns, nor pay for rations, and Madame Zara's visit to the capital was, as you know, even less successful."

"Your Majesty has seen Miss Carson, then?" the priest asked.

"Yes, her mother and she have been staying at the Continental ever since they followed you here from Paris, and I have seen her once or twice during your absence. The young lady seems an earnest daughter of our faith, and she is deeply in sympathy with our effort to re-establish your order and the influence of the Church upon the island. I have explained to her that the only way in which the Church can regain her footing there is through my return to the throne, and Miss Carson has

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hinted that she is willing to make even a larger contribution than the one she first mentioned. If she means to do this, it would be well if she did it at once."

"Perhaps I have misunderstood her," said the priest, after a moment's consideration, "but I thought the sum she meant to contribute was to be given only after the monarchy has been formally established, and that she wished whatever she gave to be used exclusively in rebuilding the churches and the monastery. I do not grudge it to your Majesty's purpose, but so I understood her."

"Ah, that is quite possible," returned Louis, easily; "it may be that she did so intend at first, but since I have talked with her she has shown a willing disposition to aid us not only later, but now. My success means your success," he continued, smiling pleasantly as he rose to his feet, "so I trust you will urge her to be prompt. She seems to have unlimited resources in her own right. Do you happen to know from whence her money comes?"

"Her mother told me," said the priest, "that Mr. Carson before his death owned mines and railroads. They live in California, near the Mission of Saint Francis. I have written concerning them to the Father Superior there, and he tells me that Mr. Carson died a very rich man, and that he was a generous servant of the Church. His daughter has but just inherited her father's fortune, and her one idea of using it is to give it to the Church, as he would have done."

The priest paused and seemed to consider what the King had just told him. "I will speak with her," he said, "and ask her aid as fully as she can give it. May I inquire how far your Majesty has taken her into our plans?"

"Miss Carson is fully informed," the King replied, briefly. "And if you wish to speak with her you can see her now; she and her mother are coming to breakfast with me to hear the account of your visit to the island. You can speak with her then—and Father," the King added, lowering his eyes and fingering the loose sleeve of the priest's robe, "it would be well, I think, to have this presentation of the young nobles immediately after the luncheon, while Miss Carson is still present. We might even make a little ceremony of it, and so show her that she is fully in our confidence—that she is one of our most valued supporters. It might perhaps quicken her interest in the cause."

"I see no reason why that should not be," said the priest thoughtfully, turning his eyes to the sea below them. "Madame Zara," he added, without moving his eyes, "will not be present."

The King straightened himself slightly, and for a brief moment of time looked at the priest in silence, but the monk continued to gaze steadily at the blue waters.

"Madame Zara will not be present," the King repeated, coldly.

"There are a few fishermen and mountaineers, your Majesty," the priest continued, turning an unconscious countenance to the King, "who came back with us from the island. They come as a deputation to inform your Majesty of the welcome that waits you, and I have promised them an audience. If you will pardon me I would suggest that you receive these honest people at the same time with the others, and that his Highness, the Crown Prince, be also present, and that he receive them with you. Their anxiety to see him is only second to their desire to speak to your Majesty. You will find some of your most loyal subjects among these men. Their forefathers have been faithful to your house and to the Church for many generations."

"Excellent," said the King, "I shall receive them immediately after the deputation from Paris. Consult with Baron Barrat and Kalonay, please, about the details. I wish either Kalonay or yourself to make the presentation. I see Miss Carson and her mother coming. After luncheon, then, at say three o'clock—will that be satisfactory?"

"As your Majesty pleases," the priest answered, and with a bow he strode across the terrace to where Kalonay stood watching them.

(To be continued.)

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THE TOILING OF FELIX

A LEGEND ON A NEW SAYING OF THE CHRIST

(DEDICATED IN FRIENDSHIP TO WALTER A. WYCKOFF)

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

PRELUDE

HEAR a word that Jesus spake,
Eighteen centuries ago,
Where the crimson lilies blow
Round the blue Tiberian lake:
There the bread of life He brake,
Through the fields of harvest walking
With His lowly comrades, talking
Of the secret thoughts that feed
Weary hearts in time of need.
Art thou hungry? Come and take;
Hear the word that Jesus spake:
'Tis the sacrament of labor; meat and drink divinely blest;
Friendship's food, and sweet refreshment; strength and courage, joy and rest.

Hear this word the Master said,
Long ago and far away—
Lost in silence many a day,
Buried with the silent dead,
Where the sands of Egypt spread,
Sea-like, tawny billows heaping
Over ancient cities sleeping;
While the River Nile between
Rolls its summer flood of green,
Rolls its autumn flood of red—
There the word the Master said,
Written on a frail papyrus, scorched by fire, wrinkled, torn,
Hidden in God's hand, was waiting for its resurrection morn.

Hear the Master's risen word!
Delving spades have set it free.
Wake! the world has need of thee.
Rise, and let thy voice be heard,
Like a fountain disinterred,
Upward springing, singing, sparkling
Through the doubtful shadows darkling;
Till the clouds of pain and rage
Brooding o'er the toiling age,

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As with rifts of light are stirred
By the music of the word;
Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the laborer's cry;
"*Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and there am I.*"

LEGEND

LISTEN, ye who look for Jesus, long to see Him close to you,
To a legend of this saying; how one tried, and found it true.

Born in Egypt, 'neath the shadow of the crumbling gods of night,
He forsook the ancient darkness, turned his young heart toward the Light.

Felix was the name they gave him, when his faith was first confessed;
But the name was unavailing, for his life was yet unblest.

Seeking Christ, in vain he waited for the vision of the Lord;
Vainly pondered all the volumes where the creeds of men were stored;

Vainly shut himself in silence, keeping vigil night and day;
Vainly haunted shrines and churches where the Christians came to pray.

One by one he dropped the duties of the common life of care;
Broke the human ties that bound him; laid his spirit waste and bare;

Hoping that the Lord would enter to that empty dwelling-place,
And reward the loss of all things with the vision of His face.

Still the blessed vision tarried; still the light was unrevealed;
Still the Master, dim and distant, kept His countenance concealed.

In the darkness of the temple, ere the lamp of faith went out,
Felix knelt before the altar—weary, sad, and full of doubt.

"Hear me, O Thou mighty Master," from the altar-step he cried,
"Let my one desire be granted, let my hope be satisfied!

"Only once I long to see Thee, in the fulness of Thy grace:
Break the clouds that now enfold Thee, with the sunrise of Thy face!

"All that men desire and treasure have I counted loss for Thee;
Every task have I forsaken, save this one—my Lord to see.

"All Thine other gifts and blessings, common mercies, I disown;
Separated from my brothers, I would see Thy face alone.

"Let them toil and pray together, let them win earth's best reward,
This shall be my only glory—I alone have seen the Lord.

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"I have watched and I have waited as one watcheth for the morn:
Still Thou hidest in the heavens, still Thou leavest me forlorn.

"Now I seek Thee in the desert, where the holy hermits dwell;
There, beside the saint Serapion, I will find a lonely cell.

"There at last Thou wilt be gracious; there Thy presence, long-concealed,
In the solitude and silence to my heart shall stand revealed.

"Lo, Thy pilgrim kneels before Thee; bless my journey with a word;
Tell me now that, if I follow, I shall find Thee, O my Lord!"

Felix listened: through the darkness, like the whispering of the wind,
Came a secret voice in answer: "Seek aright, and thou shalt find."

Long and toilsome was his pathway through the heavy land of heat;
Egypt's blazing sun above him, blistering sands beneath his feet.

Still he plodded slowly onward, step by step and mile by mile,
Till he reached the rugged mountain, beetling high above the Nile,

Where the birds of air assemble, once a year, their noisy flocks,
Then, departing, leave their sentinel perched among the barren rocks.

Far away, on wings of gladness, over land and sea they fly;
But the watcher on the summit lonely stands against the sky.

There the eremite Serapion in a cave had made his bed;
There the bands of wandering pilgrims sought his blessing, brought him bread.

Month by month, in deep seclusion, hidden in the rocky cleft,
Dwelt the hermit, fasting, praying; once a year the cave he left.

On that day, one happy pilgrim, chosen out of all the land,
Won a special sign of favor from the holy hermit's hand.

Underneath the narrow window, at the doorway closely sealed,
While the afterglow of sunset deepened round him, Felix kneeled.

"Man of God, of men most holy—thou whose gifts cannot be priced!—
Grant me thy most precious guerdon; tell me how to find the Christ."

Breathless, Felix bowed and listened, but no answering voice he heard;
Darkness folded, dumb and deathlike, round the Mountain of the Bird.

Then he said, "The saint is silent—he would teach my soul to wait;
I will tarry here in patience, like a beggar at his gate."

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There the wandering pilgrims found him, watching still without complaint;
Soon they came to call him holy, fed him as they fed the saint.

Day by day he saw the sunrise flood the distant plain with gold,
While the River Nile beneath him, silvery coiling, seaward rolled.

Night by night he saw the planets range their glittering court on high,
Saw the moon, with regal footsteps, climb her throne and sway the sky.

Morn advanced and midnight fled, in visionary pomp attired;
Never morn and never midnight brought the vision long desired.

Now at last the day is dawning when Serapion makes his gift;
Felix kneels before the threshold, hardly dares his eyes to lift.

Now the cavern-door uncloses, now the saint above him stands,
Blesses him without a word, and leaves a token in his hands.

'Tis the guerdon of thy waiting—look! thou happy pilgrim, look!—
Nothing but a tattered fragment of an old papyrus book.

Read! perchance the clue to guide thee, tangled in the words may lie:
"*Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and there am I.*"

Can it be the mighty Master spake such simple words as these?
Can it be that men must seek Him, at their toil, 'mid rocks and trees?

Disappointed, heavy-hearted, from the Mountain of the Bird
Felix mournfully descended, questioning the Master's word

Not for him a sacred dwelling far above the haunts of men:
He must turn his footsteps backward to the common life again.

From a quarry by the river, hollowed out below the hills,
Rose the clattering voice of labor, clanking hammers, clinking drills.

Dust, and noise, and hot confusion made a Babel of the spot:
There, among the lowliest workers, Felix sought and found his lot.

Now he swung the ponderous mallet, smote the iron in the rock—
Muscles quivering, tingling, throbbing—blow on blow and shock on shock;

Now he drove the willow wedges, wet them till they swelled and split,
With their silent strength, the fragment—sent it thundering down the pit.

Now the groaning tackle raised it; now the rollers made it slide;
Harnessed men, like beasts of burden, drew it to the river-side.

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Now the palm-trees must be riven, massive timbers hewn and dressed—
Rafts to bear the stones in safety on the rushing river's breast.

Axe and auger, saw and chisel, wrought the will of man in wood:
'Mid the many-handed labor Felix toiled, and found it good.

Every day the blood ran fleeter through his limbs and round his heart;
Every night his sleep was sweeter, knowing he had done his part.

Dreams of solitary saintship faded from him; but, instead,
Came a sense of daily comfort, in the toil for daily bread.

Far away, across the river, gleamed the white walls of the town
Whither all the stones and timbers, day by day, were drifted down.

Looking at the distant city, temples, houses, domes, and towers,
Felix cried, in exultation: "All the mighty work is ours."

Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,
Every chopper in the palm-grove, every raftsman at the oar—

Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod—
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,

March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare:
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.

So through all the heat and burden Felix felt the sense of rest
Flowing softly, like a fountain, deep within his panting breast;

Felt the brotherhood of labor, rising round him like the tide,
Overflow his heart, and join him to the workers at his side.

Oft he cheered them with his singing at the breaking of the light,
Told them tales of Christ at nooning, taught them words of prayer at night.

And he felt the Master's presence drawing closer all the while:
Though the Master's face was hidden, yet he knew it wore a smile.

Once he bent above a comrade fainting in the mid-day heat,
Sheltered him with woven palm-leaves, gave him water, cool and sweet.

Then it seemed, for one swift moment, secret radiance filled the place;
Underneath the green palm-branches flashed a look from Jesus' face.

Once again, a raftsman, slipping, plunged beneath the stream and sank;
Swiftly Felix leaped to rescue—caught him, drew him toward the bank;

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Battling with the cruel river, using all his strength to save—
Did he dream?—or was there One beside him walking on the wave?

Now at last the work was ended; grove deserted, quarry stilled,
Felix journeyed to the city that his hands had helped to build.

In the darkness of the temple, at the closing hour of day,
Once again he sought the altar, once again he knelt to pray:

"Hear me, O Thou hidden Master; Thou hast sent a word to me;
It is written—Thy commandment. I have kept it. Look and see.

"Thou hast bid me leave the visions of the solitary life;
Bear my part in human labor; take my share in human strife.

"I have done Thy bidding, Master; raised the rock and felled the tree;
Swung the axe and plied the hammer, working every day for Thee.

"Once it seemed I saw Thy presence through the bending palm-leaves gleam;
Once upon the flowing water—Nay, I know not—'twas a dream!

"This I know: Thou hast been near me: more than this I dare not ask.
Though I see Thee not, I love Thee. Let me do Thy humblest task!"

Through the dimness of the temple slowly dawned a mystic light;
There the Master stood in glory, manifest to mortal sight:

Hands that bore the mark of labor, brow that bore the print of care;
Hands of power, divinely tender; brow of light, divinely fair.

"Hearken, good and faithful servant, true disciple, loyal friend!
Thou hast followed Me and found Me; I will keep thee to the end.

"Well I know thy toil and trouble. Often weary, fainting, worn,
I have lived the life of labor, heavy burdens I have borne.

"Never in a costly palace did I rest on golden bed,
Never in a hermit's cavern have I eaten idle bread.

"Born within a lowly stable, where the cattle round Me stood,
Trained a carpenter in Nazareth, I have toiled, and found it good.

"They who tread the path of labor follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

"Where the many toil together, there am I among My own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

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"I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife,
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.

"Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to man, is done to Me.

"Thou hast learned the peaceful secret; thou hast come to Me for rest;
With thy burden, in thy labor, thou art, Felix, doubly blest.

"Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and I am there."

ENVOY

THE legend of Felix is ended, the toiling of Felix is done;
The Master has paid him his wages, the goal of his journey is won;
He rests, but he never is idle; a thousand years pass like a day
In the glad surprise of that Paradise, where work is sweeter than play.

But I think the King of that country comes down from His tireless host,
And walks in this world of the weary, as if He loved it the most;
For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for Him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead:
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.
He puts His hand to their burdens, He enters their homes at night:
Who does his best, shall have as a guest, the Master of life and of light.

And courage will come with His presence, and patience return at His touch,
And manifold sins be forgiven to those who love Him much;
And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs of cheer,
For the toiling age will forget its rage, when the Prince of Peace draws near.

This is the gospel of labor! ring it, ye bells of the kirk:
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth is toil.

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THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

II—IN THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED (CONTINUED)

No. — BLUE ISLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO,
Saturday, December 19, 1891.

WHEN life is lived in its simplest terms, one is brought to marvellous intimacy with vital processes. And through this intimacy no disclosure is more wonderful than that of nature's quick response. Exhausted by hard labor, until your muscles quiver in impotent loss of energy, you sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to the play of a physical revival wherein you are renewed by the mystery of intussusception, and your responsive mood quickens to the tension of the involution whence life's energies flow new and fresh again. Another hour may bring as great a change, and the full tide of your rising spirits may set swiftly back. It is as though you were a little child once more, and your moods obedient to little things.

When living is a daily struggle with the problems of what you shall eat and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed, you take no anxious thought for the morrow, quite content to let the morrow take thought for the things of itself, for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Your heart will leap with hope at any brightening of your lot, and will sink in deep despair when the way grows dark. The road of your salvation is by the strait gate and the narrow way of courage and persistent effort and provident foresight, and whence are these to come to you whose courage is born of warmth and a square meal, and whose despair comes with returning hunger? A world all bright with hope can be had on the terms of heat and food, and the sense of these can be induced for a nickel in a "barrel-house."

When Clark and I awakened in the early morning, after our first night in the station, the dull gray dawn was dimming the gas, and in the lurid light we could see a writhing movement in the prostrate, coiling mass of reeking humanity about us. We had lost the feeling of hunger, but a feverish thirst was burning to the roots of our tongues. We could scarcely move for the pain of sore and stiffened muscles, and I thought at first that my right leg was paralyzed from the night-watchman's kick. Only a few hours before we had entered the station-house from the streets in eager willingness for any escape from their cold exposure, and now with intensified desire we longed for the outer air at any cost of hardship.

But we were not free to go out at once. The officer on duty brusquely ordered us back among the men when we approached him with a request to be allowed to leave. We were greeted with a burst of mocking glee as we walked back to our places, and among the comments was a call to me: "What have you pinched, whiskers?"

The reason for the delay was soon apparent, for in a few moments we were all marched down the main corridor and into the passage which opened nearest to the registrar's desk. There we waited, closely huddled, the iron door locked upon us, while an examination was made as to whether any of the prisoners had been robbed. When all was reported right, the door was unlocked and we were allowed to file slowly out past the entrance of the kitchen. There stood the cook with an assistant, and he gave to each man as he passed a bowl of steaming coffee and a piece of bread. We drank the coffee at a gulp, and each man was eating bread with wolfish bites as he climbed the steps and walked out into the street.

Every succeeding breath in the outer air seemed to carry its cleansing coolness farther down into our lungs. It was like the

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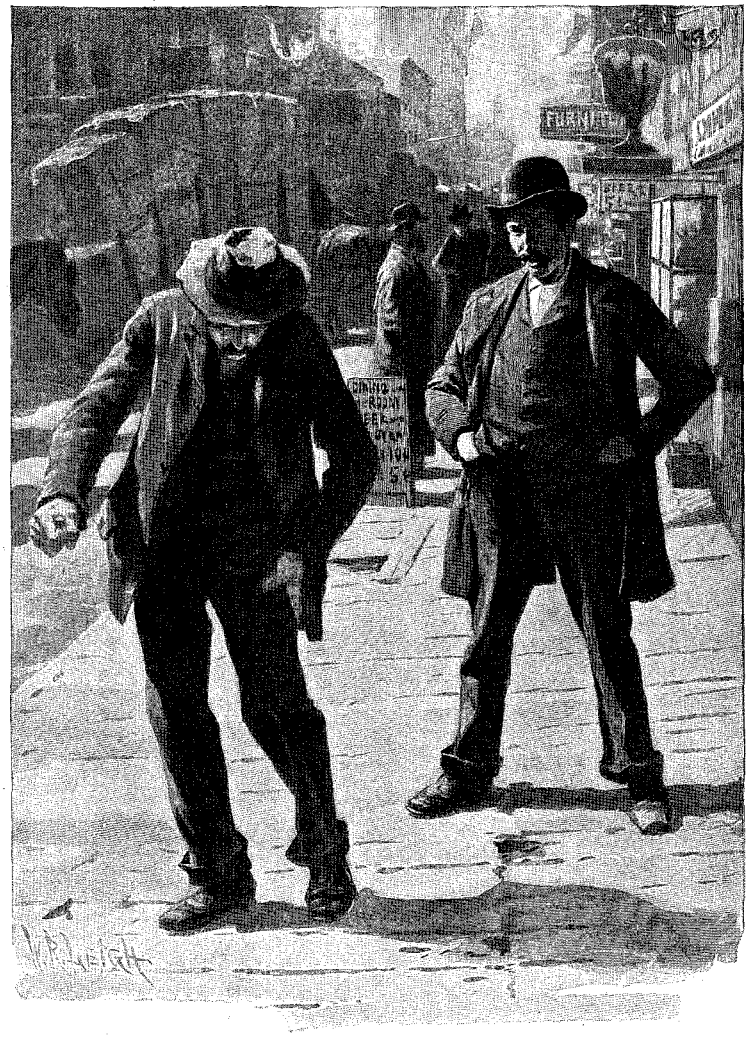
feeling of cold water to a parched throat. The sky was overcast, but the storm had ceased, and the temperature had fallen to several degrees of frost, and this gave a freshness and vigor to the air which brightened the world for us amazingly.

We could walk dry-shod in the measure that we could walk at all. Clark was rather stiff at the start, and I could make scarcely any progress alone, but Clark generously lent me a shoulder, and his arm was frequently around me at the street crossings. All this was most naturally done. The thought of deserting me because I had gone lame seemed never to occur to him. He must have known that his own good chances were seriously lessened by his having me upon his hands, but he accepted this as though it were inevitable. There was no mawkish sympathy in his manner; he was in for practical helpfulness only, and now and again he would withdraw his support, and, standing off, would watch me execute his command: "Now take a brace, partner, and let's see you go it alone."

At Van Buren Street we turned to the Rock Island Railway station, and in the waiting-room we quenched our thirst as best we could at the drinking-fountain. Many of the men had taken the direction of South Clark Street. I asked Clark why.



"Now take a brace, partner, and let's see you go it alone."

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Here we knelt among the broken fragments of ice and bathed our faces and hands.

"There's barrel-houses down there," he explained.

The word had come upon me repeatedly in the last day, with only a dim suggestion of its meaning, and so I owned to my ignorance.

"A barrel-house?" said Clark. "That's a dive where they keep cheap whiskey on tap; you can get a pint for a nickel. It's about the size of the whiskey you want for the thirst you get in a station-house, I'm thinking," he added. And then more to himself than to me: "I'm damned if I don't wish I had some now to wash that air out of my mouth."

His face was very wry, and there was returning to it the expression of hopelessness which it had worn while we crouched for shelter in the doorway on the night before. It cut you to the quick. His light-blue eyes, which had drawn me from the first by the honest directness of their gaze, now began to lose that human, speaking quality and to take on the dumb, beseeching look of a hunted beast.

The bread and coffee and clean air had revived us both. I dreaded a swift relapse, and so I urged a wash, in the hope of its bracing effect. But where could we achieve this simple need? Certainly not in the wash-room of the station, for we had trespassed dangerously far in drinking at the fountain, and the eye of more than one employee was already upon us. There was no hotel into whose public lavatory we could pass unchallenged, and not so much upon Clark's account as upon mine. There remained the open lake; so we walked up Van Buren Street and across the Lake Park and the railway tracks to the edge of the outer harbor. Here we knelt among the broken fragments of ice and bathed our faces and hands. It was vigorous exercise to rub them dry before they chapped in the winter wind. It warmed us, and the feeling of relative cleanness was enhearten-

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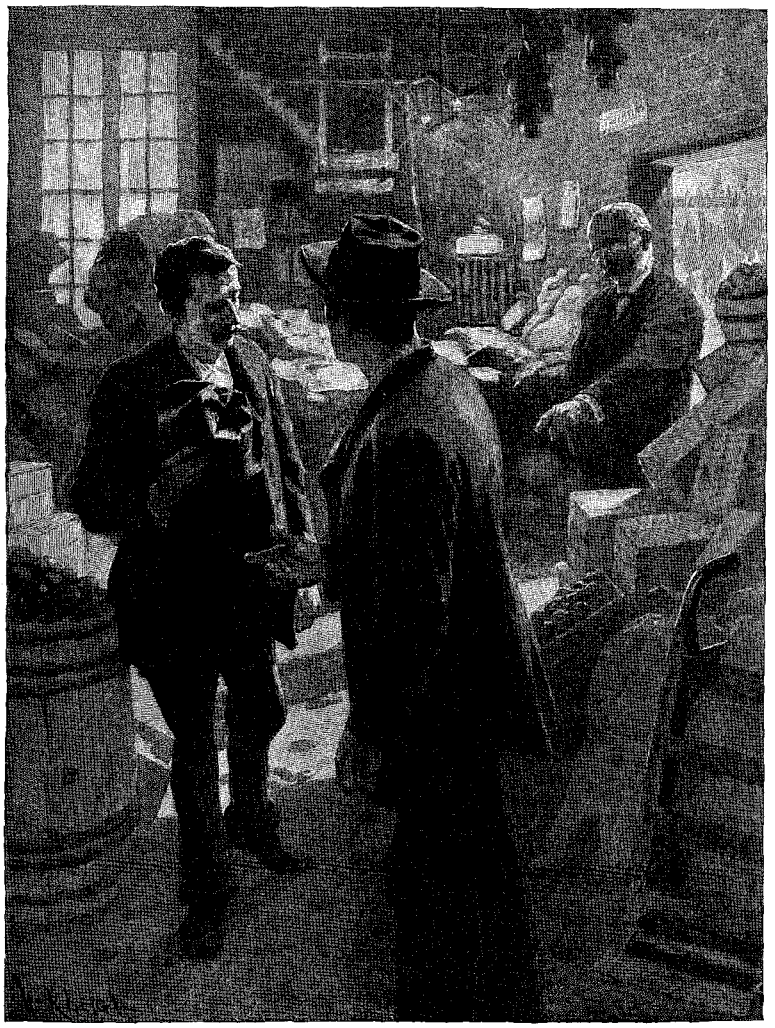

"Out you go, now!"—Page 437.

ing. And then I sat down and dipped up water in one hand, and applied it until I had a cold saturated cushion against the bruise on my leg. This wrought wonderful relief until the wet cloth froze, and then it chafed the bruise badly for a time.

But I could walk alone and fairly well now. We turned up Michigan Avenue and followed it to the river, discussing, as we went, a plan of action. Clark was for going at once to the far North Side in search of employment at various iron works and foundries there, of whose existence he had learned. I longed for the means of early relief from the reviving pangs of hunger through some chance job which I hoped that we might obtain. This was a new idea to Clark. He was a raw recruit in the army of the unemployed. That he might look for other work than that which was in the line of his trade had not yet presented itself to him as a possibility. He shrank from it with the instinctive dislike of a conservative for a new way. And all our early essays confirmed him in his aversion. We went from door to door of the great wholesale business houses at the head of Michigan Avenue. Large delivery trucks stood lined up along the curb on both sides, and there was the bustle across the pavement of much loading and unloading of wares. Workmen in leather aprons were handling

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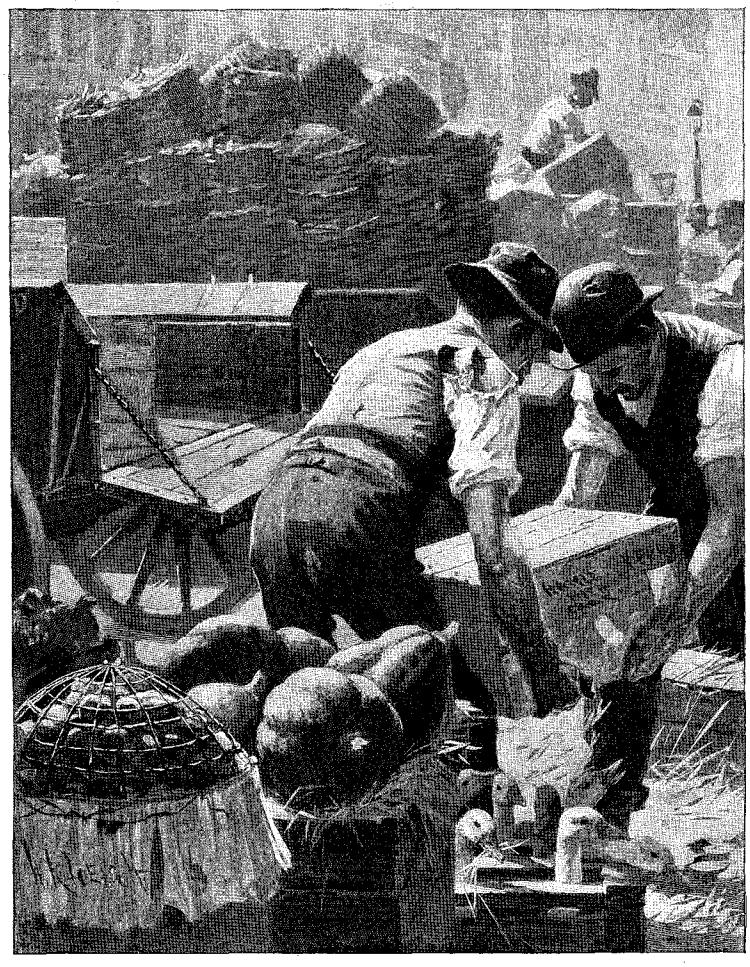

"We'll feed, partner, we'll feed!"—Page 437.

packed boxes with the swiftness and dexterity of long practice. At half a score of houses we sought out an overseer or a superintendent and asked to be set to work; but, without a moment's hesitation in a single case, we were told, with varying degrees of emphasis, that we were not needed, not even for some chance, exceptional demand.

It is difficult to describe the discouragement which results from such an experience. All about you is the tumultuous industry of a great city. You feel something of the splendid power of its ceaseless productivity; you guess at its vast consuming; and in the din of its noisy traffic you watch the swift shuttles which weave the varied fabric of its business. Its complexities and interdependencies bear down upon you with an inspiring sense of the volume of human life spent in ministering to life. Its multitudes throng you upon the streets, and you read in countless faces the story of unending struggle to keep abreast with pressing duty. Work? Everywhere about you there is work, stupendous, appalling, cumulative in its volume and intensity with the increasing momentum of a world-wide trade, which is driven by the natural forces of demand and supply and keenest competition. Men everywhere are staggering under burdens too grievous to be borne. And here are you idle, yet counting it the greatest boon if you might but add your strength to the mighty struggle.

Is there then no demand for labor? There is most importunate, insatiable demand for all work of finer skilfulness, for

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all men who can assume responsibility and give new efficiency to productive forces, or direct them into channels for the development of new wealth. But in the presence of this demand Clark and I stood asking hire for the potential physical energies of two hungry human bodies, and, standing so, we were but two units in a like multitude of unemployed.

"Wake up, my man, wake up!"—Page 439.

When we reached the river I had difficulty in dissuading Clark from his confirmed resolve to pass on to the North Side in pursuit of his earlier plan. He had no thought of leaving me behind. He urged that a chance job was as probable along his route as any other. But he consented at last to another hour of search in the immediate vicinity.

We were in South Water Street; we walked west until we had crossed State and had come to the corner of Dearborn Street. Walking became increasingly difficult, for the pavements were piled high with boxes and barrels and crates full of all manner of fruits and vegetables, and wooden coops packed with live game and poultry. A narrow passage remained between the piles. Through this we picked our way, carefully avoiding empty boxes and hand-trucks and stray measures that lay strewn about. On each side of the street buildings of brick or stone, fairly uniform in height, rose four-storied and many windowed, with the monotony of their straight lines relieved by the curves of arched windows, each bearing a protruding keystone. Over the wide fronts of the shops sagged awnings in various stages of faded color and unrepair, their

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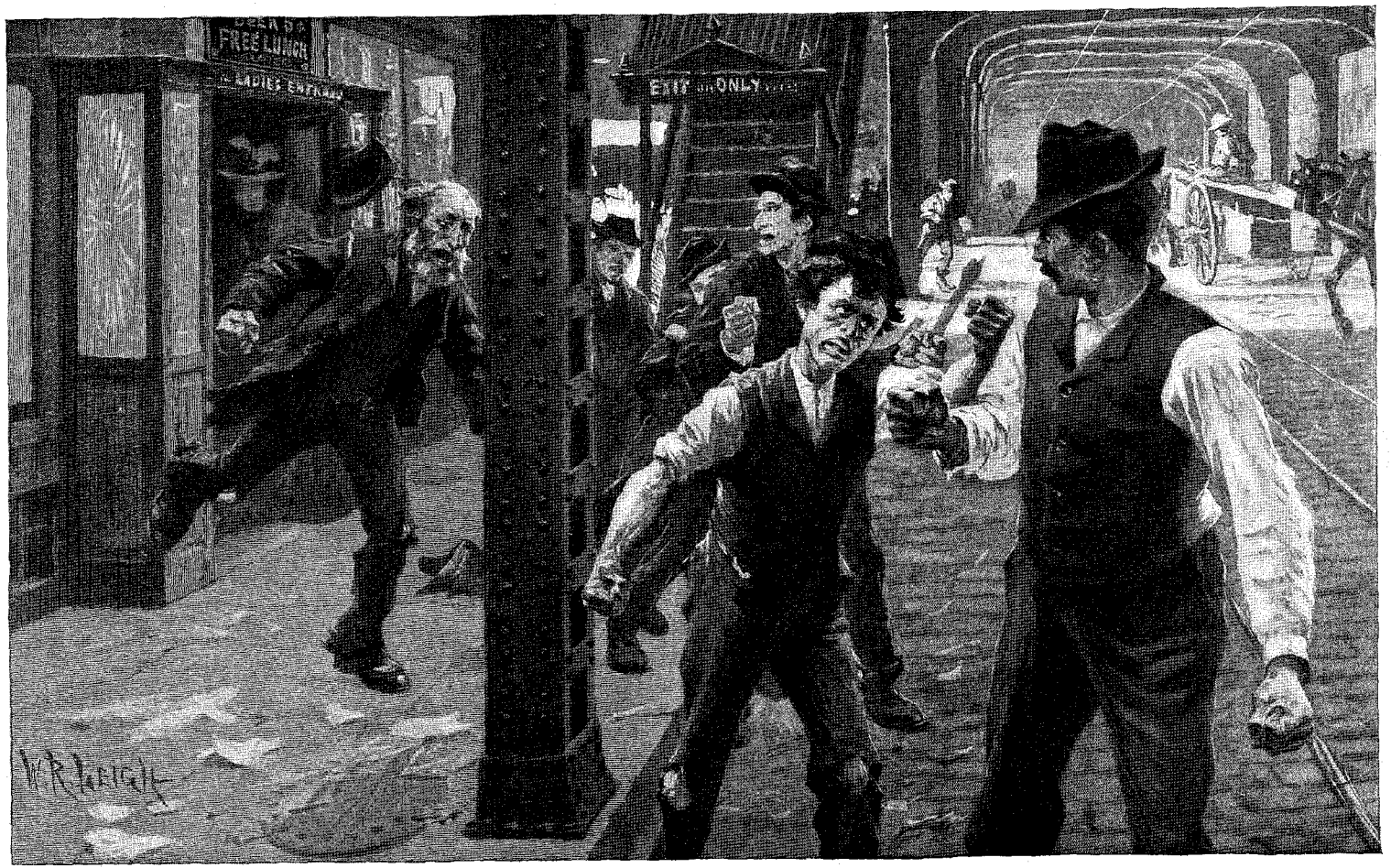

All of them were shouting oaths and violent abuse.—Page 439.

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She drew back and looked at me perplexed.—Page 441.

iron frames lying uncovered and unsightly against the fluted canvas. Along both curbs were backed continuous rows of drays and trucks and market-wagons. The two lines of horses stood blanketed in the cold, facing each other across a narrow opening down the stone-paved street, and more than anything else they resembled lines of picketed cavalry.

We soon felt the friction of the crowd as it steered its devious course along the littered pavement, brushing against groups of purchasers who stood examining sample wares, and against idlers leaning to the doorposts with hands in their trousers' pockets, and through the cross currents of drivers and shopmen who busily took on or discharged the loads.

The very confusion and hurry of the scene, while they suggested the chance of work, were really an added embarrassment to our search. More than under other circumstances we shrank from asking employment from men hard driven by the "instant need of things." And this instinctive feeling was fully justified in the course of the actual quest. Of common hands there was an abundance, and ours, held out for sale, were of the nature of a provocation to men cumbered by complex care. Occasionally we could not get access to an employer; and when we did, we sometimes received a civil "no," but commonly an emphatic one in a vent of evil temper.

At one moment an old gentleman was looking up at us over the tops of his spec-

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tacles as we stood at the foot of his desk. There was much shrewdness in his eye, and his face was deeply lined, but his speech revealed the frankness of a courteous nature.

"No, I'm sorry," he was saying, "I'm sorry that I can give you nothing to do. The fact is, I've got to lay off three men at the end of the week. My business don't warrant my keeping them. I hope you'll be more fortunate elsewhere."

A minute later we were standing waiting for the attention of a square-shouldered, thick-necked dealer who was in angry dispute with a subordinate. His face was still distorted when he turned upon us, and his dilating eyes sought mine with an expression of growing impatience.

"We are looking for a job, sir," I began. "Can you give us a chance to work?"

"No, I can't, —— you! Out you go, now!" And then to a man near the door: "—— your soul, Kelly, I've told you to keep these bums out of here. If you let in another one, I'll fire you as sure as hell."

The hour was nearly up, and there was apparently nothing for it but to start north in accordance with Clark's plan and in hope of better fortune. I felt as though I could not go. I was fairly faint with hunger, and a curious light-headedness had possessed me. The sights and sounds about us took on a strange unreality, and I could not rid myself of the feeling of moving and speaking in a dream. Again and again I was conscious of a repetition of identical experience, recalling the same circumstances in some faintly remembered past, and even before I spoke at times, I had an eerie sense of having uttered the coming sentences before under precisely similar conditions. The one fact to which consciousness held with unshaken certainty was the strong craving for food. And this was not so much a positive pain, as it was a sickening, benumbing influence. My hand would all but go out in reach for fruit that lay exposed about me, and the thought that the act would be wrong, and would get me into trouble, followed the impulse afar, and was forced into action as a checking conviction by a distinct effort of the will.

We turned into one shop more. The pavement in front was heaped with crates packed with oranges and bound around the centre and the ends with iron bands. Three high they stood on end, and four and five in a row along the curb, while backed up against them were two empty trucks with slats sloping capaciously at the sides.

There was confusion within the shop. A dealer and two drivers were swearing loudly, each on a line of independent grievance. Two or three shopmen were bustling about in zealous execution of orders. Men who may have been customers were waiting impatiently for attention, and clerks added to the confusion as with papers in hand they passed quickly in and out of offices at the rear. It appeared the most unpromising place for us that we had entered, and we were prepared for a refusal more than commonly emphatic, when to our almost overwhelming surprise the dealer hailed us:

"Say, you men, do you want a job? Go out and load them oranges, and I'll give you fifty cents apiece."

We did not stagger nor clasp each other's hands in an ecstasy of relief; we simply turned without a word, and hurrying to the street, we began to lift the heavy crates into the box of an empty truck.

Clark was the first to speak.

"Fifty cents, partner, fifty cents!" he kept repeating in an awed undertone. He seemed to be trying to get firm hold of the fact of our almost incredible good fortune, and then, in a voice that was thick with a heaving sob, he said:

"We'll feed, partner, we'll feed!"

But we did not "feed" at once when the money was actually in our possession. The first load had gone fairly well, for the certain prospect of food nerved us to such a degree that, weakened though we were, we scarcely felt the effort of loading, and we were quite unaware that our bare hands were being scratched by the sharp ends of iron bands about the boxes until we felt the flow of blood. But before the second load was half on, our nerve began to fail us. Each succeeding crate went on board with a greater effort. And the task itself grew harder, as the tiers of boxes rose higher in the truck. It seemed as though the driver would never be satisfied with the load; but at last he called a halt, and, mounting his seat, drove off in the direction in which the other truck had gone.

We were paid at once, Clark a half-dol-

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lar coin and I two silver quarters. We held our money with the grip of drowning men upon a saving support. We sat down upon a doorstep to rest. We were panting hard, and the circles under Clark's eyes had grown darker, and his thin bloodless lips were quivering as with cold. But his spirits were rising, and his eyes grew brighter every moment, and his pale face, already flushed with exercise, glowed again with the pleasure of anticipating the sure breaking of our fast.

When we set off, Clark was in the full swing of a provident plan.

"There's lots of saloons," he said, "where you can get a free lunch with a glass of beer." And he began to point them out to me all along our route. Large signs in front competed for the drifting trade. On one was painted a huge schooner brimming over with frothing beer, and it bore the legend: "The largest glass of beer for five cents in Chicago." Another sign claimed for its shop, "The best free lunch in the city," and others told of hot sausages with every drink, or a certain number of oysters in any style, or hot stews at choice, and bread and cold meats and cheese in unstinted abundance.

All this so exactly met our needs. And there were warmth and shelter and companionship within the saloons, and having drunk at the bar and eaten at the free-lunch counter, we should be free to sit at ease about the fire. And how cheap it all was! For fifteen cents, Clark was saying, we could get three fair meals a day, and even ten cents would save us from the actual pain of hunger. There was no other chance that compared with this. The utmost that five cents would buy in the cheapest eating-houses was a cup of coffee and two small rolls. There were ten-cent meals to be had, but they were not the equals of a free lunch and a glass of beer. To get their equivalent in a restaurant you must spend fifteen cents at least.

My objections were wholly unintelligible to Clark. From these he would bring the argument back to the question of wise management, and there he had me. Presently he lost his temper, and told me that I was a "damn fool," and that I might go "to a restaurant, or to hell," as I chose, but that for his part he was going in for a free lunch and a glass of beer. But before we separated he was so far pacified that he agreed to meet me in the early evening in front of the shop where we had earned our money.

It was at the juncture of Dearborn and Madison Streets that we parted. Not far from there I found a restaurant whose placards in the windows offered tempting dishes at astonishingly cheap rates. "Roast beef and baked potato, fifteen cents," was printed on the one that lured me most. I walked inside and sat down at a small round table, spread with a cloth which was faultlessly clean. A long line of such tables reached down the centre of the deep room in inviting whiteness, and was flanked on each side by a row of others, oblong in shape, pressed close in against the walls. To a height of several feet above these tables the walls were wainscoted with mirrors, and the white ceiling was gay with paper festoons. Customers were streaming in, for it was about noon. Most of these were evidently men from neighboring business houses, but there were workmen, too, some of them in blue jeans; and the first fear that I felt at entering, the fear of having come to a place too respectable to accept me as a guest, vanished completely, and gave place to a feeling of security and comfort.

A corps of colored waiters were hurrying through the narrow passages between the tables, bearing aloft tin trays heaped with dishes; to the noisy clatter and hum of the diners, they added a babel of discordant sound as they shouted in unintelligible phrase their varying orders into the dim regions at the rear, whence answered a muffled echo to each call.

My order came in a deep dinner-plate, a slice of roast beef, generous and juicy, shading from brown to the rich, raw red of the centre that oozed with a strengthening flow. With it was a large baked potato, piping hot, and when I broke it upon the table with a blow of my fist, the fragrant steam rose in a cloud to my face.

At the end of a fast of thirty-six hours, which had been relieved only by a few swallows of coffee and a little bread, I knew enough to eat slowly. But I was unprepared for the difficulty which this precaution involved. As when one swallows cautiously in quenching a consuming thirst, and checks by sheer force the muscles which would drink with choking draughts,

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so it was only by a sustained restraint that I ate carefully, in small morsels, until the brutish hunger was appeased. And when all the beef and potato, and an amazing quantity of the bread, with which the table was abundantly supplied, were gone, I could not forego the expenditure of five cents more for a cup of coffee, by the aid of which another deep inroad upon the bread was soon accomplished.

At the desk where I paid the amount stamped upon a check which the waiter had left at my place, I inquired for the manager. When I received his assurance that he could give me no work as a dishwasher, nor, in fact, in any capacity in his restaurant, and that he knew of no opening for me anywhere, I walked out into the streets once more and found my way to the public reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association. There I looked through the advertising columns of the morning newspapers. Of applications for positions there was an almost countless number, but of openings offered there were few, and not one of these was promising to a man whose only resource was unskilled labor. Reading on somewhat aimlessly through the day's news I presently fell asleep, and was soon awakened by a young secretary, who was shaking me vigorously by the shoulder.

"Wake up, my man, wake up!" he was saying. "You can't sleep in here. You must keep awake, or go out."

I went out. It was easier to keep awake in the streets than in that warm room, and besides, I must not slacken the search for work.

By the time that I had fully recovered possession of my senses I found that an aimless walk had taken me near to the railway station, at whose fountain Clark and I had drunk in the morning. A crowd of newly arrived passengers was issuing into VanBuren Street, many of them carrying hand-luggage. With a flash of association there came to my mind the recollection of the boys and men who follow you persistently on Cortlandt Street between the Pennsylvania station and the elevated railway, with importunate offers to carry your bag for a dime. I wondered that this industry had not occurred to me before as a resource in my present need.

In a moment I was plying it with high hope of success, but in the next I stood agape at a fierce onslaught of street Arabs and men. One or two had picked up stones with which they menaced me. All of them were shouting oaths and violent abuse, and one half-grown boy, who was the first to reach me, held a clenched fist to my face, as he screamed hoarsely profane threats, and his keen dark eyes blazed with anger, and his lean face worked convulsively in the strength of violent passion. It appeared that I had trespassed upon a field which was pre-empted by a "ring" well-organized for its possession and cultivation, and for the further purpose of excluding competition.

I fell back to a safe distance. On the opposite side of the street I saw a gentleman carrying a heavy portmanteau. He was well past the beat of the organized ring about the station. In an instant I was beside him, and was offering to carry his load. He seemed disinclined to pay any heed at first, but he stopped in a moment with the remark:

"I'll give you a quarter to carry this bag to my hotel."

I assented joyfully. I swung the bag to my shoulder, and passed on ahead, while the traveller walked close behind me in the crowd, and directed me to his hotel in Wabash Avenue, where, together with what I already had, I was soon fifty-five cents to the good.

That afternoon yielded nothing more either in prospect of a steady job or in the fruit of chance employment, and at dusk I stood again in South Water Street anxiously awaiting Clark's return. It was dark when he came at last, and as he approached me in the fierce light of the electric arc which gleamed from the top of the high iron post near by, I could see that he was paler and more careworn, and deeply dejected. We sat down for a few moments upon a doorstep. The street was nearly deserted, and the lights shone dismally through its blackened length. Clark began to tell me of his afternoon. No chance of work had been revealed beyond the vague suggestion of one boss that he might need an extra man in a week or two. Moreover Clark had found the shops so far away that he had been obliged, both in his going and return, to take a Lincoln Avenue cable-car, and so was out a fruitless ten cents in fare.

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He said very little beyond the bare statement of his afternoon's experience. He was sitting with his elbows resting on his knees, with his hands clasped, and his flaxen head bowed almost to his arms. I knew that he was struggling with thoughts and feelings which he could not analyze, nor in the least express, and I waited in silence beside him.

The whole experience was new to him. He had been out of work before, but he had had a home, and in its shelter he could tide over the depression which had cost him his job. Now his home was gone, and he was adrift without support. But he was young and strong and accustomed to work, and all that he sought was a chance to win his way. And yet his very struggles for a footing seemed to sink him into deeper difficulty. The conditions which he was forced to face seemed to conspire against the possibility of his success.

It was the feeling inspired by this seeming truth, a dim, dull feeling vaguely realized, yet awful, that bore hard upon him, and that loomed portentous as with remorseless fate. He was struggling with it in an agony of helpless discouragement, and presently he found utterance for it in concrete form.

"One boss I struck for a job, I thought he was going to give it to me sure," he said. "He asked me where I'd worked before, and why I'd quit, and how long I'd been at the trade. And just then I felt something crawling on my neck. It was a crumb, —— it! The boss seen it, too. He got mad, —— him! and he chewed a rag, and he said if he had twenty jobs, he wouldn't give one to a lousy hobo like me." Clark was growing increasingly vehement in his recital. He rose to his feet and bent over me, while the hot words came hissing between his teeth:

"I ain't never been like this in my life before, and, great God Almighty! I'd be clean if I could!" After a moment he added, in a hard, clear tone:

"We've got some money, partner, let's go and get a drink."

My extra quarter flashed into my mind as a hopeful resource. I held out the two quarters and a nickel on the palm of my hand where the street light would strike them. I told Clark of my windfall, and of the possible chance of many another such to help us out in the future.

"I earned this in ten minutes," I said, holding out a quarter, "and I know where twenty cents of it will buy us each a hot stew and all the bread that we can eat. And then I've found a lodging-house in South Clark Street where we can each get a wash and a fairly decent bed in good air for fifteen cents, and we'll have enough left to keep us in food to-morrow."

Clark hesitated. I enlarged on the attractiveness of the restaurant and the comfort of eating at leisure at one of its clean tables, and the long, unbroken rest that we should have at the lodgings. Clark was tired to the bone, and he yielded. It was my turn now to give him a shoulder as we walked to our evening meal.

We were soon seated opposite each other at one of the side tables of the restaurant. The lights were reproduced in myriad reflections in the mirrors, and we seemed to be sitting near the centre of a vast dining-hall with multitudes at its countless tables and its farther portions fading in the perspective of dim distance. The Irish stew and bread were indescribably good, and in the company of other diners we felt that we were among our fellow-men and of them, and we were free for the time from the torment of that haunting isolation which keeps one unspeakably lonely even in the thronging crowd.

Light-hearted and full of hope again we walked to the lodging-house, and after a wash we were soon fast asleep, each on a rough cot in a wooden closet, the electric lights streaming in upon us through the wire netting which was spread over the tops of long lines of such sleeping booths, that stood separated by thin board partitions like the bath-houses at the sea.

Friday and Saturday came and passed with the same vain search for work, and with varying fortune in odd jobs. We took separate routes through the day, but always agreed at parting upon an hour and place of meeting. The Young Men's Christian Association rooms became our rendezvous. When we met there on Friday evening I had a quarter and Clark was high-spirited and opulent with forty-five cents to his credit. He was full of his good fortune. In the middle of the forenoon he had chanced upon the job of shifting coal

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in the cellar of a private house. The work having been finished he was allowed to wash himself in the kitchen with an abundance of hot water and soap and the luxury of a towel. And then he sat down at the kitchen table to a dinner of hot turkey and cranberry sauce, and any number of vegetables, and all the bread and coffee he wanted, and finally a towering saucer of plum-pudding. Fifty cents was added to the dinner in payment for his work, and, as he had had a dime left in his pocket after breakfast, he did not hesitate at an expenditure of fifteen cents in car-fare to facilitate his search for work.

My quarter had come, as on the day before, by way of a porter's service—only this time from a woman. I caught sight of her as she was crossing the Lake Front from the station of the Illinois Central Railroad at the head of Randolph Street. Under her left arm were parcels of various shapes and sizes, and with some apparent effort she carried a bag in her right hand. The parcels were troublesome, for now and again she was obliged to rest the bag upon the pavement until she had adjusted her arm to a surer hold upon them. She was a woman nearing middle life, well dressed in warm, comfortable, winter garments which bore the general marks of the prevailing mode.

So completely had the present way of living possessed me that I fear that my first impulse at sight of her was born of the hope of a porter's fee and not of the thought of helpfulness. But I grew more interested as I neared her, and increasingly embarrassed. There was a touch of beautiful coloring in her round, full face, and about the mouth was an expression of rare sweetness, while her dark-blue eyes looked out through gold-rimmed spectacles with preternatural seriousness. But my eye was drawn most by the hair that appeared beneath her bonnet; a heavy mass it was, and tawny red like that of Titian's "Magdalene" in the Uffizi. She might have been a shopkeeper's wife come to the city from the suburbs or from some provincial village, and she was nervous in the noisy atmosphere of the unfamiliar. I had not yet offered my services in this new capacity of street porter to a woman, and I found myself puzzled as to how I should approach her. But the actual situation solved the difficulty, for when we were but a few steps apart, her bundles fell again into a state of irritating insecurity under her arm and she was again obliged to adjust them.

Instantly I was beside her, bowing, hat in hand:

"I beg your pardon, madam; won't you let me help you?"

She drew back and looked at me perplexed, and I could see the gathering alarm in her wide, innocent, serious eyes.

"Oh, no, thanks!" she said, and I knew that all that she had ever heard of bunco-steerers and of the wily crafts of the town was mingling in terrifying confusion in her mind with thoughts of possible escape.

My distress was as great as her own. I had forgotten for the moment how dismaying to a woman must be an unexpected offer of service from a sudden apparition of full grown, masculine, street poverty. I felt guilty as though I had wantonly frightened a child. A parcel had fallen to the ground. I picked it up, and returned it to her with an apology most spontaneous and sincere. But as I turned away in haste to escape from the embarrassment of the situation, I found myself checked to my great surprise by a timid question:

"Perhaps you can tell me the shortest way to number — La Salle Street?" she said.

My hat was off at once.

"It will give me great pleasure to show you the way," I replied, and not waiting for a refusal, I set off with, "Won't you follow me, pray?" over my shoulder.

At the curb of the first crossing I waited for her.

"Keep close to me," I said, "and I'll see you safe across the street." But I ignored the parcels, which were once more awry. On the opposite pavement she stopped.

"Would you mind holding my bag," she asked, "while I get a better grip on these bundles?" I accepted the bag with an assurance of the pleasure that it gave me. It was soon followed by a parcel, the largest and most unwieldy of the lot. She finished adjusting the others, and then extended her free hand for the remaining parcel.

"We'll carry this between us," I said, "and I'll walk with you to the place."

Without a word of demur she took firm

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hold of the short twine with which the parcel was tied, and thus linked we set off together down Randolph Street to La Salle. Conversation was nearly impossible, for we were edging our way for the most part along crowded pavements.

When we stood for a few moments at a crossing, waiting for a check in the tide of traffic, she confided to me that she had come to Chicago from "——ville" to see a lawyer.

"You are often in the city," I suggested, delighted to talk on the pleasant, easy terms which were springing up between us.

"Oh, no! I ain't," she said, and then she was innocently superior to the compliment implied in my feigned surprise, and she began to question me about myself.

"What do you do for a living, young man?"

"I am out of work, and I am looking for a job," I said, evasively.

"What is your line of work?" she continued; for the bucolic mind was bent on a sure footing from which to launch out into further inquiry.

"I shall be glad of any work that I can get," I said. "Any work at all," I reiterated, thinking that she might put me in the way of a job.

"Where do you live when you're to home?" and the question indicated a new tack in the quest for certitude.

"I came out here from the East," I answered; "I have no home here."

"I guess you ain't been doing just right, or else you wouldn't be ashamed to tell," she said, while a graver look came into her sober eyes.

The situation was so keenly delightful that I lacked the moral strength to do aught but prolong it.

"Ah, madam, if you but knew!" I said, and I fear that my tone conveyed to her a tacit confession of deep depravity.

We had reached the required number in La Salle Street. I led the way to the elevator, and found the door of the lawyer's office. The woman stood for a few moments in the passage; I was evidently on her conscience.

"Haven't you got any family or friends?" she continued in a voice tender with sympathy.

"I had both," I replied.

"Then, young man, you take my advice, and just go back to your family, and tell them you're sorry that you done wrong, and you mean to do better. They'll be good to you and help you." Her words were swift with the energy of conviction.

"I am sure that you are right," I agreed.

And now a well-filled open purse was in her hand, and I saw her fingers hesitating among some loose coins. Presently she held out a quarter.

"You've been real nice to me," she said, "and I want to ask you not to make a wrong use of this money. You'll not buy liquor with it, will you?"

"Indeed I will not," I assured her. "I have little temptation to do that, for I can quench my thirst for nothing; it is food that I find it hard to get. And, madam," I continued, "I am deeply grateful to you for your good advice."

She smiled upon me, her pretty mouth and dimpled cheeks and dark blue eyes all playing their part in the friendly salutation.

"You will go back to your friends, won't you?" she said, persuasively.

"I will indeed," I replied. "Already I look forward to that with keenest pleasure."

Then richer by a quarter and all aglow with the sense of human sympathy I returned to the streets, and to the exhausting, dreary round of place-hunting.

That this in itself should be such hard work is largely due, I fancy, to the double strain, both on your strength and on your sensibilities. Certainly it is strangely enervating. Even when you are not weakened by the want of food, you find yourself at the far end of a fruitless search worn out beyond the exhaustion of a hard day's work. And then the actual ground covered by your most persistent effort is always so sadly disappointing. You may begin the day's hunt rested, and fed, and full of energy and resolve; you may have planned the search with care, taking pains to find out the various forms of unskilled labor which are employed within the chosen area; with utmost regard to systematic, time-saving expenditure of energy, you may go carefully over the ground, leaving no stone unturned; and yet, at the day's end, you have not covered half the area of your careful plan, and your whole body aches with weariness, and your heart is heavy and sore within you. Nor does the task grow

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easier with long practice. You acquire a certain facility in search; you come, by practical acquaintance, to some knowledge of the ins and outs of the labor market; but you must begin each day's quest with a greater draft upon your courage and resolution. For the actual barriers grow greater, as the outward marks of your mode of life become clearer upon you, and you feel yourself borne upon a tide that you cannot stem, out from the haven of a man's work, where you would be, to the barren wastes, where drift to certain wreck the lives of the destitute idle who have lost all hold upon a "sure intent."

All the days of this vagrant living were not equally hard. Some were harder than others. Saturday was a case in point. After an early frugal breakfast, for which Clark paid his last penny, we separated with an agreement to meet again at six o'clock in the evening in the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association. We were bent on different quests. Clark was determined to find work at his trade if he could, and I had no choice apart from unskilled labor. For odd jobs we were each to have out an eye, and our acquaintance thus far with such a course made us fairly confident of at least the means of bare subsistence.

But nothing is less predictable than the outcome of this fortuitous living. The days vary with the variability which belongs to existence. Things "come your way" at times, and then again they have another destination which your widest and closest search fails to reveal.

It was hard, but it was not impossible through that Saturday morning to keep one's purpose fairly firm. From the ebb of the city's traffic in the darkness before the dawn I felt it flowing to its full tide. However destitute a man may be he cannot fail to share the quickening to waking life of a great city. The mystery of deepest night enfolds the place, and from out its veiling darkness the vague conformations of streets and buildings gradually emerge to the sharp outlines of the day's reality. An occasional delivery wagon from the market, or a milkman's cart goes rattling down a street, awaking echoes as of a deserted town, or a heavy truck laden with great rolls of white paper for the printing-press passes slowly, drawn by gigantic horses whose flat, hairy hoofs patiently pound the cobbles in their plodding pace, while whiffs of white vapor puff from their nostrils with their deep, regular breathing. The driver's oath can be heard a square away.

Standing at the curb along an open space in front of a public building are a few "night hawks." The horses are heavily blanketed and their noses buried in eating bags. The cabmen have drawn together in social community on the pavement, where, as they gossip in the cold, they alternately stamp the flagging with their feet and clasp themselves in hard, sweeping embraces of the arms to stir the sluggish blood to swifter movement. An empty cable-car goes tearing round a "loop" with noise to awake the dead, and sets off again to some outermost portion of the town with a sleepy policeman on board and a newsboy, his bundle, damp from the press, upon his lap, who is bent on being first with news to that suburban region. The cars fill first with workingmen who are bound for distant factories and workshops and their posts along the lines of railways.

The streets are echoing now to the sounds of increasing traffic and to the steps of the vanguard of workers. These are the wage-earners, men for the most part, but there are women, too, and children. Here is humanity in the raw, hard-handed and roughly wrought for the Atlasian task of sustaining, by sheer physical strength and manual skill, the towering, delicate, intricate structure of progressive civilization.

The first of the salaried workers follow these, and youth swarms upon the streets moving with swift steps to the great co-educational schools of practical business. There are countless "cash" children in the throng, and office boys, and saleswomen and men, and clerks, and secretaries, and fledgling lawyers. There are marks of poverty on the faces and in the garments of the children, but most of the older ones are dressed in all the warmth and comfort of the well-to-do, while the young women who form so large a portion of the crowd step briskly in dainty boots carrying themselves with figures erect and graceful, clothed with the style and *chic* which are theirs as a national trait. Many of the men are, in contrast, markedly careless and unkempt.

All these are at work by eight o'clock, the wage-earners having been at it an hour

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already. Then come, mingling in the miscellaneous concourse of business streets which have taken on the full day's complexity, the superintendents and managers, and the heads of business houses and of legal firms, and bankers, and brokers, and all the company of rare men, whose native gifts of creative power or organizing capacity or executive ability, joined to great energy and resolution, have placed them in command of their co-workers, and made them responsible, as only the few can be responsible, for the lives and well-being of their fellows.

I recognize an eminent lawyer in the moving crowd, who, in democratic fashion, is walking to his office. He is a nobleman by every gift of nature, and his sensitive, expressive face, responsive to the grace of passing thought, is an unconscious appeal to my flagging courage, and to that, perhaps, of many another man in the pressing throng.

I see in a jolting omnibus a noted merchant, his head bowed over a morning paper as he rides to his business house. He holds a foremost place in business, yet it is fully equalled by his standing as a Christian gentleman and as a wise and most efficient philanthropist.

Almost touching elbows we pass each other on the street a fellow-alumnus of my college and I, he an inheritor of great wealth and of a vast enterprise far-reaching in its scope to distant portions of the earth. And yet, so unmarred has he remained under the lavish gifts of fortune that his is already the dominant genius in the administration of immense productive power, and his influence is increasingly felt as a helpful and guiding force in great educational institutions of the land.

But this resurgence of the city's life, while it quickens the pulses for the time, is not an inspiration to last one through a day of disappointing search. By noon I had been turned many times away, and a sharp refusal to a polite request to be given a chance to work cuts deeper than men know who have never felt its wound. You try to ignore it at the first, and you bring greater energy to bear upon the hunt, but your wounds are there; and, in each succeeding advance, it is a sterner self-compulsion that forces you to lay bare again the shrinking quick of your quivering sensibilities. How often have I loitered about a door, passing and repassing it again and yet again before I could summon courage for the ordeal of a simple request for work!

Early in my experience I learned never to ask after a possible vacancy. Employers have no vacancies to be filled by such an inquirer. I simply said that I was looking for a job, and should be glad of any work that I could do; and that, if I could be given a chance to work, I would do my best to earn a place.

This request in practically the same terms produced often the most opposite effects. One man would answer with a kindliness so genuine and a regret so evidently sincere that it was with an utmost effort at times that I could control myself. And but a few minutes later another man might answer, if not with oaths and threats of violence, yet with a cynical sharpness which would leave a sorer rankling.

Despondency had almost conquered hope at last, and well-nigh worn one's courage out, and all but brought your drooping spirits to the brink of that abyss, where men think that they can give the struggle up. It is marvellous how the external aspect of all things changes to you here. The very stones beneath your feet are the hard paving of your prison-house; the threatening winter sky above you is the vaulted ceiling of your dungeon; the buildings towering to nearly twenty stories about you are your prison walls, and, as by a keen refinement of cruelty, they swarm with hiving industry, as if to mock you in your bitter plight.

Suddenly there dawns upon you an undreamed of significance in the machinery of social restraint. The policeman on the crossing in his slouching uniform bespattered with the oozing slime of the miry streets where he controls the streams of traffic, even as the Fellaheen direct the water of the Nile through the net-work of their irrigation ditches, is the outstretched hand of the law ready to lay hold on you, should you violate in your despair the rules of social order. Behind him you see the patrol wagon and the station-house and the courts of law and the State's prison and enforced labor, the whole elaborate process by means of which society would reassimilate you, an excrement, a non-social being as a transgressor of the law, into the body po-

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litic once more, and set you to fulfilling a functional activity as a part of the social organism.

This result, with the means of living which it implies and the link that it gives you to your kind, even if it be the relation of a criminal to society, may become the object of a desire so strong that the shame and punishment involved may lose their deterring force for you.

There are simple means of setting all this process in motion in your behalf. Men break shop-windows in full view of the police, or voluntarily hold out to them hands weighted with the spoils of theft.

Perhaps it is in the moving crowds upon the pavements that one, in such a mood, feels most of all this change in external aspect. The loneliness, the sense of being a thing apart in the presence of your working kind, a thing unvitalized by real contact with the streams of life, is the seat of your worst suffering, and the pain is augmented by what seems an actual antagonism to you as to something beyond the range of human sympathy.

By the middle of that Saturday afternoon I had fairly given up the search for work, and I found myself on State Street, wandering aimlessly in the hope of an odd job. Hunger and utter weariness were playing their part, as well as the loneliness and the sense of imprisonment. One had the feeling that, if he could but sit down somewhere and rest, all other troubles would vanish for the time at least. And there were, I knew, many public rooms to which I could go in unquestioned right or privilege, but once within their warmth, I was well aware that to keep awake would tax all my power of will, and that, as a sleeping lounger, I should soon be turned adrift again.

The street was coated with a murky mire, kneaded by hoofs and wheels to the consistency of paste, and tracked by countless feet upon the pavements, where it lay as thick almost as on the cobbles. The skyline on both sides was a ragged *sierra*, mounting from three to five and seven stories, then leaping suddenly on the right to the appalling height of the Masonic Temple, and grotesque in all its length with rearing signs and flagstaffs that pierced the smoky vapor of the upper air, while the sagging halyards fluttered like fine threads in the icy gusts from off the lake. Whole fronts of flamboyant architecture were almost concealed behind huge bombastic signs, while other advertising devices hung suspended overhead, watches three feet in diameter, and boots and hats of a giant race.

The shop windows were draped with the scalloped fringes of idle awnings, and merely a glance at their displays was enough to disclose a commercial difference separated by only the width of the thoroughfare, a difference like that between Twenty-third Street and the Bowery.

From Polk Street and State I drifted northward to the river. No longer was there any stimulus in contact with the intermingling crowds. All that was hard and sordid in one's lot seemed to have blinded one to all but the hard and sordid in the world about. Beneath its structural veiling you could not see the warm heart of life, tender and strong and true. Multitudes of human faces passed you, deeply marked with the lines of baser care. Human eyes looked out of them full of the unconscious tragic pathos of the blind, blind to all vision but the light of common day; eyes of the money grubbers, sharpened to a needle's point yet incapable of deeper insight than the prospect of gain; eyes of the haunted poor, furtive in the fear of things, and seeing only the incalculable, threatening hand of fateful poverty; eyes of ragged children who are selling papers on the streets, their eyes old with the age of the ages, as though there gazed through them the unnumbered generations of the poor who have endured "long labor unto aged breath;" eyes of the rich, hardened by a subtler misery in the artificial lives they lead in sternest bondage to powers in whom all faith is gone, but whom they serve in utter fear, scourged by convention to the acting of an unmeaning part in life, seeking above all things escape from self in the fantastic *stimuli* of fashion, yet feeling ever, in the dark, the remorseless closing in of the contracting prison-walls of self-indulgence narrowing daily the scope of self, and threatening life with its grimmest tragedy, in the hopeless, faithless, purposeless *ennui* of existence.

And now there passed me in the street two sisters of charity walking side by side.

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Their sweet, placid faces, framed in white, reflected the limpid purity of unselfish, useful living, and their eyes, deep-seeing into human misery and evil, were yet serene in the all-conquering strength of goodness.

It was in some saner thought inspired by this vision that I walked on across the river to the comparative peaceful quiet of the North Side. I needed all the sanity that I could summon. The setting sun had broken for a moment through snow-laden clouds, and it shone in blazing shafts of blood-red light through the hazy lengths of westward streets. Its rays fell warmly upon a wide, deep window as I passed, and the rich reflection caught my eye. For some time I stood still, a prey to conflicting feelings. Just within the window with the shades undrawn, sat a friend in lounging ease before an open fire, absorbed in his evening paper. There flashed before me the scene of our last encounter. We stood at parting on a wharf in the balmy warmth of late winter in the far South. Behind my friend was the brilliant carpeting of open lawns and blooming beds of flowers, and beyond lay the deep olive green of forests of live-oak with palmettos growing in dense underbrush, and the white "shell road" gleaming in the varied play of lights and shadows until it lost itself, in its course to the beach, in the deepening gloom of overdrooping boughs weighted with hanging moss in an effect of tropical luxuriance. And from out that vivid mental picture there came again, almost articulate in its reality, the graceful urging of my friend that I should visit him in his Western home.

It was so short a step by which I could emerge from the submerged, and the temptation to take it was so strong and inviting. The want and hardship and hideous squalor were bad enough, but these things could be endured for the sake of the end in view. It was the longing for fellowship that had grown to almost overmastering desire, the sight of a familiar face, the sound of a familiar voice, the healing touch of cultivated speech to feelings all raw under the brutalities of the street vernacular.

And after all, what real purpose was my experiment to serve? I had set out to learn and in the hope of gaining from what I learned something worth the while of a careful investigation. I had discovered much that was new to me, but nothing that was new to science, and the experience of a single individual could never furnish data for a valid generalization, and all that I had learned or could learn was already set forth in tabulated, statistical accuracy in blue books and economic treatises. Moreover it was impossible for me to rightly interpret even the human conditions in which I found myself, for between me and the actual workers was the infinite difference of necessity in relation to any lot in which I was. How could I, who at any moment could change my status if I chose, enter really into the life and feelings of the destitute poor who are bound to their lot by the hardest facts of stern reality? It was all futile and inadequate and absurd. I had learned something, and as for further inquiry of this kind, I would better give it up, and return to a life that was normal to me.

The sense of futility was strong upon me. Never before had the temptation to abandon the attempt assailed me with such force. It was no clean-cut, definite resolution that won in favor of continued effort. Not at all. I think that when I turned away I was more than half-resolved to give over the experiment. But even as a man, who, contemplating suicide, allows himself to be borne upon the aimless stream of common events past the point of many an early resolution to the deed, so I found myself gradually awaking to the thought, "Ah, well, I will try it a little longer."

It was in this mood that I went to find Clark at our rendezvous. Our eyes met in quick inquiry, and before either of us spoke, we knew each the other's story. But Clark wished the confirmation of actual confession.

"Ain't you had no luck too?" he whispered, his eyes close to mine, and contracting with a sense of the incredibility of such a result, which might be altered, if one would only insist strongly enough upon its being other than it actually was.

"No," I said, "I've had no luck, nor anything to eat since morning." We were speaking in the low tones which were permitted in the reading-room.

"Well, I'll be ——." And Clark's

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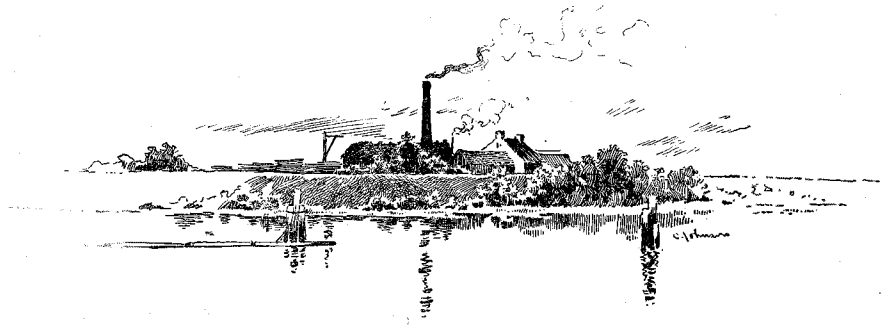
drawling oath seemed exactly suited to the absurdity of the situation. We both laughed softly over our coincident dilemma, and by a mutual impulse we walked out into the street, where we spent an agreeable half-hour in discussing the placards in the windows of two restaurants.

There was an especial attraction for us in the lower window where there stood a *chef* all white from his spotless cap to where his white garments were lost to view behind a gas-stove of ingenious contrivance, on whose clean, polished upper surface he was turning well-browned griddle-cakes. I do not know what the association was, and it was in entire good-humor that Clark suddenly turned to me with the remark :

"Say, partner, we'd get all we want to eat, if we'd heave a rock through this window."

(To be continued.)



THE SWEETEST SINGER

By Sarah Piatt

WHO is the sweetest singer? None
  Have looked upon his face.
He is the first, last, only one
  Of his undying race.

You hear him, and you start and turn
  To catch some glimpse; but, oh,
'Tis he that eats the seeds of fern
  On St. John's Eve, we know!

Ah, many a time when I was young,
  I, from my window, still
With stars, have listened while he sung
  His love-songs with a will.

I knew he sang the same in Troy
  About one casement dim—
Till Priam's jealous archer-boy
  Shot many a shaft at him.

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I knew he sang the same, with sighs
  Much like great Cæsar's, while
You charmed him with your burning eyes,
  My Serpent of old Nile!

I knew he sang the same unto
  The young Semiramis,
And heard her old dove-nurses coo:
  "We've had enough of this!"

I knew he sang the same to all
  The legend-ladyes, fair
As—moonshine on a graveyard wall!
  I knew, and did not care.

I did not care: "When I am dead,
  I know how it will be;
He'll sing to other loves," I said,
  "As now he sings to me!"

Yet sometimes in the moon, I feel,
  From lips a-stir with breath,
From cheeks in bloom with life, he'll steal
  To some waste place of death—

To wail, in the long, lonesome grass
  Forgot by mortal feet,
(And call me sweeter than I was)
  The old, old song, too sweet.

Then some shall hear, when night is deep,
  This wild, upbraiding cry:
"You sleep, and leave your dead to sleep!"—
  And wake, they'll know not why.

"It is the Wind!" so men shall say,
  And sleep again. . . . Ah me!
It would be passing strange were they
  As constant—half, as he!

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JIM CHENEY, PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN

By William R. Lighton

IN personal aspect he was very much of a nondescript. His was a face which might be often seen and then easily forgotten. He was lean and sallow, with bent shoulders and shambling gait. Energetic vitality seemed at a low ebb. He might only be saved from inclusion in a very large and common class by his wide, bulging forehead and large, clear eyes. His eyes he kept habitually downcast; when he lifted them on rare occasion, they held a disconcerting assurance of seeing many things. His speech was low, slow, and evenly regulated—at his lowest and slowest when his mind was most intently concerned with what he said.

He was an eccentric wheel in the party political machine. His real character was not easy of discovery; indeed, those who knew him most intimately were those who confessed, with each recurring campaign, that they knew him not at all, for he was a man of rich, varied, and surprising resource. His largest trait was taciturnity; but a close second to this was boldness in the execution of such political trusts as exacted delicate tact, unscrupulous courage, and careless disregard of everything but success.

Occupation he had none beyond such employment as came to him during a campaign, as nurse for some weak cause or candidate, or during legislative sessions, as foster-father of some weak bill. It happened, therefore, that in the intervals between such seasonal activities, he would often grow seedy and forlorn in appearance and spirit, only to take fresh hold upon the tail of prosperity with recurrent demand for his services.

No one knew anything of the private side of his life, beyond the bare fact that he lived quite alone.

Once, in olden time, he had held a place with other men, not without credit. A woman had figured in his life at that time, and had then dropped out of it altogether, to all outward appearance. After fifteen years a man's memory might be supposed to have grown misty upon such circumstance, inasmuch as man's memory and steadfastness of thought are commonly accounted treacherous. But Cheney had not forgotten. It was from that time that there began the steadily continued decline and loss of that force which makes and moulds a man's character into respectability. He had taken to new views and theories of life. As to a jaundiced man all things put on a sickly yellow guise, so Cheney, in his own lowered estate, came to place very low valutions upon all human pretensions to worth—such low and mean valuation that it was disquieting to find how often his appraisement proved just and accurate. It was this which made him serviceable and valuable in politics. This was Jim Cheney at the time of this history's beginning.

Dishevelled and dismantled humanity swarmed, clustered, and buzzed in and about the double store-room where the State Central Committee had established head-quarters, and whence it sent forth its forces to do biennial battle for party success. It was what is known in the parlance as a "hot campaign," and by popular repute the Central Committee was provided with ample means for the conduct of a gorgeous struggle, according to the dearest tradition of the professional politician. The would-be Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General, and Secretary of State were men of independent wealth; other candidates had contributed as they could to the general fund. Nor had other and obscurer members of the party been remiss in this duty; so that popular repute was doubtless in the right. However that might be, the crowd was willingly credulous. Those of the hangers-on who might be included in the class of professional manipulators of State politics were there with the unshamed purpose of getting their own hands "into the barrel," under the gauzy pretext of "putting the

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money where it would do the most good." Others there were, less known to fame but not less noisy, dirty, and disreputable, who were content to hang about, bawling, spitting, smoking such free cigars and drinking such free drinks as offered, and shining with brief gleams of reflected glory when some big or little "boss" vouchsafed nod or word of notice. Clean men, decent men, there were few or none in the crowd; the rabble was made up of unkempt, scraggy, and ill-favored loafers. Sometimes a reputable citizen would enter the wide doorway, only to elbow and crowd his way as rapidly as possible through the throng, seeking seclusion and protection in the little box of a room partitioned off in a far corner, where the members of the committee held court; then hurrying out with equal despatch to the free air of the street.

On fair days the mob would spread itself abroad somewhat, small groups of men blocking the sidewalks without, listening with lazy open-mouthed interest to impromptu curbstone oratory or debate, which ebbed and flowed from early morning to late night; several officers of the police overseeing the course of things, now and again interfering to quell the boisterous noise of a group wherein a dispute was growing too vituperative and profane. But the weather of this October was, as a rule, damp and chill; therefore the crowd kept for the greater part of the time within doors, packed together so closely that one might only move in or out by dint of vigorous effort. The floor was slimy with mud and tobacco; the air hot and fetid; the whole wretched scene enveloped in a pall of uncleanness. The goddess of our liberties was big with impending delivery! Heaven save us and our "institutions!"

On a certain day, when the campaign was within three weeks of its end, a smooth-shaven, clean-featured man came to the street-doorway, there pausing abruptly, as though finding the mass of bad odors a palpable obstruction. He wore a plain suit of black, with gold-framed spectacles, and his linen was obtrusively clean. He was in appearance a gentleman, and clearly out of place. The assemblage had small liking or sympathy for such as he, and was little disposed to make way for him until a well-known and ill-favored "boss"—a man of whose hands and shirt-front dirt and diamonds were fairly dividing possession—hailed him noisily:

"Hello, there, Doc! Why, you're a devil of a chap to be trotting in this class, ain't you? Why ain't you come around and got acquainted with the boys? What kind of a way's that to treat us, anyway? Hell! The committee's been hollerin' for you for a week. Come on here."

Then the loud whisper started and spread that this was Dr. Adams, the party's nominee for the office of Governor, and a passage was cleared for him through the crowd so that he might pass in the care of his boisterous mentor to the committee-room. When the door was closed behind them, buzz of comment rose free and strong among the loafing on-lookers.

"Ain't he a picture! Kid gloves! Didn't know anybody, did he? and acted as if he didn't want to, neither. What got into the boys to put up such a mark as him, anyway?" There was unbroken concert of opinion upon him.

Those who constituted the party "machine"—the political midwives officiating at the birth of the campaign—had found serious complications to exist in the case; complications not to be ignored, but making necessary the resort to heroic measures—nothing less heroic than the placing upon the ticket of one or two "clean" men; which, being interpreted, means men whose common honesty might bear scrutiny. This departure from precedent was not born of spasmodic principle, but of politic expedient, as possible offset to late public scandal attaching to party management of State affairs and funds. The choice of such men by the convention was attended with much difficulty. Many clean men the party held; men whose strength, courage, and integrity had been tried and proven. Such, however, were to be sedulously avoided. While public outcry was to be made upon the reputed strength of the nominees, the real desideratum was weakness—such weakness as should be wholly amenable to party discipline and to the domination of the party leaders. New men, unknown in State politics, must be chosen. So it came

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about that Dr. John Adams was named for the first place upon the ticket, with much hue and cry during the campaign about his "record;" which, if altogether colorless, was certainly clean—as clean as his late-fashioned linen. He was taken as an eleventh-hour caucus compromise; was not even in attendance upon the convention, and was only informed of his elevation when the nomination had been made. Then, after mild, perfunctory protest, he had yielded, wholly ignorant of conditions and consequences, but pleased and flattered upon being raised from the obscurity of his local medical practice to a State-wide notoriety. And at his evident pleasure, the makers of the ticket were also pleased, for they judged that they had found their man.

On this morning, as he passed through the rooms of the head-quarters, he was observed with more than passing interest by two men who stood together near the doorway. One of these was the Honorable Alf. Winch, the renominated candidate for the office of Attorney-General; the other was Jim Cheney, professional politician.

The character of Winch was evident at once. He was a big, bulky man, dressed with careless disregard of appearance, as becomes one who appeals for Western votes. His face was round and flabby, shaven smooth but upon the chin, where grew a tuft of stubby beard. His head was broad at the base, but of small upper dimensions. A thick nose, wide thick lips, and small, shifty eyes under shelter of lowering, hairy brows, completed his unprepossessing make-up. He was one of those officers of the closing administration whose public acts the party managers were now trying to obscure. He was merely keeping "shady," working quietly through such media as Jim Cheney, his companion of this morning.

As Dr. Adams passed, a grin widened the already too-wide mouth of the Honorable Alf.

"What do you think of him, Jim?" he asked.

"I ain't saying anything," Cheney answered, with characteristic avoidance.

"Had anything to do with him?"

"No."

"Haven't met him yet?"

"Not lately. A long time ago. Before I'd taken a hand in politics."

"That must have been a good while ago," the Honorable Alf. agreed.

"Back in '80," Cheney answered.

"Eighty? He must have been pretty near a kid then."

"Yes. He was just out of medical college in Chicago. Came to my town to begin practice. Lives there yet. 'Tain't my town any more, though."

From a plug of tobacco Winch cut a generous chew, cuddling it in his cheek through a few moments of silence. Then he spat noisily upon the floor.

"Must be a queer duck," he said, adhering to the subject of discussion. "The convention boys thought they'd found just what they wanted, but the committee's having all kinds of trouble."

"Are they?" Cheney asked, listlessly—a listlessness which did not check Winch, who knew the other's ways.

"Just because he's got notions," Winch went on, mumbling his quid. "When the boys agreed to let Slade nominate him, it was because Slade said he knew him and would guarantee his coming in line when he was told. But Doc's sprung some wormy old Colonial chestnuts about honor and integrity, and all that—Well, you know. Says if he can't be elected without doing what the committee says, he'll stay where he is. Chances are he'll stay, too. Anyway, he'd feel terrible lonesome, wouldn't he, if he was elected? Slade, being chairman of the committee, has to do most of the worrying, and it's a lesson to him. Doc holds off from us like we were infected. Slade had hard work to argue him into coming down to see the committee, even."

Winch was talking for the pure joy of it. He knew that this must of necessity be old news to Cheney, who knew everything. But Cheney kept his accustomed silence. Silence was so easy and so apparently apathetic as to be a paying policy, for it sometimes betrayed others into reckless speech which might be turned to after account.

Meanwhile, within the small committee-room good vigorous English was in requisition. Tom Slade, the chairman of the committee, had greeted Dr. Adams with fine semblance of heartiness of voice, de-

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liberately revealing real lack of heartiness of feeling. Here was a recalcitrant who must be disciplined.

"Sit down, Doctor," Slade said, indicating a chair opposite his own, and Adams took the proffered seat, fidgeting with his gloves while he studied the heavy face of the chairman. Anticipation of what was likely to come of the interview rendered him uneasy. Thus far in the campaign he had felt his complete isolation from his compatriots on the ticket, and he had also been made to feel, of late, the displeasure of the campaign managers.

"We haven't seen much of you, Adams," Slade said; "not as much as we ought. You fail to appreciate the stress of a campaign like this. We've got a good deal at stake."

"Yes," Adams agreed, nervously.

"A good deal at stake," Slade repeated. "Not only the candidates with their personal ambitions, but we've got to think of the party as a whole, too. All these things count." He turned to the man in whose care Adams had entered. "Billy, step out a minute, will you? You stenographers can go, too, till I call you." When the room was cleared, he drummed upon the table with his fat fingers for a few moments, and so the two sat regarding each other, each waiting for the other to begin.

"Doctor," Slade said at last, his small fat eyes growing smaller, and his manner brusque, "there's one or two things that have to be talked of and settled. You haven't been at all tractable in this business, as we had a right to expect, under the circumstances. We've needed your help, and we haven't had it. You've been a hindrance, rather, and the boys don't like it."

Such manner was not calculated to reduce Adams to obedience. His thin cheeks gathered a little color under the effrontery.

"Yes," he said, leaning forward upon the table which separated them. "Now go ahead. I've had hints of this—some pretty broad ones—before, in your letters and from some of the papers. Now, I want you to go on and say just what you mean. There's no need of holding back anything. Then I'll say just what I mean. That'll lead to an understanding, if that's what you want."

"Well," Slade answered, aggressively, "the principal thing is that you've balked at our work. You, who know absolutely nothing about political campaigning, have presumed to set your notions above those of men who've been born and cradled in politics. The trouble is, you're on a pedestal and you don't want to come down. But you've got to."

"Slade," the other returned, with an emphasis of his own, "I didn't seek this nomination. You know that."

"No," Slade answered; "but you took it when it was offered, didn't you? What then? I got you the nomination, and I ain't asking only what I think's due me in return."

"Yes, I took it when it was offered," Adams said. "But as it came voluntarily, without my asking, I supposed I took it on my own terms—that it should consist with my own fixed principles. There was nothing said about these conditions you're trying to make now, or I should never have taken it. I tell you I *have* certain principles which are fixed, and I have no thought of sacrificing them."

Slade's creasy cheeks wrinkled into a broad smile.

"That's what you complain of, isn't it?" Adams asked. "I know it is; I've understood as much."

"Oh, no; no, no," Slade answered, lightly. "Keep your principles. They're all right. Nobody's kicking about them." Then with return to his heavier manner: "You know what I mean. You've played too fast and loose with your vagaries. You've antagonized Ed Walsh and his faction in Smith County. They were solid, and doing good work, and they led a big following in two or three other counties out there. Now Ed swears he'll quit. That's one thing."

Adams's whole bearing had grown intent through Slade's speech.

"Walsh!" he cried. "Walsh is an infernal scoundrel. He came to me with solicitation of a bribe—there's no other name for it. Wanted me to put up money for the support of his gang. I made his villainy public. You don't expect me to countenance such things? I won't do it."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" Slade scoffed, lightly. "Doctor, look here. We're giving you a chance to make your political fort-

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une. That don't come to a man every day. You're ambitious, I take it. And you're a grown man, dealing with men. These notions of yours would do scant credit to a puling school-boy. You're enough of a man of the world to know that when you're dealing with unprincipled opponents you have to meet their methods. You've got to take their weapons and make them your own."

"That's exactly it," Adams broke in. "But I don't deal with unprincipled opponents; I let them alone."

"Oh!" Slade grunted, in impatient disgust. He swung himself around in his big chair, teetering back and forth. Here was a truly promising political ward!

"Well," he broke forth at last, "have you got anything more to say?"

"Haven't I said enough?" Dr. Adams asked in return.

"No; you haven't said enough to justify such damned foolishness as yours." Slade's voice was harsh; not so much from anger as from his strong though wholly unsuccessful effort to hold his speech within conciliatory and pacific bounds. He was not used to this sort of thing, and found it very galling.

"I can only repeat myself," Adams said. "I can't give aid or countenance to this Walsh business, nor to anything like it. You're the one at fault—the one who's responsible for this state of things. You've blundered in your judgment of my character. And I'm glad you have. I'd have a mighty poor opinion of my integrity if it agreed with your ideas concerning me."

"Oh, to hell with all that!" Slade exploded, fiercely, utterly unable to simulate further. "You insignificant weakling! Don't come to me with your twaddling homilies!"

Dr. Adams rose stiffly, putting on his gloves. His eyes were fiery and his lips drawn into a tight, close line; but he held his tongue. Then Slade made a strong effort to suppress his anger. He had very much at stake. He arose heavily and came to stand by Adams's side, laying his hand upon the stubborn shoulder.

"Look here, Doctor," he pleaded, in softened voice; "this won't do, old man. We mustn't separate this way. We can't afford it—you can't; I can't. We're risking everything—personal reputations and the reputation of the party. We've simply got to win; that's all—got to. Your principles are all right—no fault to find with them. I respect a high-principled man; upon my soul I do. But the biggest part of a man's education in public life is learning when and how to apply his principles. If he don't know that, his principles'll be the ruination of him. I tell you we've simply got to succeed, and we've got to lose sight of every other principle but that."

"That's where we disagree," Adams said, stiffly.

"At least," Slade continued his hopeless plea, "if you can't take part in what's being done—if you can't do it, why, don't. Only you *can* keep your mouth shut and your hands off, can't you?"

"No, sir," Adams said, emphatically, "I can't. If I find any such deviltry going on as that with Walsh I'll expose it as willingly in my own party as I would on the other side. More willingly, because I'd like to have a hand in purifying my party and making it respectable."

"That's all?" Slade asked, ominously.

"That's all," Adams repeated.

"Well, then," Slade said, with broad gesture of dismissal, "you can simply make up your mind to ignominious defeat." And with that they parted.

When Adams was gone, Slade swore; swore lightly at first—tangentially; then in short but widening arcs of the circle; then going to the centre and swearing in radii and segments; finally in sweeping periphery, inclusive of everything. Then he dropped his head upon his arms, folded upon the table before him.

Soon he sat up, smoothing his hand over his grizzled hair and toying abstractedly with the pens and small furnishings upon the table.

"Damn him!" he growled. "I swear I hate to lay down to such a nincompoop. I think I'll give him one more chance. If Jim can't fix him, I'll have to let him go, I reckon."

He called for one of the committee clerks and despatched him to seek through the crowd outside for Jim Cheney, who soon slouched in and slouched into a chair, where he sat silently awaiting orders.

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"Jim," Slade said, "I reckon this Adams business is a case for you."

Cheney could find nothing in this speech requiring answer; so he stuck his hands into his pockets and kept silence, his glance upon the floor.

"He's an egregious and ungrateful ass!" Slade went on, feelingly. "You're a pretty good ass-driver. I'm going to let you try him."

Still Cheney held his peace.

"He's clear out of my class," Slade confessed. "I don't understand such as him. He's simply broken clear away from control of the committee, paddling along according to his own crazy notions of what he calls honor. Honor!" Slade spat out the word as though it had a strange and distasteful flavor. "Did you ever go against one of him, Jim?"

To the direct appeal, Cheney felt need of answering.

"Ass-driving ain't the word," he said.

"Why not? What do you mean?" Slade asked.

"Just because it ain't," Cheney answered. "He's no jackass. That's where you're wrong. I reckon you've been trying the driving way with him yourself, haven't you?"

Slade nodded thoughtfully. His was an aggressive, driving nature. He could hardly appreciate any other manner of dealing with men. He had a large opinion of the importance of his position, and was accustomed to have his authority in these matters pass unquestioned. So he had to take several minutes for the digestion and assimilation of Cheney's words.

"Maybe you're right, Jim," he said; "and then I'm all wrong. I can't blarney a man. What Irish blood I've got is too dead in me for that. I've got to have plain talk, straight out. You go tackle him."

Then came another interval, while Slade's face was puckered, Cheney's passive.

"Here," Slade continued; "I reckon he's gone back home on the eleven-ten. You'll have to go out to his place. You've got a good chance to make a record for yourself."

Still Cheney sat silent, his chin upon his breast.

"Well," Slade said, with some impatience, "will you go?"

Cheney slowly raised his eyes, till his glance met Slade's.

"Oh, sure," he said; "I'll try it, if there's anything in it."

Slade had anteceded this suggestion in his own thoughts; so he answered, promptly:

"Jim, I want you to go to him and get him to agree to stand clear aside and keep his mouth shut and let us manage this business. I'll put up a hundred, anyway, and if you get him I'll give you five hundred. That's good money, Jim. That's the best you've had in a hell of a long while."

Cheney's only answer was briefest nod.

He worked his way slowly through the crowded outer room and into the street. His face had passed from its usual listless, sombre aspect to an expression of more active thoughtfulness. So occupied was he that he passed many professional acquaintances without recognition. He went directly to his rooms, in a remote and neglected quarter of the city, there to sit down and lose himself completely in the mazes of intricate thought. The room was very poor and bare. The small rusty stove held no fire, and the air was cold. These were matters which he appeared not to heed in the least, for he sat almost immovable for an hour. By and by he aroused himself and got on his feet.

"Oh, Lord, Lord!" he said, aloud. "What a muddle it is!" He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, went to a battered trunk in a corner of the room, unlocked it, and, getting upon his knees, rummaged in the tangled litter of odds and ends which the trunk held. After a time he brought to the surface a small parcel wrapped in mussed brown paper. Sitting upon the floor, he opened the packet, holding in his cold-stiffened hands a photograph and a letter. The photograph showed a young man and woman seated together in conventional photographers' pose. By the woman's dress it was easily to be seen that the picture was old. The woman's face was very bright, smiling, and cheerful; not notably beautiful, but with a comfortable air of good companionship in its expression. The face of the man was commonplace enough—one of a great number of faces to be seen daily everywhere, and hardly to be distinguished one from an-

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other; the only noteworthy features of the pictured face being wide bulging forehead and large direct eyes. The trinket seemed to fascinate Cheney. He held it before him for many minutes, studying it intently. Then with a deep sigh he laid it upon his lap, and gently unfolded the letter. He read it through slowly, from beginning to end; then let it fall upon the photograph. In a few moments he took it up again, turning the sheets until he had found one paragraph which he sought, and this he read once more. The words were not difficult of identification as those of a half-developed girl's mind—impulsive, not ill-humored; saying a hard thing, not without compassion:

"I count upon your forgiving me for this. I count upon it most of all because I think you do truly love me and want to see me happy, as I truly want to see you happy. But I know that after what I have said *I* could not make you happy, for I should never be able to forget that I do not love you as I have grown to love John. Even when I should be trying my best to be happy with you and to make you happy, I should be thinking of him. It would be like seeing a ghost. Now, you mustn't think I never cared for you, for that wouldn't be true. I have cared for you, and shall never cease to care for you in the same good old way. But that feeling is so different from the feeling I have for John—just as different as you two men are different. You know that I have talked with you about your lack of ambition to *be* something in life. And dear, good Jim, I don't want to pain you, but I must say it: John is all that I have missed in you, and it is that which makes me love him most dearly. He will make a place for himself in the world and he will do it honorably, for his honor is even greater than his ambition."

A poor and feeble letter, with its prating of happiness as something tangible and to be laid hold of. Not a very large rock, nor one to be suspected of causing wreckage of large craft. But it was the rock upon which Cheney had struck, going to pieces and sinking slowly through fifteen years.

After a time he arose and stood before his small mirror. He studied his reflected face intently, comparing it with his pictured image. The comparison was much in favor of the picture. The face in the picture had life in it, while the live face seemed almost without life, heavy and inert.

But this inactive humor did not last. A train would leave in a few hours for Adams's village home, and despatch was required. He went back into the business portion of the city, sought a cheap furnishing-store, and bought a modest suit of clothing, with such other things as were needed to make him presentable. When he was supplied with these, he went to a barber-shop and surrendered himself to the unaccustomed operation of a hair-cutting.

"Take my mustache off, too," he directed, briefly. He suddenly remembered that the face in the photograph had been smooth-shaven.

A Western village changes very much in fifteen years. Cheney had expected to find change; but a man is never wholly reconciled to finding his early home made over new. It was quite a respectable town now, with a gaudy railroad station replacing the small dark-red structure of old time; new brick blocks along the business street, and a three-story brick hotel. In old time the streets had been shadeless, for the most part; now there were many maples and cottonwoods along the avenues and ways. Pretentious homes there were, too—a few, and the boundaries of the village had widened to include what in those other days had been pastures and cornfields. But these changes left only passing impression upon Cheney's thoughts. He inquired directly for Dr. Adams's home and bent his steps thither. It was a pretty home; a cozy cottage in a large yard, the lawn planted with shrubs and the rapid-growing cottonwoods.

Those who knew Cheney back at the head-quarters would have wondered had they known how fiercely his heart knocked as he walked slowly up the gravelled path to the house. If they had thought at all of his heart, they would have thought of it as a staid organ, doing most perfunctory service. But his heart did beat so wildly that he had difficulty in asking of the trim servant at the door whether he might see Dr. Adams. Dr. Adams was away on a professional call, but would soon return. The gentleman would please walk in and wait.

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As the servant drew the curtain from the doorway of the neat parlor, Cheney saw that a woman was seated at a piano, her back toward him. She turned as he entered, and stood in formal attitude of greeting, her eyes upon his face.

"You wish to see my husband, Dr. Adams?" she asked, and Cheney bowed stiffly, dropping his eyes after that first glance. She had grown a little stouter of figure, and her face was matronly, but holding the old expression of good companionship. It was a softened and refined face—the face of a happy, contented woman.

Knowing every one in the village, she knew this man to be a stranger, and divined his mission. Her thoughts were filled with her husband's impending fame; wife-like, she soon began talking of him and of many things concerning him and his campaign, Cheney contributing but little to the talk; sometimes brief word of comment or encouragement. He was satisfied to find that she was proud and happy in her womanly notions of her husband's glory; satisfied to hear her speak of his honor and good name. And through those long minutes while she talked to him, looked at him, even when she heard him speak, there was not the slightest token or symbol of recognition. It was a blessed relief to have the trim servant enter with word that the doctor would see his visitor in his small office at the other side of the house.

Cheney's abashed manner faded when he stood face to face with Adams; there he put on light assurance.

"Good-afternoon to you, Governor," he began, and his alert eyes noted the gleam of pleasure at the title.

He spoke his own name here fearlessly, for he guessed rightly that the husband must, man-like, have long since forgotten it and its associations. So they sat down together.

Cheney knew his own skill, and like an open page he read the nature of his intended victim. There must be no precipitate directness. So through a long hour he talked lightly; talked of former campaigns, with their battles and skirmishes; talked of men who had taken part in them; talked of men who had risen to places of grandeur and since faded into obscurity. Not altogether profitless had been his years of campaigning; for he had a memory well stored with such reminiscence as delights the thirsty and hungry soul of a man who is preparing to walk in paths wherein other men have walked to fame. It is a thirst which knows no quenching; a hunger which knows no satiety. The hour's end found Adams dazzled and gasping.

"But it's a strange thing," Cheney said at last, "how completely most men lose themselves in their office. That marks a man as weak, don't it? They get filled with notions of political prestige and authority, and there's the end of them. We've had some good men go into office and come out bad. Funny, but we've never had a Governor in this State—not one; have we?—who seemed to appreciate what he might be and do if he'd keep there the character he had before he went in. I'm curious to see whether you're an exception."

It was a good stroke, touching Adams in the vital centre of his moral nature.

"Why," Cheney went on, "what the people of the State want is an honest administration of affairs. That ought to prove itself. It's a common mistake of public officers that they're best serving their own interests by hoodwinking the people. If the people once get an honest administration, they'll know where to look and what to do afterward. It's popular disgust that has left the management of affairs so much to political machinists and whipsters. One good honest administration would come pretty near knocking the machine to pieces; don't you know it?"

Adams did not reply in words, but his gray eyes held answer enough.

"I've had a hope that maybe we'd get to try it this time," Cheney said; "but it's going to be close — mighty close. You've heard how the other side's organized—solid. There are just a few county leaders and local authorities here and there who are going to hold the balance of power. Everything depends on how they're worked. The other side isn't stopping at anything to win. We have a good central committee, as politicians go. Slade's a good man in the present state of things—bull-headed and obstinate and all that, of course; but he appreciates con-

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ditions as they are, and he knows how to hang on to these little leaders. Oh, of course, he's tricky ; but no man can get into the office now, no matter who he is, in the present listless state of public feeling, unless the machine helps him in. After that, if he's the right sort, he can simply lay a mine under the machine and blow it up. He don't have to turn traitor, or anything like that, you know. The people will take hold and do it themselves."

There was another hour of this, and Cheney saw that he had won.

"The boys out in Smith County didn't understand you," he said at the last, "and they took your action pretty hard. You didn't understand them either, I guess. At least you couldn't have understood how necessary it is that they be kept in line. It's better to have a good man go in than a bad one, with the same methods used on both sides. And you know what Gratton would be if the other side won."

It ended in Adams drawing a check, upon Cheney's earnest solicitation, for the pacification of the leaders in Smith County.

He had succeeded in his mission, and with the success which he had sought. As he walked down the gravelled path, with the folded check gripped in his hand, his face had fallen from its late persuasive geniality to its accustomed sombre dulness.

"Easy, easy!" he said. "And that's the measure of his integrity!"

Success! A glorious and radiant success, Slade would have adjudged it ; nor would any one of Cheney's compeers have entertained any sentiment upon the matter beyond admiration, admixed with green envy. It would easily make him the foremost of the State's multitude of professional political workers.

But, strangely enough, only a fleeting shadow of this crossed Cheney's own mind, as he shambled aimlessly down the avenue toward the hotel. Strangely enough, his thoughts were hardly concerned at all with Adams or with the crumpled check in his hand. It was a woman's face which he saw; a bright, matronly face, carrying expression of happy content.

"God Almighty!" he groaned.

He reached the hotel and set foot upon the steps; then turned abruptly away. Not by any effort of will, but upon impulse stronger and subtler than will, he walked toward the older part of the town, searching eagerly for familiar places—for the house where he had lived, and for the homes of those whom he had known. Myriad gentle associations came to his mind, and strong feeling possessed him. He was not the same man as on yesterday—rather, the man of fifteen years ago. Most of all, he sought for those places whose memory was hallowed by the one passion of his life; places where he had passed happy hours with the one woman whom he had loved, whose loss had meant so much to him, and whose life was now so peaceful and contented. Darkness, hardly noticed, came upon him; then passed at last, merging into the first hint of dawn. Through the whole night he had walked the quiet streets. He had lived a long time in that night ; had lived his own past life, and another life besides —a life which might have been his.

In the early hours of the morning, while the half-clouded sky alternately glowed with rose and faded into gray, half awakening and falling back into a luscious after-nap, Cheney came again to Adams's cottage and rang the bell. Not unused to such calls, Dr. Adams himself answered the summons ; dishabille, but alert and ready. When he saw Cheney his surprise was evident.

"I want to see you a minute, Doctor," Cheney said. "Let's go into your office. It'll only take a minute, I reckon."

His face was haggard, his eyes feverish, and his voice was the high-pitched voice of a tired man. Dr. Adams led the way to his office, his thoughts filled with wonder and speculation. His first judgment was that Cheney had been debauching, and involuntarily he hardened his heart against what might be coming.

"Doctor," Cheney began, in strained tones, "I suppose you consider that I may have done you a service yesterday?"

Dr. Adams bowed awkwardly, unwilling as yet to commit himself to words.

"Say it," Cheney insisted. "Did you think it a service?"

"Really," the other answered, "I suppose it was a service. Yes ; it was a service."

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"I thought so," Cheney said. "But now I'm going to do you the real service."

He opened his overcoat and searched through his pockets until he had found and brought forth Adams's check, now soiled and crushed.

"Watch!" he said briefly; then found a match, struck it and held the tiny flame against the paper, which flared into blaze, then fell to the floor in ashes.

"There," he said; "that's the real service."

Startled wonder held possession of Adams's face. Speak he could not.

"Doctor!" Cheney cried, in pathetic, trembling eagerness, "don't do it! For your own sake, and for your wife's sake, and for God's sake, don't you do it!" Then suddenly borne down beyond resistance, he turned away, hiding his face in his hands and sobbing like a boy.

Half comprehending now, Dr. Adams came close and laid his hand on the poor fellow's arm, patting it with attempt at reassurance.

"There," he said, quietly; "don't do that, man. Tell me."

"Oh!" Cheney cried, passionately, "it's what manhood I've got that's talking now, and what manhood you've got must listen to me. I tell you you can't do it. I played the scoundrel yesterday. That's what I was sent here for. But I can't carry it any farther. I want to have you keep as you are and have been, and let the rest go to the devil, where it belongs."

He drew his sleeve over his eyes, and by degrees quieted himself.

"You came down ignominiously before what little art I have," he said, harshly. "How easy you'd be before others! They'd ruin you; they'd ruin your self-respect, and they'd ruin you in the eyes of your wife and everyone that loves you. You'd be a plaything, and a mighty simple one, in the hands of tens and dozens of men like me, but who wouldn't treat you as I'm treating you now. For God's sake, man, let it go!"

In his eager anxiety he had laid his hands upon Adams's shoulders, and stood looking into the fine clear face, now flushing crimson.

"Is that all true?" Adams asked, helplessly.

"True!" Cheney repeated. "As true as anything you know. It's absolutely true. Yesterday ought to prove it to you. You ain't proof against villainy. It's just a question of the kind and degree of villainy that's brought against you. Slade couldn't do it, nor one like him; but one of my sort could. I did."

Adams's slender form drew erect, every nerve and muscle tense. His constant habit of self-scrutiny enabled him to see clearly the poor figure he had made in the eyes of this trained handler of men. It was a painful revelation of pitiful weakness; such revelation as no man relishes who has nursed and cherished thought of his own strength. He walked to the window and stood silently looking out, thinking deeply, paying no heed to Cheney, until at last Cheney spoke:

"I'm going now, Doctor. I must go back home."

Dr. Adams turned sharply and came to stand by Cheney, looking keenly into the rough face.

"There's one thing I don't understand," he said. "What's brought you back? You're not a novice in this business; you've proved that to me, to my shame. I'd like to understand why you've weakened."

There was accent of suspicion in the voice; light of suspicion on the face. Poor Cheney!

"Good God, John!" he cried, bitterly. "Don't you remember me at all? Jim Cheney? Fifteen years ago?"

Then like a burst of sunlight the truth flashed upon Adams. The color faded from his face and his hands dropped heavily at his sides.

"Not — Jim Cheney!" he gasped, weakly.

"Yes, it is," Cheney said. He stood for a moment, passing his tongue over his dry lips. "It ain't for you I've weakened. What the devil do I care for you? You didn't think me a nerveless philanthropist, did you? It's on her account. Understand?"

Adams's mind was reduced to elemental chaos, with coherent speech impossible.

"You poor fool!" Cheney said. "Maybe I'm a fool, too. We're all touched with it, I reckon. I don't suppose Annie's free

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from it; but she's a happy fool, anyway, and I'd hate to spoil her happiness. That's all."

For the moment Cheney's shoulders had straightened, and his face was quickened into life; only for the moment.

"Oh, well," he said, wearily; "I'm going now. You do what you please. I'm tired of it all." He slouched to the door, and his hand was upon the knob before Adams found his tongue.

"Cheney!" he called. "Jim! Don't go in that way, man. I don't feel much like a man any more, but I'd like to shake a man's hand."

Cheney turned. "Then—I'm to be the first to congratulate you on your defeat?" he asked.

"Yes," Adams said, with shamed frankness. "I'm going to keep my honor—the mighty little there is left to me."

In the afternoon Cheney pushed his way through the crowd and into the committee-room. Slade looked up eagerly, but the inert face told nothing.

"Well?" Slade asked, with sharp impatience.

"No good," Cheney said.

Slade's face clouded, and he stood for a moment pondering. Then he spat deliberately upon the floor and deliberately wiped the spot away with his heavy foot.

"Well," he said, with the air of one yielding himself vanquished; "I've failed; you've failed. I reckon he must be an anomaly."

"Yes, I reckon he is," said Cheney.

ARBUTUS

By Frank Dempster Sherman

Along the woods' brown edge
The wind goes wandering
To find the first pink pledge—
The hint of Spring.

The withered leaves around,
She scatters every one,
And gives to wintry ground
A glimpse of sun.

And to the woodland dumb
And desolate so long
She calls the birds to come
With happy song.

Then the arbutus! This
The pledge, the hint she sought,—
The blush, the breath, the kiss,—
Spring's very thought!

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LETREÏS, BRITTANY

By Cecilia Waern

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY MCCARTER

THERE is a little corner in Brittany so suggestive in its peculiar beauty, so fresh in its complex charm, that the desire to project on to the imagination of others a faint shadow of this beauty and a vague notion of this charm, comes as irresistibly as if all the world were young and prose portraits of places still a desirable form of literature.

Letreïs—the name is not to be found on the maps and no guide-book will conduct you thither—Letreïs and the country round have that rare distinction, a local physiognomy, as full of character as a face by Lionardo, but also as elusive. Our very point of view never remains the same. It shifts and varies like the sands at the mouth of the river, or the ferry-barge on the bosom of the tide; and withal the mystery remains the same, profound, alluring, suggestive. Who can travel, with eyes and mind open, and not feel that places, like people, have physiognomies, inscrutable perhaps, but unmistakably fashioned into features that suggest the same characteristics to all receptive minds by immaterial agencies beyond our ken? Who can feel the intense individuality of a place like this thrill and elude him like the golden song of the larks high up in the trembling air, and not feel himself in the presence of a beautiful world of spiritual phenomena, that no reasoning can deprive him of?

These are cliff-walk fancies, born of idleness and sun-filled sea-breezes in this delicious corner of Brittany, where there is nothing of interest, no dolmens or menhirs, no famous Pardons or rambling farm-houses in decayed Renaissance manors, yet where you feel the true happiness of travel descend on your spirit with a message for which gratitude can find no words. There is a breeze to-day and a slight mist. The sea is a pale bluish-green, with a quantity of filmy white mixed in with it. There are large purple shadows; the long island, at times so near, is very far away; shifting half-lights, dissolved in mist, are hanging over the yellows and greens of the farther headland. Six fishermen in a row are drawing in their net on the dull golden beach of the river below. Their clothes are all blue to-day and their legs bare, gleaming a brilliant rose-pink in the afternoon sun. Five minutes' walk, nay two minutes' walk across the corn-fields that wave their ripening ears almost over the very edge of the cliff, bring me to a collection of stone hovels, called by courtesy a village. It is milking-time and the dark Breton kine are waiting in the enclosure, the dark Breton women, not unlike cows themselves in the slow patience of their heavy movements, and the large masses of dark blue, dun and white of their working dresses, are making hay in the home-field while the peasant and his broad-hipped wife are piling the sea-weed on to the compost.

Letreïs is a village, too, or rather a fragment of one; the rest is somewhere else, as is the custom in Finistère. It is a little settlement of houses on a little spit of ground on a sharp bend in the river; some seven or eight houses in all, whitewashed and smiling, and wearing an indefinable air of strangeness, half southern, half maritime, in this dark-green setting of heavy Breton hills. Fig-trees luxuriate in the neglected back-garden of the dependance, while lilies twist and bend freely into shapes of delight among old cans and crocks and straggling gooseberry bushes. The branches of one fig-tree, accessible from outside, are the store-house for oars and spars, slung up by odd ends of rope. From my seat in the garden I catch curious glimpses of masts and pennons, gliding silently by above the top of the old wall; between spreading fig-leaves and tangles of ivy I hear the sayings and doings on the other side of the wall, the gossip of the *douanier* and his wife, the "inspecteur de poisson" haranguing his troublesome subjects, the fishermen, queer little human animals in ragged petticoats, playing with themselves like squirrels, while

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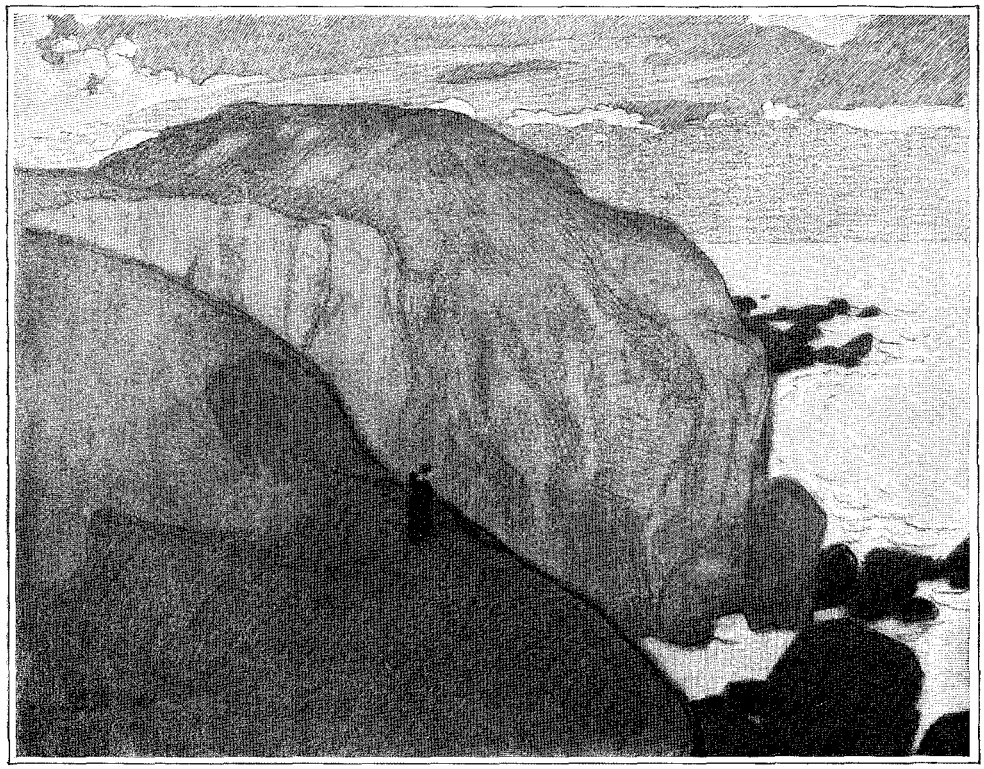

The Headlands.

humming quaint refrains through their noses. From my window in the front room I command a view of the centre of interest, the jetty at the ferry and the broad sweep of golden beach beyond, with the filmy screen of festooned nets to the right and the double rows of bending, pulling, swaying fishermen. The fishermen are not always there, of course, but very often, and one never tires of taking in the rugged expressiveness of their movements and of watching the crescendo of their excitement, as the magic semicircle of the salmon-seine shrinks and contracts until the splashing, leaping creatures of silver are landed and after some trouble counted on the shore.

The river is tidal, and my view varies; at low tide there is often a display of color over the shoals and sands and watery furrows, full of revelations of harmony. Some passages are indeed so fine and uncommon, that one can spend whole afternoons of absorbed study of cause and effect. Thus the sands often give a warm gold, running into rosy purples in the pools, merging into broad stretches of dark mother-of-pearl in the shade, varied indefinitely by reflection and contrast, local color and shadow, into wide bands and soft gradations of color, and marked by soft veinings of delicate blue from the moving water in the runnels. In places there is a shimmer of vivid, unmistakable green, as of some glittering goldsmith's fretwork, due to wide fringes of pale-green sea-weed. There is also often a narrow, wavering line of brilliant purple, in places along the farther shore, as distinct as it is baffling. It is not due to contrast alone, the green is not always there; it moves, besides, and sometimes disappears altogether like the rosy fire in the opals which it resembles. The mystery and the wonder are not diminished when one finds that it is due to sunlight, reflected through moving water from the scoop of warm-hued sand along the shore. . . . And all this is so beautiful, so full of definite rhythms and infinite suggestion, that one can follow the development for hours with a pleasure as great as if one were listening to music, and this

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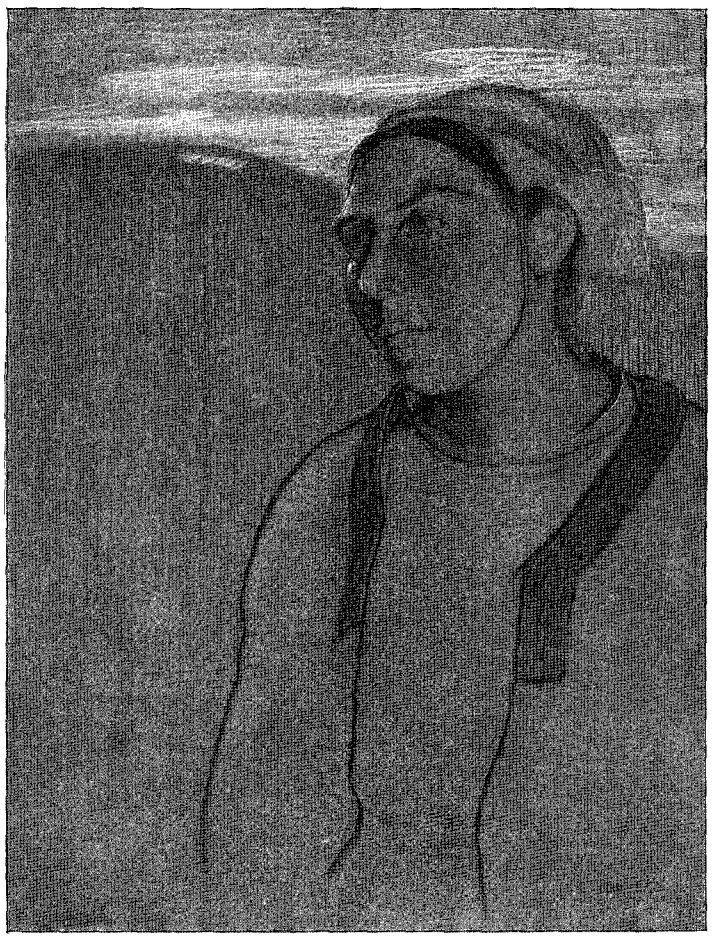

Breton Woman.

only one page of many from this score that has no end.

As the afternoon wears on, the cows come down the road on the opposite shore, imbibing the sunlight and walking in single file across the firm sands down to the sea pastures in a grand, proud, unconscious, and yet predetermined way, that inspires the observer with a dreamy wish to be as one of these in simple, entire absorption of the bountiful loving-kindness and mysterious grandeur of nature.

. . . . . .

The mysterious grandeur of nature is indeed very near one in this curious little place, quaintly mingling with the restful prose the humorous actualities of artistic life in a primitive inn. At high tide the river, which rushes by your very door, represents the most stimulating of swims. You don your bathing garb and a cloak, slip down the jetty, and find yourself in a briny current that not even (Swinburne's) Tristan himself would have scorned, rushing up swiftly from the sea into the loving embrace of the hills.

It is at Letreïs that the meeting takes place, and this circumstance doubtless adds much to the composite charm of the spot. There are more picturesque fishing villages, there is grander ocean scenery, and more perfect sylvan landscape; but as there is only one Letreïs in imaginative fascination, so there are but few places that so happily combine such different elements of beauty and interest. . . . Seawards there is the free and glorious tableland, where the corn ripens in the sun and waves in the breeze; there are windswept

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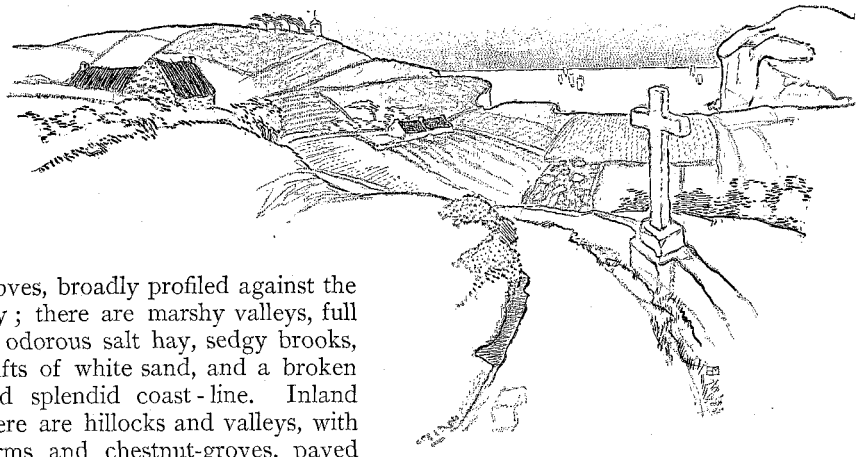
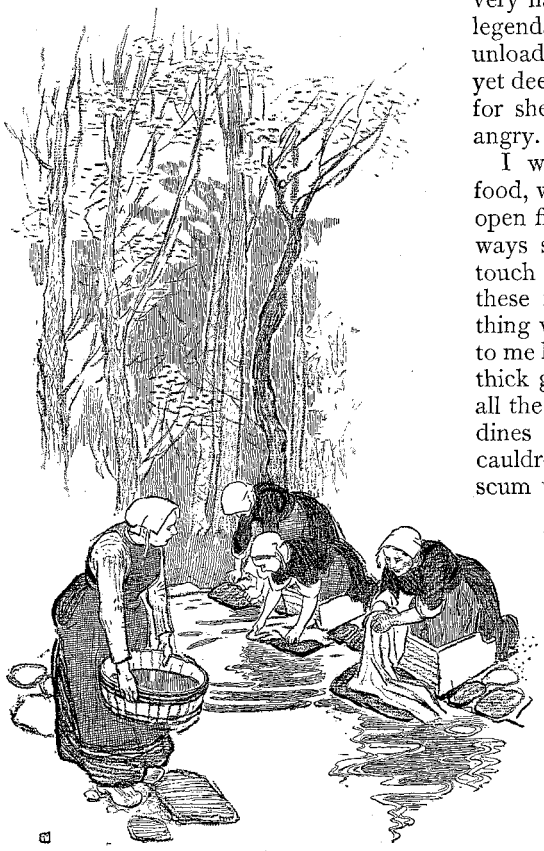


groves, broadly profiled against the sky; there are marshy valleys, full of odorous salt hay, sedgy brooks, drifts of white sand, and a broken and splendid coast-line. Inland there are hillocks and valleys, with farms and chestnut-groves, paved lanes and hill-side orchards. Women, in black and white, wash their linen at the fountains, in the half-light under the trees, low stone walls ramble up hill and down hill and parcel off the ground into quaint shapes and wedges. A touch of something more wild and free is given by the steep, breezy hillsides, half covered with scrub and broom, abutting on to the river; but the general character is heavy, rustic, circumscribed. The river is the living link between all these different elements. The very hay is brought to the barn, from the legendary up-river region, in barges, and unloaded at the good pleasure of the tide: yet deep-sea fishermen bring in their crafts for shelter when their mother the sea is angry.



Women, in black and white, wash their linen at the fountains.

I watched them once preparing their food, with Madame's permission, over the open fire in the kitchen, where it was always so tempting to linger and keep in touch with human nature such as it is in these imaginative surroundings. Something was seething in a cauldron, which to me looked like some kind of a lye, as a thick gray scum was rising to the surface all the time. It proved to be fresh sardines boiling in water. Presently, the cauldron was lifted off the fire, but the scum was not taken off, as I expected; salt was added by pouring the water off into a large earthenware dish containing coarse salt, and then back and forth from the cauldron into the dish, and from the dish into the cauldron, until the hard grains of salt were at least partially dissolved. Finally, the fish was piled on the remaining salt, while the water, or lye, was served as soup. This, with bread and cider, constituted a banquet, served at the long wooden table in the mud-floor *buvette*.

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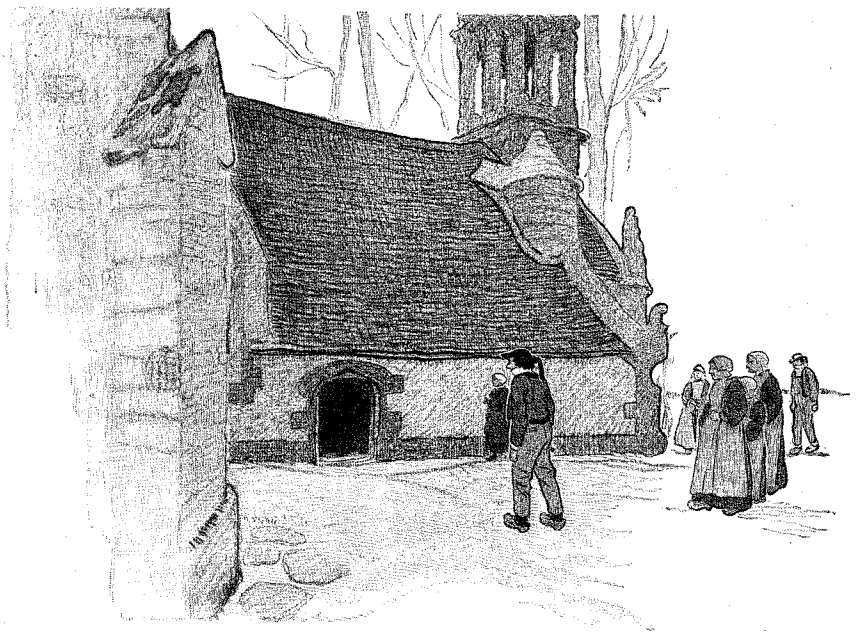
The fishermen were as rudimentary as their food (Michelangelesque was the word of an American painter)—rough, uncouth, shaggy, tall, and wild ; rather given to brawling in unintelligible lingo, when the patron had been too liberal with the cider money, but always kindly to the stranger.

The kitchen deserves more than a passing mention. It has certain distinguishing features, as beseems the importance of the family in the community—a wooden floor, a good-sized window. The rest is Breton ; all except the little counter for the "Débit de Tabac" and sale of liqueurs, which pipes its vulgar little wayside note drolly and, on the whole, ineffectively, by the side of the aristocratic reserve of the old seignorial presses, with long brass hinges, on either side of the open fireplace. There are corner cupboards, too, and the great feature of a Breton kitchen: the long table, standing straight out from the window, with broad benches on both sides, both benches and table being at the same time coffers full of accumulated stores. At this table drinks are served to customers above the *buvette* in importance, and occasional meals. Here Madame Kerouèt presides over the doings in the kitchen and farmyard and the affairs of the community in general.

She is a portly lady, with many flabby wrinkles, eyes red and bleared with smoke, yet with a presence full of dignity, as well as a heart full of kindly wisdom, though her life has been spent, literally, in this one spot since she was brought here as a young wife, to manage the farm and cope with the fishermen when Monsieur was plying his vessel down to Bordeaux along the coast.



Sunday.

She has not even seen "le Grand Sable," the beach and embryo watering-place, alas ! about one mile distant ; when she was young, she was too busy with her house and children—"one always in the cradle, and one ready to come"—and now it is too late, though they do say that it is very fine. Yet many a fine lady, familiar with several continents, might envy her the true experience and mellow sympathy which a life of many cares in this one spot has brought her and the deference shown her. She needs both firmness and kindness to manage the queer little community that nestles under her wing in summer. It is mostly composed of artists, but there are also staid Breton curés, jolly Parisian artisans,

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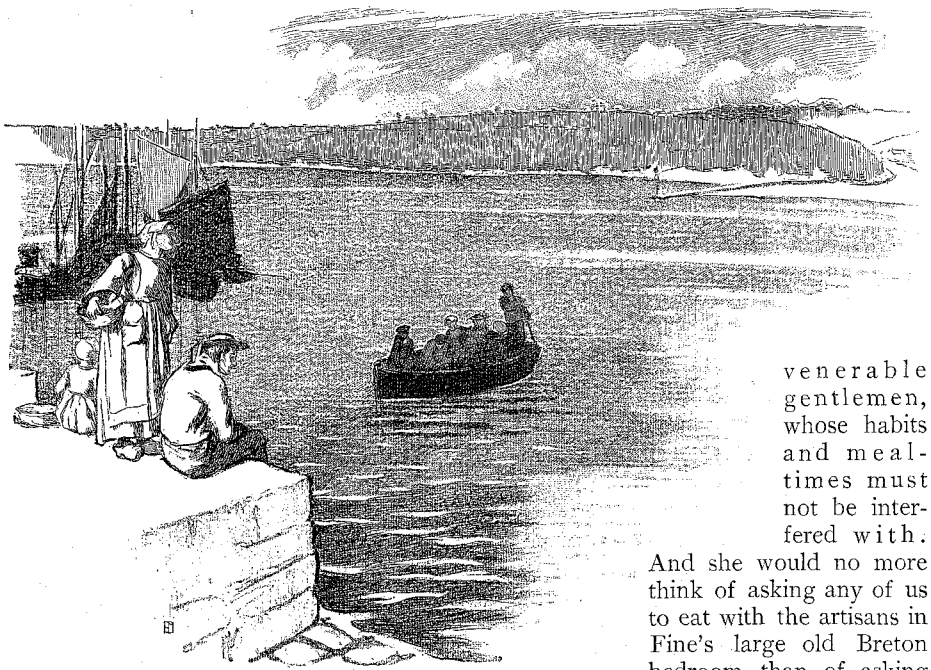
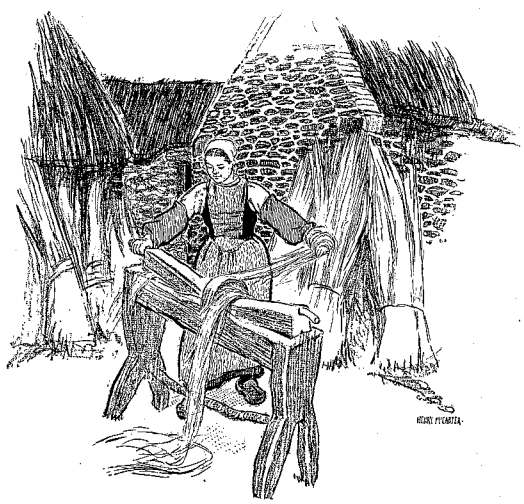


The Ferry.

and waifs and strays of every kind, except the primly conventional. But Madame is equal to them all, even to the whims and antipathies of the artists. When possible she humors them, and long-suffering Fine of the clattering sabots has to serve three or four dinners at once in the old and the new dépendance, because subtle Americans do not get on with athletic Britons, or imaginative, susceptible artists with paint-rag, voluble women. When impossible, she lays down the law, "ils mangeront tous ensemble," with a firmness from which there is no appeal. She is equally inflexible when one suggests joining forces with the sympathetic curés — they are venerable gentlemen, whose habits and meal-times must not be interfered with. And she would no more think of asking any of us to eat with the artisans in Fine's large old Breton bedroom than of asking them to sit down to meat with fishermen in the *buvette*. Thus all is kept as it should be, and there is no confusion. Except, indeed, on Sundays, when excursionists pour down from the neighboring town for a bath on the beach, a long and noisy breakfast indoors, and loud-voiced prowlings into the haunts of the fairies which most effectually dispel the charm that hangs over the place when they are absent. This charm seems stronger than ever on Sunday mornings as one sits on the headland listening to the larks in the Sabbath stillness, and watching the warm, white mist dispel over the sea, while the sweet sounds of the bells come out of the inland mist like voices from far away . . . from this great



A Peasant Girl.

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mystic and fervent past that seems so near one in Brittany.

It is hard to have this broken in on by Sunday crowds; it is harder still to realize what this means for the future. The crowds will be gone on Monday, and the fascination will be felt again, as great and as mysterious as ever. But meanwhile their representatives, the villas, go on multiplying, and obtruding their perky and vulgar sky-line in all this finely balanced harmony of eloquent line suggesting indefinable and far-reaching speculations as to the agencies that have modelled it and the chords it strikes responsive in all receptive minds. Meanwhile the voices from far-away recede farther and farther into the mist, and the day will come when the bourgeois and the 'Arry will reign triumphant in all these last strongholds of the imaginative and mystic past.

But let us leave these melancholy fancies and listen to the sea, which comes pouring in as grandly as if it were conscious of its immeasurable superiority over its younger sister, the land. Progress may tear asunder our living connection with the past, may stamp out and obliterate all this that it has taken centuries to elaborate, the sea will always be there with its grandeur and freedom, and the unassailable beauty and unfathomable mystery of its splendid rhythms, its fugitive glimpses of exquisite line.

Gathering "Goëmon" (Seaweed).

On days of sunlight and sun-pierced mist, the attraction of the table-land and coast-line is irresistible. Summer is wonderful everywhere, with its revelation of

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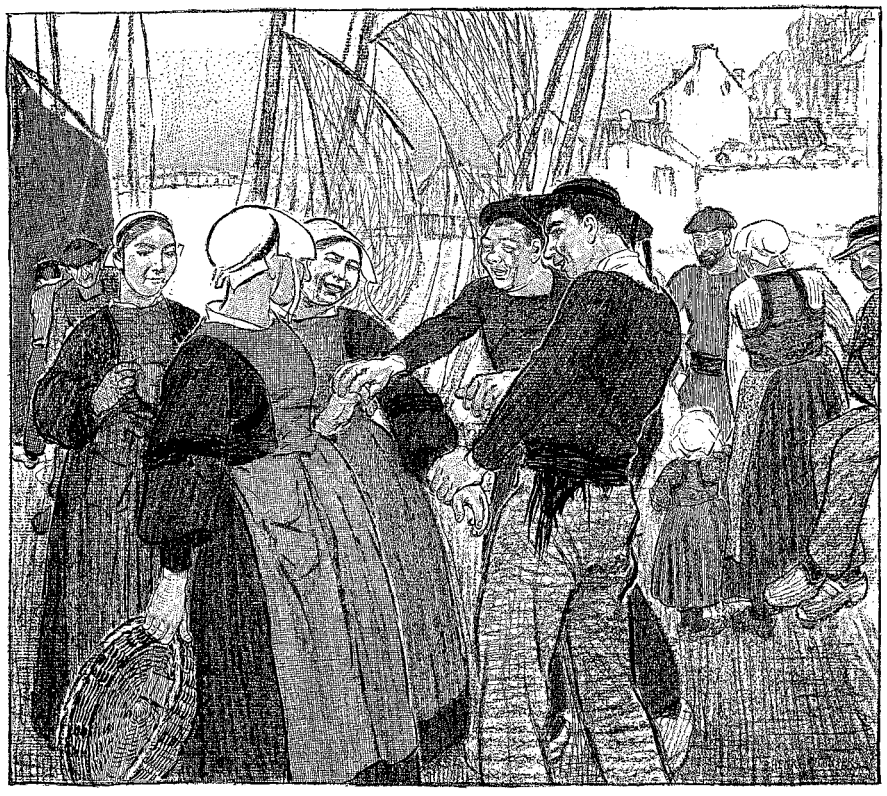

Fisher Folk.

the actuality of things that winter had led one to doubt of. But nowhere is it more wonderful than along the shores of La Noire Bretagne.

The inland scenery is indeed as sombre, heavy and withal mysterious, as the black-browed and inscrutable faces of the women. Even on sunny days the green clothing of the rounded hills has a heavy blue tinge, and the main impression brought home from a walk is one of strange undefinable weirdness—of low, dark granite houses with sombre eaves and an almost Cyclopean style of architecture; of Druidical pools; of darkling lanes, high-arched overhead, and black underfoot, or quaint pollard hedge-rows, that twist their gnarled roots into patterns as involved and fantastic as the Dragon scrolls of the Irish Celts. The very elms and poplars, so correct and stately elsewhere, grow into shapes of imaginative suggestion which no Symboliste painting can cheapen.

But summer days along the coast have a glory of radiance and an infinite variety of charm such as few coast-lines can equal. Numberless motives, each one of which seems to sum up the essence of summer and the sea, present themselves as one follows the cliff-walk. Skirting the cornfield, the billowing plumes of the rye are relieved in tender green against the distant soft blue of the sea; then, continuing along the coast-line, one peers down from the crags at the suggestive but baffling play of shadow with local color and of reflections with both, in the clear water below crossing the white billows of sand-dune, gay with the indescribable delicate blue of the thistles. Again you watch the surf break on the wide, sweeping beaches, and try in vain to gauge the beautiful secret of line in motion—this long ripple of linked curves, running joyously along the top of the wave, until it finally breaks in a crest of foam—in vain to arrest the lovely pattern of the tracery left in silver on the sand by the little waves as they advance and recede, obeying some hidden law

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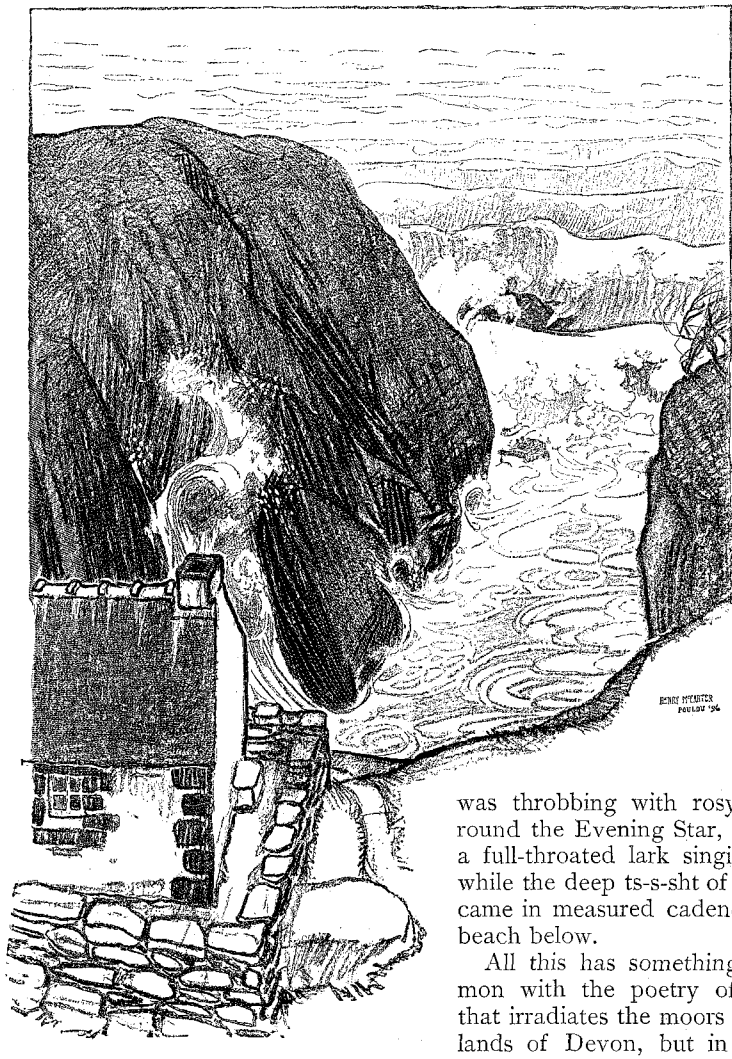

Surf Beating on the Rocks.

of beauty that one would fain catch a glimpse of.

Then there are days of dream-like loveliness, when the blue sea is studded with sails, and the wonderful blue air is filled with the strains of larks. At times one feels the larks to be the most distinctive feature, truly "the embodied Joy" of the place. They run their golden embroidery through dull days of soft gray, and seem to give a voice to the radiance of sunny days; they fill the white mists of warm mornings with an invisible rapture, that makes it all seem like a bit of heaven. And I have lain on the headland after sunset, when the sky was throbbing with rosy light all round the Evening Star, and heard a full-throated lark singing above, while the deep ts-s-sht of the waves came in measured cadences on the beach below.

All this has something in common with the poetry of summer, that irradiates the moors and headlands of Devon, but in structural characteristics, in color, in line, Brittany is at once more definite in form and arrangement, and more subtle in character, or in a word more Gallic, with features and elements, here of Japanese picturesqueness, there of pure Latin beauty.

And the deeper note of Breton mystery and Breton sadness is never absent, even from days of the most entrancing loveliness. Sometimes it seems to lurk in the half-formed mists that suddenly veil the horizon. I have sat on the cliffs at low tide for hours, perhaps pretending to read, but in reality watching the play of color over the sands till it seemed as full of "Stimmung" and variation as lovers' moods playing into one another, and all merging into

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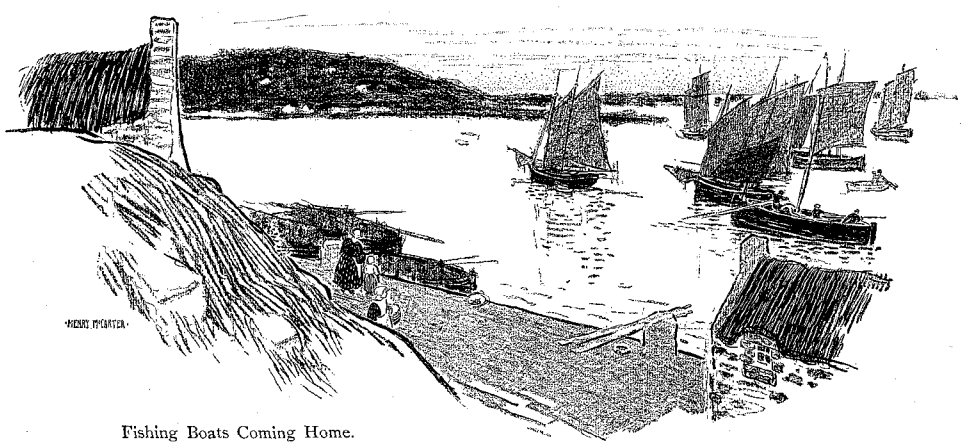
a background of heavy sadness undefined—until a cast shadow comes, bringing movement and life across all this aimless mood of color, like a real sharp shadow of pain, which brings thought.

In some places, a deeper note is struck by the reminders of the life of the people. This is most noticeable on the heights of the farther cliff-walk, where the rock scenery is so full of heroic beauty and grandeur of form. To watch the struggle of the powers of light and darkness, as the sun penetrates and conquers the mist, is to follow a grand epic with one's eyes. But the harbors for the sea-weed only speak of toil and storm—the solitary stone houses, tall and gaunt, with steep outside stairways—only of indifference and privation.

On days of summer radiance, when storms seem impossible, and fogs are forgotten, the swarthy, sombre Bretons seem like aliens in their own beautiful land. It is of course impossible to tell how far the grand and subtle features of line, which all artists feel to be so characteristic—spiritual in type, and full of imaginative suggestion—have tended to influence the development of the mystic and imaginative qualities of mind, that meet us in Breton legend and Breton poetry—and that seem to look out at us from the deep-set, inscrutable eyes of these dark, weird creatures. Superstitious they certainly are, and reticent, but beyond that, the only characteristics that show on the surface of every-day intercourse are prosaic, friendly and stolid.

A correspondence there certainly is everywhere between man as moulded by nature and nature as modified by man, and nowhere more noticeable than here. No one can see the quaint, clumsy lines of the inland valleys, with their queer-shaped orchards and low rambling walls, without seeing how this and the sabots belong together. . . . Do the deep, dark pools, gleaming with weird reflections and the deep-set eyes also belong together?



Fishing Boats Coming Home.

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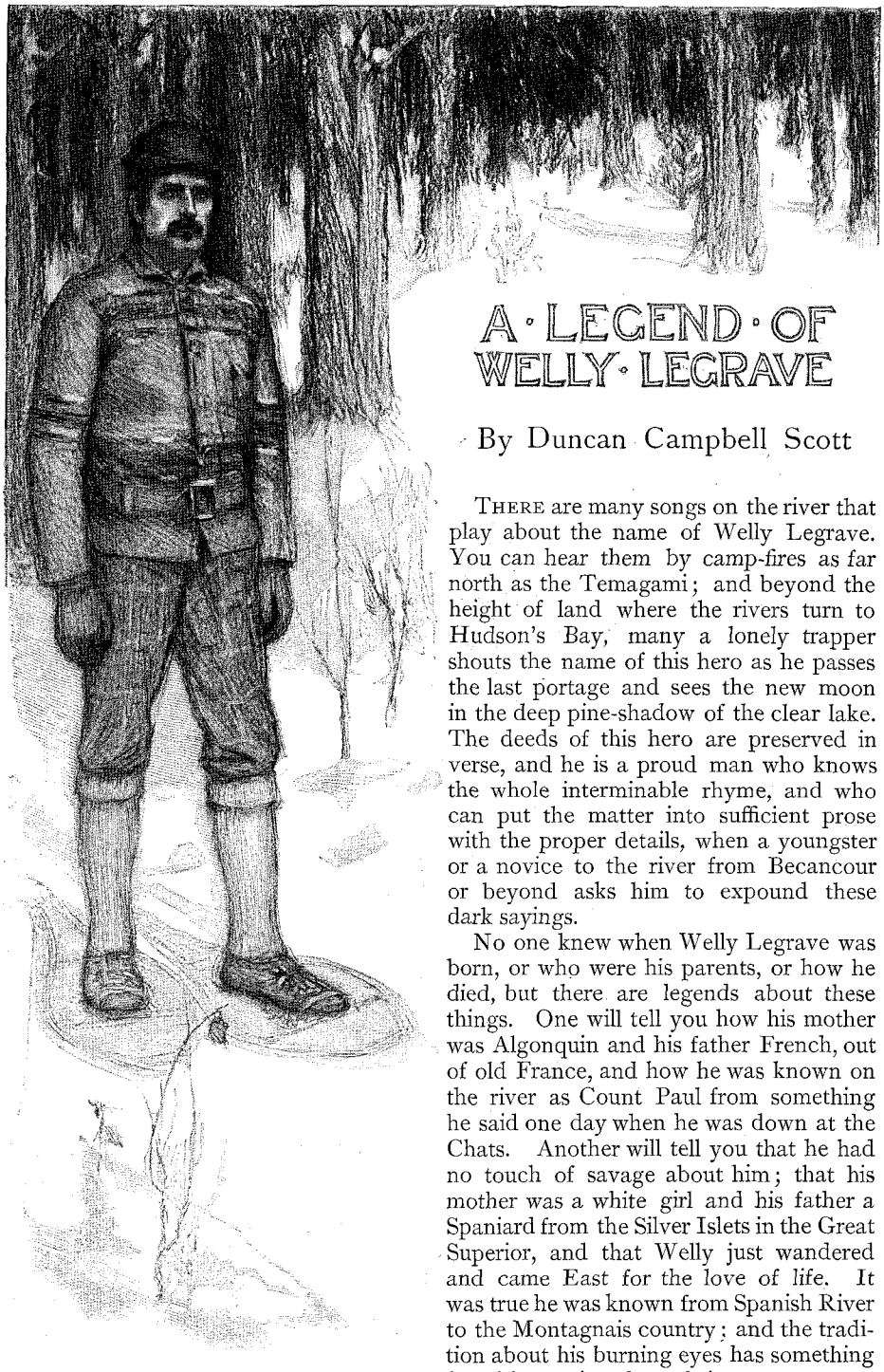

A · LEGEND · OF WELLY · LEGRAVE

By Duncan Campbell Scott

THERE are many songs on the river that play about the name of Welly Legrave. You can hear them by camp-fires as far north as the Temagami; and beyond the height of land where the rivers turn to Hudson's Bay, many a lonely trapper shouts the name of this hero as he passes the last portage and sees the new moon in the deep pine-shadow of the clear lake. The deeds of this hero are preserved in verse, and he is a proud man who knows the whole interminable rhyme, and who can put the matter into sufficient prose with the proper details, when a youngster or a novice to the river from Becancour or beyond asks him to expound these dark sayings.

No one knew when Welly Legrave was born, or who were his parents, or how he died, but there are legends about these things. One will tell you how his mother was Algonquin and his father French, out of old France, and how he was known on the river as Count Paul from something he said one day when he was down at the Chats. Another will tell you that he had no touch of savage about him; that his mother was a white girl and his father a Spaniard from the Silver Islets in the Great Superior, and that Welly just wandered and came East for the love of life. It was true he was known from Spanish River to the Montagnais country; and the tradition about his burning eyes has something Spanish running through it.

But another will lead you aside when he hears these vain stories, and with awe

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in his mouth will tell you that Welly Legrave was a child of the spirit which lives in the pine woods, and that he was found after a great storm on the shore of Lake Temiscamingue by a party of trappers wrapped in a red shirt which vanished when the human hand touched him, and that a voice like thunder roared in the forest. He will offer to show you the very point of land, and here you will find a rude cross with the initials W. L., for no one would dare to cut the letters of his name.

The exploits of the hero are sometimes visionary and sometimes human, and their color depends upon the character of the minds which have preserved them and handed them on from one generation to another. Now there is Laurent Pombère who can remember his grandfather, and whose grandfather could remember Welly Legrave. He has many a story of him, some of them deep in the charm of the woods, and others full of the strange life and the turmoil, wild intrigue, and sudden spring of danger in those old days when the toil of the lumbermen on the Ottawa had a dash of romance.

Sometimes Laurent Pombère will talk, remembering the things his grandfather told him; sometimes you could not get him to utter the name of Welly Legrave; and he will for hours remain as dumb as an idol, smoking his pipe, until it has come time to tread on the fire. Then you know that another evening has gone by and the oracle has not spoken.

When he begins to hum! then you should listen. He will begin to hum, fixing his pipe, maybe, by the light of the fire, or maybe splicing a favorite paddle that has given under strain. The humming will go on, formless, and avoiding tune; then you will catch a word or two, then under his breath he will chant something that has both tune and words; then he will say, without looking up, as if he were talking to himself—"You never heard about that? eh!"

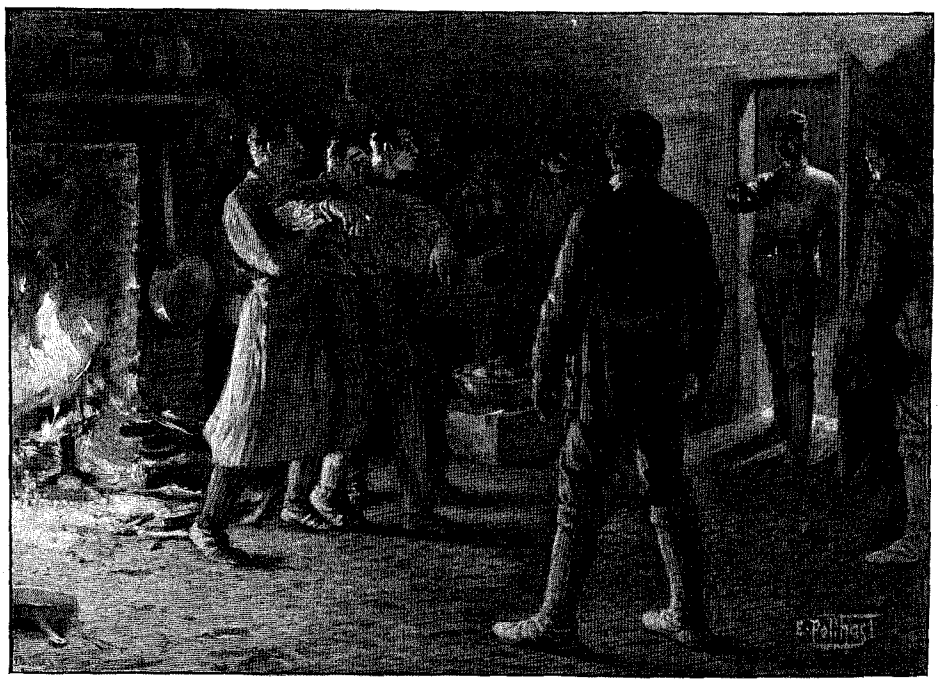
"About what?"

"About that Welly Legrave."

"That story about Welly Legrave you told the other night, about the Wendigo?"

Then he will look up at you in a pitying way, with such innocence in his face that you will begin to wonder whether he did really tell you the story.

"Who told you the story about Welly



The door opened and in stepped Welly Legrave.—Page 474.

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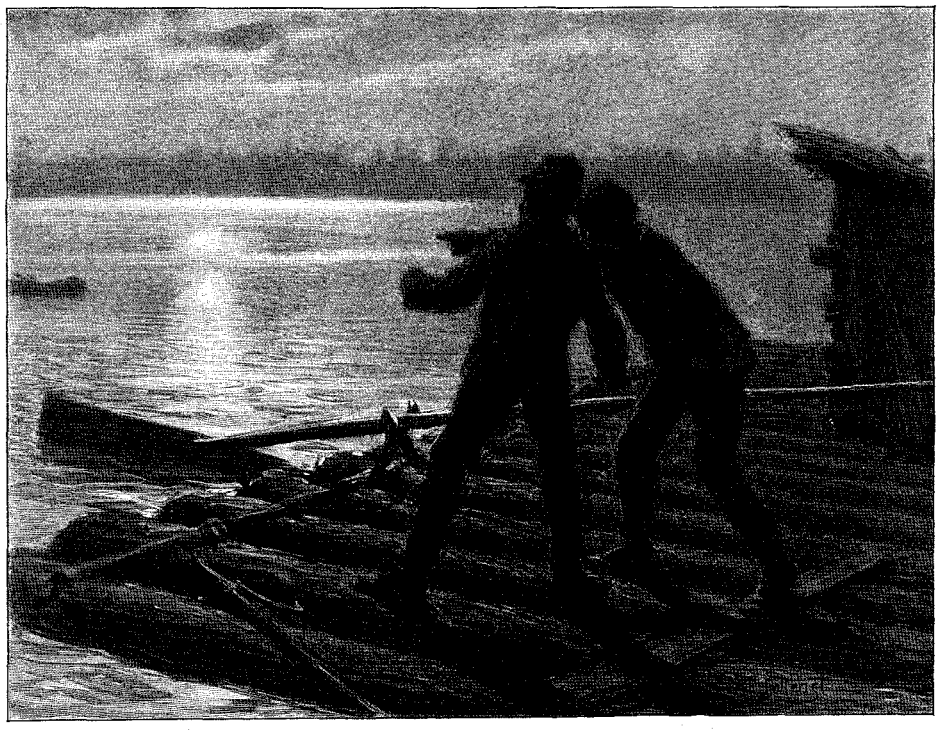

They saw the speck of the boat farther down the river.—Page 476.

Legrave and the Wendigo? Nobody knew that story but my grandfather; he wouldn't tell me."

Then he will relapse into silence and you will fancy you have blundered, and have yourself to thank for nothing instead of a new yarn. But he will break out again.

"You heard what that fool Batiste Laroque tried to sing at the portage to-day; you remember now. He made it go—

> The Remacs roar and The Remacs call,
> Welly Legrave, Welly Legrave.
> Where are the boys that went over the fall,
> Welly Legrave?
> ApJohn was the only one to tell,
> Welly Legrave, Welly Legrave,
> How Billy Dormandy went to hell,
> Welly Legrave.

That's the way they all sing it, but they don't know what they mean. You ask them; you ask Batiste Laroque now, and he will tell you nothing at all, for he don't know. He will say, 'Oh, you ask Laurent Pombère; his grandfather told him everything; he knows.' But that's a story in those verses. I will tell that in my grandfather's way. He's dead now, and gone to heaven, if God has forgotten his sins. He was a wild one, I tell you—no holding him—he was a wild one.

"That Welly Legrave they make the verses about, he was on this river fifty years ago; he was never an old man and never a young man; he was always the same; he came one day, and many days after he went away, and that was all there was to it. Many people said he had the magic, and that when he liked he could call up a spirit that came out of the water like a black snake. My grandfather he used to laugh at that, but when I asked him, Well you don't believe that? he would shut up his mouth, and would not say he did not believe it. My grandfather said he was a grand man, not too big, but iron all over and great brains in his head; quick and cunning as a wild thing, and he was something else besides. But it was queer that when my grandfather tried to tell what *that* was he would get muddled up and begin to talk as if he had swallowed too much brandy.

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"Those were the days of the square timber on the river. They never put any trash into the water then, and there was mighty little sawing done. Those pieces were squared off and bound into cribs, and the rafts came down like cities. Those were great days. Now, this Welly Legrave was a great man on the river; great in every way. He knew the woods as a priest knows his mass-book. He knew every bit of the river, asleep or awake. He knew trees, and no one had any timber that he knew half as well as Welly Legrave knew it. And he knew men, too; whenever a new man came along he took his measure and set him just over where he belonged.

"Now all this made the big men wild to get hold of him, but they couldn't. He wouldn't come for wages; you might offer him a bake-kettle full of money, and he would turn his back on you. He wouldn't come for fair talk or for anything under the sun, so far as anyone could see, but he would go just where he pleased and leave when he pleased, and no man was his master. And whoever he took up with was a happy man, for he got the best of his timber; and he got it to Quebec quicker and safer than anyone else.

"There was another queer thing, and that is at the bottom of this story that they sing about: he would never be foreman, no; some other fellow was always the foreman, and Welly Legrave was head over him; and if they pulled together, all right, and if they pulled apart, all the men pulled with Welly Legrave, and the foreman just bossed himself. And sometimes it happened just so—on one side one man, big as a house, with all the power, and him drawing the pay, mad, mad all the time; and on the other that Welly Legrave, smiling all the time and the whole gang pulling with him.

"Now, it was one winter a long time ago my grandfather said they were working on a limit back on the Coulonge for old McTavish Hamilton. It was a terrible winter—the snow was deep and the frost was heavy all the time; but that wasn't the worst of it. They had for foreman a man called ApJohn, a man from Wales, and he was a son of the prince of devils. Nothing ever suited him, no matter how it went. If the work was bad, he seemed to like it better, for he could strike then; and if it went well he could only swear. He could strike, too; strike men, beat them; and when he once hit a man he went wild and everyone had to stand clear. He hit pretty freely that winter, but all of a sudden he stopped.

"It was one night when he and the only man who was friendly with him, by name Dormandy, came in on snowshoes, about twenty miles from a camp back in the bush. His supper wasn't ready, for the cook had frozen his heels and couldn't walk very lively; and when they came in there were two of the men helping him—my grandfather over the soup-kettle, and a man by name Lemab Seriza making batter for pancakes. When he saw his supper wasn't ready he flew on the nearest like a wolf, which happened to be Lemab, and hit him over the head with an iron pan, the first thing he laid hands on.

"Lemab turned half round after the first blow, caught another full in the face, and went into the fire on his back. My grandfather wasn't very much afraid of anything, so he went right under ApJohn's nose and pulled Lemab out. He would have burned up, for he lay on the floor like stone, his hair singed off and blood on his face. ApJohn went raging round so wild he didn't know what he was wild about. The men got into corners, and my grandfather and the cook held Lemab. In a few minutes his soul came back and he sat up on the floor. He looked at ApJohn, who had got himself down a bit, and tried to get onto his feet. He did at last, and my grandfather held him, for the cook had to stand on his toes and was no good when it came to holding a half-dead man on his legs. There they stood, swinging to and fro, my grandfather, and Lemab, with ashes in his burnt hair and the scar on his face, with his eyes on ApJohn, fierce as an otter. He spoke the English well and after awhile he let out on him:

"'Me cooking your supper, and you to come behind and strike me, you cowardly devil. You're a mean man and a bully. Your mother made you a strong man, but you'd break your own mother. There's no marrow in your bones, but they're as iron as your heart.'

"My grandfather, trying to hold him

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steady, mind you, and ApJohn, standing up stiff and horrible, looking ready to kill them both when Lemab got through. But Lemab wouldn't stop.

"'Come on, hit me again, now you have half-killed me, and take me down the river lashed to the crib-timber to show the Bytown people how you bossed the job on the Coulonge. If you leave me alive, day nor night will I rest till I have my revenge of you. I'll see you whine for your life yet. There is one man on the river that'll do for you, and that's Welly Legrave. Ah! you shiver at his name, and everyone sees the coward you are.'

"Now, no one knew where Welly Legrave was that winter; he was in none of the camps and there was talk that he had gone back to the Spanish River, but no one knew. My grandfather said he wondered that ApJohn didn't kill them both when Lemab taunted him with Welly Legrave, but something that happened made him hold his hand. You must know that it was a perfectly still night—not a sound, no wolves or anything, when suddenly, just as Lemab called out Welly's name for the first time, something began a long way off like a cry, and it grew and grew till it came so loud about the shanty that no one could bear the sound, worse than a jam when it breaks and the logs roar in the water. There stood Lemab and kept calling out, 'Welly Legrave, Welly Legrave!' and everyone thought he had gone crazy. What with that terrible cry outside and Lemab shouting like a fool inside, my grandfather thought he would lose his wits. But the noise outside and Lemab stopped at the same time, and just when everybody thought the silence would end with killing, the door opened and in stepped Welly Legrave!

"My grandfather said it was a great sight that, and it was great to hear Welly say, as quiet as you like, 'Put that boy in his bunk.' Oh, dear, but it was a great sight to see ApJohn, with never a word out of his head, stand and have Welly look him over as if he was a steer for sale.

"There was no more bullying or striking after that. ApJohn might as well have taken to snowshoes and gone down to the depot. No one paid any attention to him but Dormandy. The whole gang worked for Welly with a song, as merry as a fiddle, and the Welsh devil and Billy Dormandy had their heads down all the time like two bear-cubs at a honeycomb; but it wasn't honey they were chewing. They were brewing some plot all the time and skimming the pot whenever they got alone; and my grandfather didn't spy on them, but the wind one day brought him over what they were saying:

"'And you will write the letter to-night?' said Dormandy.

"'I will write it to-night,' said ApJohn.

"And you will make it plain that the men are drunk all the time?'

"'I will so, and no stroke of the work doing at all.'

"'Well, I will take it to the depot myself.'

"And that night my grandfather watched ApJohn working his pen, and the next morning away went Dormandy with the letter. But the boys never paid any attention, they just worked away with Welly. Dormandy came back, black as a cloud, and my grandfather saw he brought no joy with him.

"My grandfather didn't take the letter, but it dropped out of ApJohn's pocket and the wind blew it over to him. It was English, and Lemab read it out to my grandfather. It told that Welshman that he would be docked five dollars for every word if he wrote a letter like that again, and everybody could see that the boss at the depot was wild that Welly had come, and he knew that McTavish Hamilton would be a glad man, for he said, 'And I have written to Mr. Hamilton every word you wrote me.'

"So these plotters were not very well pleased, as you may well know, being cut so short by the boss at the depot, and they began to hold their hate as a cloud holds lightning, ready to drop it anywhere, when the time came.

"The time came. Winter went away with a rush, as a hard winter often does, and they had plenty of water for the drive, and the dear spring was very good to enjoy after that winter, and the young summer, too, when they slept out on the cribs they were building at the mouth of the Coulonge. They were building them up solid out of that good white pine; solid, so that when they passed all the rapids and slides, and came into the coves

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at Quebec, they would be as good as a ship. Welly Legrave was a great hand at building a crib, and the men worked with him and there was no fighting in any way, but there was Billy Dormandy and John ApJohn. Sometimes they would work and sometimes they wouldn't work; but 'just as you please, my gentlemen.' Nobody paid any attention to them, but treated them well, polite to them! for the gang was in good-humor. Sometimes my grandfather would get the right side of the wind and hear them use great words against Welly Legrave and the men. But it wasn't until the raft was all bound up and well on the way to Bytown that he heard anything but hard words. Just the day before they got to The Remacs he heard something different.

"The Remacs is a bad rapid. Many a man has got into The Remacs and never come out again. It has an evil name, and many a heart living and dead remembers that name for something wicked and cruel. Every raft that comes there has to be broken up, and crib after crib goes down alone into the rapids, crosses the middle stream, and then back again to shore, and if you don't get back—well, the timber gets through, stick by stick, but never any live men. Now what my grandfather heard the day before they got to The Remacs was this, and he told it to Welly Legrave, for he thought it was curious. He was dead asleep and suddenly he was wide-awake, and he heard ApJohn and Dormandy talking outside in the moonlight. All that he heard was, 'And the crib will go into the rapids and over the rapids, and what will come out do you think?' and it was Dormandy's voice saying the words. He could not hear any more for the wind was springing around and tossing water at the edge of the raft.

"Welly Legrave didn't seem to think much of what my grandfather heard; but he took it into his head, and the next day they came to The Remacs, and the whole raft was tied up. Two days they worked taking the cribs down, and the second night nearly half of them were down safe. The crib with the little houses where Welly and the men slept was to go down the first thing the next morning. My grandfather said they had music that night after supper, and Lemab danced and Welly Legrave told a story, and it was night before they thought of turning in. There was a bit of a fire on the crib and the wind from off shore blew little sparks from it out on the dark water. The moon was up and in clouds, and the clouds moved along slowly; when the light came full you could see the little dark houses covered with green boughs, and flags standing out to the river, and the men sitting round smoking. One by one they went to their bunks until there was only Welly and my grandfather left. But there was ApJohn and Billy Dormandy sitting on the next crib away from the rest of the boys all evening. And Dormandy spoke up:

"'We are thinking of going back to a dance at LaBelle's to-night.'

"'It is five miles to LaBelle's,' said Welly Legrave.

"'We will be back before morning.'

"'Mr. ApJohn is the foreman!' said Welly.

"'We were not asking your leave,' said ApJohn, as wild as he dared to be.

"'You were just telling me and Mr. Pombère?' answered Welly with a little rise in his voice.

"'We were that,' said Dormandy.

"'And you will not be back till morning?' said Welly.

"'We will be back in time for the work,' said Dormandy again, for ApJohn, with rage, was long past speaking.

"'Well, we will sleep sound,' said Welly as they started over the raft to the shore, ApJohn springing over the logs and looking back, every little while, over his shoulder, to curse Welly.

"Well, everyone was gone to bed and so went Welly and my grandfather, and the moon got into a grove of clouds, and the night got dark. It got still, too, and the wind made the only sound with the flags and the cedar-boughs on the houses, and the water slapping on the side of the raft. Before three hours there were two men coming over the raft from the shore. It must have been a short dance at LaBelle's when ApJohn and Dormandy were back so soon; five miles away and the LaBelle girls as pretty as *Belle de Jour* in a garden-bed. They came along slowly and without any noise until they were on the crib. Instead of going to their bunks, they began to work in the dark, stooping

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over the edges of the crib. They were cutting the withes which bound the crib to the raft. After awhile they both rose up, and, standing on the crib, began to shove against the raft with pikepoles.

"In a moment there were inches of black water between the crib and the raft; soon there were feet; soon no man could jump across. Then they could no longer lean against the pikepoles; they drew them in quietly. There they were, leaving the raft slowly; it grew more like the shoreline, and the fringe of cedars on the bank seemed rooted on the dark level. Pulled up half way upon the crib, with her stern in the water, was one of the boats with the ropes coiled in her, and the oars.

"The wind was off shore and the current set out to the centre of the river half a mile away. It was no work to take a crib out there, but to get it back when the rocks were passed and when the growl of The Remacs could be heard! Six men it would take to do that, and now there were only two. Dormandy had an oar at one end, and ApJohn an oar at the other, and they never took them out of the water. Soon they came to the only cross current, where they had to work to keep her from swinging. ApJohn was pulling at his great oar, but Dormandy let her slew a bit. She might have swung round, but ApJohn braced himself on his oar like a rock and they got through safely. They let her float now, and came together, whispering alongside one of the houses.

"You could know, my grandfather said, that Dormandy made up this scheme.

"'Is it time yet to take to the boat?' said ApJohn.

"'Not till we have them well into the current. Then we'll go and you'll hear no more of Welly Legrave on this river.'

"'Will they find us out, do you think?' said ApJohn, with his mind always turning coward.

"'Never. We just had time to save ourselves, and that is our story.'

The water began to grow rougher; the current pulled like an ox at the skidway, between the crib and the north shore the river was gray with foam, and the hammering of the rapids came up louder.

"'Now we'll start,' said Dormandy.

"It was just at that point where the men begin to work the cribs back toward the shore into the safe current. To remain where they were for five minutes would be dangerous, the current would carry the crib beyond all hope of escape into the bad places of The Remacs, where the dead men never come away.

"They turned to the boat. But there was no boat there; the edge of the crib was as clear as a table, and the black water ripped by.

"'The boat, the boat!'

It was Dormandy crying out, for it came over him that he couldn't swim a stroke. Just then the moon turned out of a cloud as you might take a lantern out of your coat, and they saw the speck of a boat farther down the river, moving like a shadow in a faster current. Then they knew, both together, that when they had come through the cross current the water had caught the boat and pulled her off the crib.

"They just looked at it a second or two; then ApJohn, who was foxy when he was in danger, with plenty of pluck, yelled,

"'Boys, turn out, the crib's broke loose. Welly Legrave, Pombère, Lemab.' He knew their only chance was to set the whole gang at work, and there would be time, maybe, to pull into the safe current. He expected to see the boys tumble out, blind with sleep, Welly Legrave at their head.

"But there was silence in those little houses. No one moved. Dormandy was in pieces from fear. ApJohn rushed into the nearest house and tore at the bunks. Nothing but blankets—blankets rolled up as if men were inside them, but not a live boy on the whole of that crib but Dormandy and ApJohn.

"'Now, what do you think of Welly Legrave?' my grandfather used to say. 'He wasn't very much asleep, was he? with those brave boys safe as the world, and only the two foxes alone in The Remacs. Oh! he understood!' And to have found out the whole thing from just those words my grandfather heard, and he couldn't understand them, but Welly Legrave had understood, and all the brave lads had slipped away when Welly gave them the word, and the great plotters with their backs turned making play to go to LaBelle's!

"When ApJohn came out to the danger

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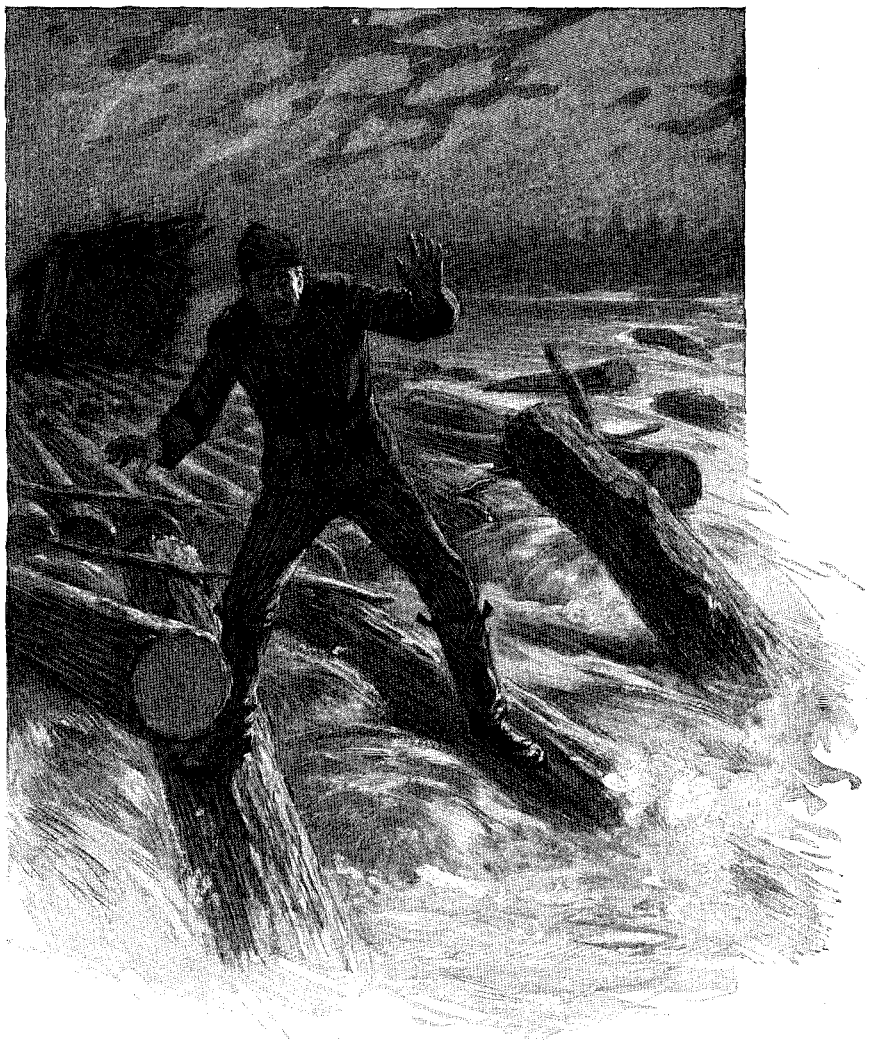

"There was Dormandy astride of two."—Page 479.

his face was set like stone. The moonlight had left the boat and was feeling its way across the black water; then it broke all around the crib. It showed the men the swift river and the eddies going like spindles, and the long lines of current twisted like wire ropes.

ApJohn looked a moment and knew what his one chance was. In a second he was pulling off his heavy boots and socks. Dormandy watched him with a white face, with terror crawling over it.

"'You're not going to leave me?' he cried.

"'I am that. Every man for himself; you planned this, and you put yourself against Welly Legrave, and now you can swim for it and take your chances.' Dormandy took one look at the water he hated and sprang upon ApJohn. But he had been watching for him; he leaped away and Dormandy fell between the crib-timbers.

"'I waste no strength on you,' he cried; 'you stick to the crib,' and with never another word he leaped as far into the water as he could.

"Then Dormandy stood up and looked after him into the water, and he knew then in his heart that the life was surely gone out of him. My grandfather told grandly how he put his hands in the water and pad-

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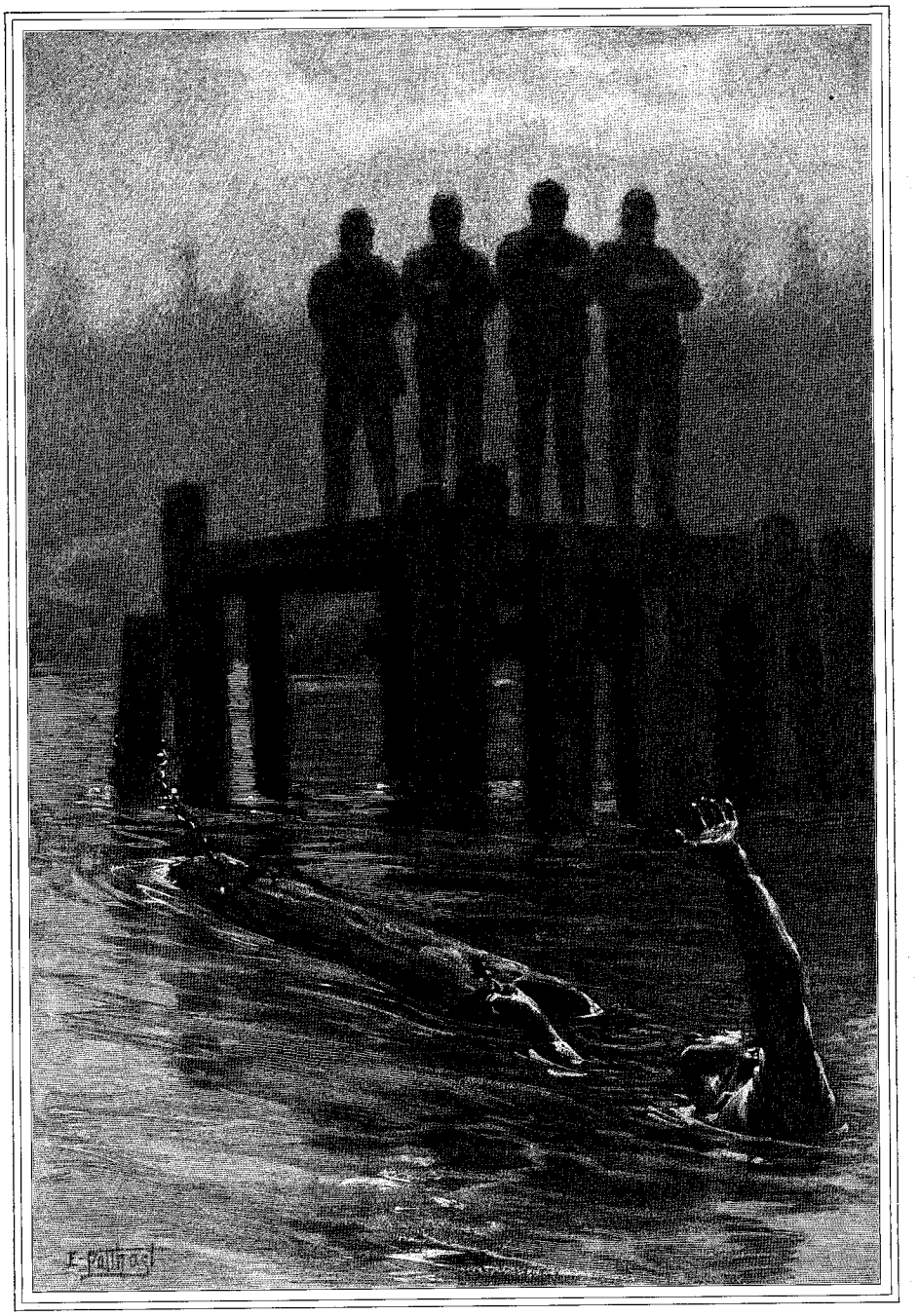

"Welly—Legrave—save—me!"—Page 479.

dled there like a dog, afraid to swim, and howled, and ran along the crib, where the foam came up white to look at him and went away when he caught at it. And how the crib began to heave in the long waves, and the logs to play and grind against one another until the water twisted them and came crawling over the whole length of the timber; and how, when the boilers came up from below, the withes broke up and

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out spread the logs like a fan, and there was Dormandy astride of two, like a man with his feet on the backs of wild horses, with the light from the moon and the foam crossing his white face. And how there came a roar and a plunge, with a great hill of foam and black water, and the big timber sticks playing like feathers in the air, and never any more on the river or in the woods a boy to answer to the name of Billy Dormandy, and make his mark on the pay-roll when scores were settled, and the work all over and done.

"My grandfather would tell you how ApJohn swam, who could swim like an otter, how he fought with the current when he had to fight, and how he floated with the eddies and struggled with the whirlpools, and lay to rest in the dead water, then out again, when the current came against him like the shoulder of a strong man, and he had to work and force himself by inches; and how the drift-wood caught at his throat, and him with no breath at all in his body; and how the moon followed him; and how he heard Dormandy cry, going down to death in the heavy water.

"But by and by he got in under the south shore, and the moon, like a good friend, showed him where he was and a pier that he knew, and he got his breath. He would need it to get to that pier, across a bit of current that ran like a tail-race. He swam slowly up with the eddy until he was a hundred feet above the pier. Then he went into the current with a dash. The heart almost went out of him when he felt it tug — he was drawn down like a chip. He was throwing himself through the water, but just as he was under the pier something rose up like a whale out of the blackness under his hand. It was a bit of boom timber, chained at one end to shore, kept swinging by the current. His strength was all gone when he grabbed it, but he might as well have tried to hold lightning. It was slippery with ooze and slime, and the current dragged him down the whole length of it while one lights a match.

"But his hand caught in the hole at the end of the stick, and there were a few links of chain, and there he clung for a few minutes more of dear life. The current played him out like a bit of flag on a pole; he could not draw himself up against the strong water, so well-done was he; and the boom dipped and rolled. The water washed over him when it liked and the boom dragged him up and down. There he floated, losing strength like a maskalonge at the end of a line.

"Then the moon turned into a clear sky and he looked up at the pier, not fifteen feet away. There he saw, standing up against the sky, the brave boys he wanted to drown, all of them, standing in a row with their arms locked looking down at him. And he was so far gone he thought they were happy spirits, or the holy saints in the parish church, and he called them by name to help him.

"'Lemab Seriza,' he cried, 'save me!'

"No one answered and the boom swung far with him.

"'Laurent Pombère' (and that was my grandfather), 'save me!'

"No one said a word and he went down for the first time out of sight in the black water.

"'Alexis Lachance—save me!'

"No one moved and he lay straight in the current. One by one he called them as he sank and struggled, until there was only one left. He came up just for a moment, and he knew then for sure they were ghosts standing there so calm with not a movement. But when his face came into the moonlight he just said, under his breath,

"'Welly—Legrave—save—me!'

"And then Welly sprang off that pier, a leap that made my grandfather swear ever after that he flew, and lit on that boom swinging there in the black water, as a hawk lights on a blue pigeon, and took ApJohn by the arm with such a grip that he broke both the bones of it, and dragged him alive right up out of the throat of the current, and laid him down in the moonlight on the shore.

"And that's the story my grandfather told me about those verses the men sing, and he told me many another story of Welly Legrave and of those days when there were men on the river and big trees in the forest."

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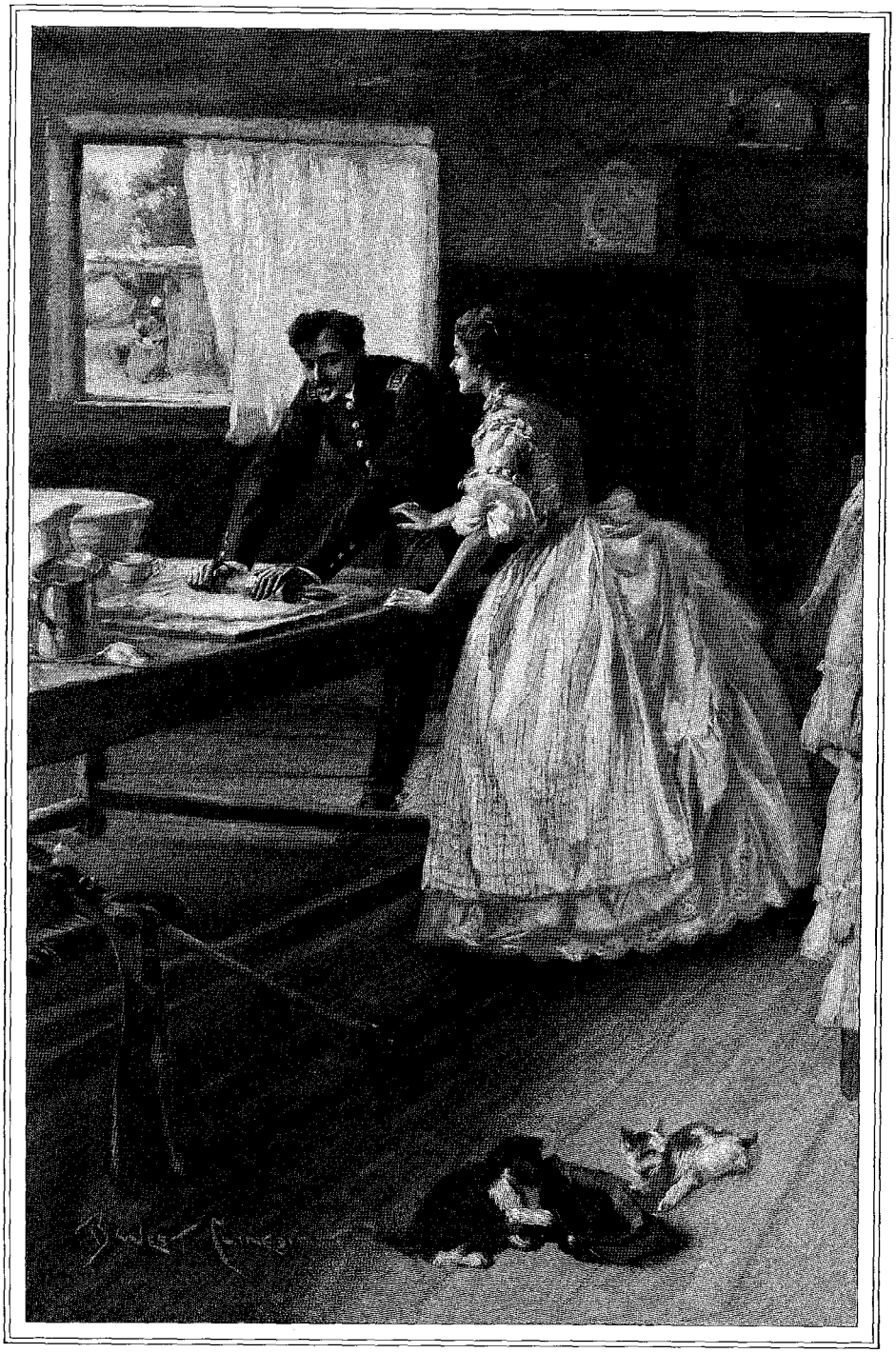

She gave him a rolling-pin and he set to work.—Page 492.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XII

THE roughness of the treatment Jacquelin had received at Leech's hands caused his wound to break out afresh, and for a time he was dangerously ill. But he had some compensations. Every girl in the neighborhood deemed him her especial favorite and charge. Blair Cary came down to visit a friend just outside the village, and enabled him to while away some of the hours of his tedium. Middleton passed by one evening, and saw her sitting on the rose-bowered veranda by Jacquelin's lounge, reading to him. A strange pang of loneliness shot through him. That far-away visit in the past seemed to rise up before him, and the long years were suddenly obliterated.

Jacquelin was a handsome, bright-faced boy again, and Blair was a little girl with those wonderful eyes and confiding ways. He wondered if he should suddenly turn, and walk in on them with a reminder of that old time, how they would receive him. He was half-minded to do it, and actually paused. He would go in, and say, "Here, the war is over—let's be friends." But suddenly a man passed him, and glanced up into his face, and saluted. It was Leech, and Middleton saw him look across to where the invalid and his fair young nurse sat on the shaded veranda, and knew what his thoughts were. The spell was broken. He passed on, to give his orders for the evening.

Jacquelin's arrest came near breaking up the "entertainment," a name which had been substituted for ball, to meet the scruples of Miss Thomasia and some other pious ladies. But this Jacquelin would on no account hear of. Besides, after the order forbidding public gatherings at night, it would never do to postpone it further; it would look like truckling. As the assembly could not be held at Red Rock in the family's absence, and it was decided to have it at the Court-house, where Jacquelin now was, this concession was made. The largest and best building there for such an entertainment was one used as a Masonic hall, and occasionally as a place for religious services. This hall was selected. Who was responsible for it was not actually known. Thurston told Middleton that when he said he ought to have been a bishop he placed his abilities far too low, that really he ought to have been a pope. But he did not appear in the matter at all, except to meet the objections raised by Leech, and to silence that official. Steve Allen was the chief advocate of the hall, and took the lead in its selection and also in its defence, for some objection was made by others than Leech to having a party in the building, and on very different grounds. Miss Thomasia and some persons who were not entirely satisfied anyhow about dancing, thought that it was certainly more likely to be wrong in a room which had been sometimes used, however rarely, for religious services, and it took some skill to overrule their objection. Thurston said to Mrs. Dockett that it had never been consecrated. "So far from it," said Mrs. Dockett, "it had been desecrated." (The last service held in it had been held by a Union chaplain, who had come up from town and preached in it to the soldiers, with Leech on the front bench.) Steve said to Miss Thomasia that he and she had more religion than all the rest of the Court-house combined, and he for one

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was satisfied. And, as someone else said, it would at least show the Yankees that whatever they thought of themselves, they were not smart enough to manage the ladies, the building was finally selected.

Miss Thomasia, being for once in accord with both Thurston and Steve, gave in, and actually lent her aid and counsel, at least so far as related to the embellishment of the hall, and of some who were to attend there. She ventured her advice to Steve in one matter only relating to the outside. Having found him at work one evening on a short rustic bench which was to be placed under one of the trees in the yard, she said she hoped he did not intend that for two people, and that young man scandalously replied that he was making it short on purpose for her and the General; and, in the face of her offended dignity, impudently added that the General had engaged him to do it, and had given him the measurements.

"Steve Allen, I am too old for you to talk to me so," said Miss Thomasia.

"'Tain't me, Cousin Thomasia, 'tis the General," teasingly persisted Steve, and then as the little faded lady still remained grave and dignified, he straightened up and glanced at her. Stepping to her side he slipped his arm around her like a big, stalwart son, and looking down into her face with kindly eyes said, tenderly:

"Cousin Thomasia, they aren't any of 'em like you nowadays. They don't make 'em so any more. The mould's broken." He seated the little lady gently on the bench, pleased and mollified, and flung himself on the grass at her feet, and the two had a long confidential talk from which both derived much comfort and Steve much profit (he said). At least, he learned something new, and when, as the dew began to fall, Miss Thomasia rose, it was with a higher opinion of the reckless young fellow and a better insight into his nature; and Steve, on his part, had a new feeling for Miss Thomasia and led her in with a new tenderness. For Miss Thomasia had told the young man what she had never admitted to a soul in all her life; that the reason the General or anyone else had never won her was that long ago her heart had been given to another ("the handsomest, most brilliant man I ever knew," she said), who had loved her, she believed, with all his soul, but had not been strong enough to resist even for her sake the temptation of two besetting sins: drink and gambling; and she had obeyed her father and given him up.

Steve was lying full length on his back at her feet, his face turned to her and his clasped hands under his head.

"Cousin Thomasia, who was he, and what became of him?" he asked, gently.

"He was your father, Steve, and you might have been——" the voice was so low that the young man did not catch the last word. He unclasped his hands, and placed one forearm across his face and lay quite still for a minute or two. Then he moved it. Miss Thomasia was sitting quite motionless, her eyes in her lap, and the fading light of the evening sky slanting under the trees and resting on her face and soft, silvered hair. She sighed so softly it might have been only breathing.

"I never knew it," said Steve, gently; "but I might have known."

He got up slowly and leaning over her kissed her tenderly, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Yes, Steve, now you know."

And Steve said yes, and kissed her again like a son.

"Cousin Thomasia," he said, presently, "I will not say I will never drink again, but I will promise you not to gamble again, and I will not drink to excess any more."

"Oh, Steve, if you knew how I have prayed for you," said the little old lady, softly.

"Well, maybe, Cousin Thomasia, this is in answer to it," said Steve, half seriously.

The day of the entertainment drew near, and there was as much preparation for it as there had ever been in the old times for the greatest reception given at Red Rock or Birdwood. Some of the guests from distant neighborhoods came several days beforehand, to be in time or to help superintend, and stayed at the houses of their friends near the county-seat. Even the General's bachelor establishment was transformed for the occasion into a nest of doves, who, it was said, put up more little knick-knacks than he had ever seen, and made the old fellow

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more comfortable than he had ever been in all his life.

Thus the little village, which for some time had been hardly more than a camp overrun with negro camp-followers, suddenly took on a new air and freshened up, with young girls in cool dresses and big hats on the streets, or making pleasant groups under the trees in the yards, and on the slopes outside, from which laughter and singing to the music of guitars floated down to the village below. The negroes themselves joined in and readily fell into old habits, putting themselves in the way of the visitors, whom they overwhelmed with compliments and claims and offers of service.

Middleton and Thurston went in and out quietly, attending to their duties, drilling and inspecting and keeping their eyes open less for treason than for the pretty girls who had come suddenly upon them like the flowers after a spring rain. They met a few of them casually either through Steve Allen or Mrs. Dockett, whose house was filling up with them; but the newcomers treated them with such undeniable coolness that there was little encouragement to prosecute the acquaintance. Even plump Miss Dockett stiffened perceptibly and treated Lieutenant Thurston with more severity than she had ever exhibited since he had made those wonderful bargains.

Only one man in the whole village appeared absolutely out of humor over the stir and preparations, and that was Leech. Still was in constant if secret conference with him. The plan which they had laid down to prevent the assembly having failed, Leech determined to break it up at all hazards. They had told Sherwood and Moses that they could prevent it. If it was held in spite of them, it would prove that they were less powerful than they pretended.

Leech determined to go to town and obtain a peremptory order forbidding this very meeting.

"Have it made out so you can give it yourself," counselled Still. "Wait till the last minute and then spring it on 'em. We'll show 'em we're not to be treated as they please. They don't know me yet; but they soon will. I've got that as will make some of 'em wince. I'll show 'em who Hiram Still is."

So it was decided, and Leech went off to the city to use his influence with Colonel Krafton, while Still was to prepare a foundation for him through Sherwood and Moses and Nicholas Ash.

That evening there was a little more stir among the negroes about the Court-house than had been observed before. Sherwood and Moses were there, sent down by Still, and that night they held a meeting—a religious meeting it was called—at which there was some singing and praying, and much speaking or preaching, the two preachers being Sherwood and Moses. They could be heard all over the village, and at length their shouting and excitement reached such a pitch and attracted so much attention that some of the residents walked down to the place where they were congregated, to look into the matter. Moses was speaking at the moment, mounted on an impromptu platform, swaying his body back and forth, and pouring forth a doctrine as voluble in words as it was violent in sound and gesture, while his audience surged around him swaying and shouting, and exciting themselves into a sort of wild emotion. The white men who had gathered listened silently and sullenly to the sounds about them rising in unison with the speaker's voice. Some were of the opinion that he ought to be stopped at once and the meeting broken up, and there were a plenty of offers to do it. A more prudent head, however, had adopted another course. Dr. Cary, who happened to be in the village that night, hearing what was going on and knowing what might occur at any moment, called on the officer in command and stated to him the danger of a collision. Captain Middleton walked down to the meeting with him to make his own observation. Only a few moments sufficed. The violence of the speaker, who was now dancing back and forth, the excitement of the dusky crowd pressing about him, the gathering of white men on the edge of the throng, speaking in low, earnest tones, their eyes turned to the speaker, suggested prompt measures.

"Don't de book say 'as we shall inherit the uth?'" asked the speaker; and his audience moaned and swayed and shouted in assent. "An' ain' de harvest white fur de laborer?"

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"Yas, yas," shouted the audience. "White fur de laborer!"

"Unless you stop them, Captain, we shall; for we know that it is necessary and that it will be a kindness to them," said the Doctor, quietly, and the officer recognizing the necessity, though he little understood the Doctor's full meaning, assented. He pushed his way through the crowd, followed by the Doctor. He stopped the speaker and mounted the platform and in a few words forbade any further speaking and ordered the crowd to disperse, which it did almost immediately, dissolving like magic before the officer's order. Then he turned to the speaker and with a sharp reprimand for his action commanded him to leave the village. The trick-doctor cringed, and with a curious whine of acquiescence bowed himself off.

CHAPTER XIII

When Leech returned from the city next day he was in such good spirits that Steve and Thurston both arrived at a similar conclusion, and decided that there was some mischief brewing.

Steve called Jerry and had a talk with him.

Leech was to meet Still that night at Nicholas Ash's. So about sunset he mounted his horse at his stable and rode out of the village through a back lane. Still and his son met him according to appointment and they had a long conference.

Leech found that he had an ally stronger than he dreamed of. Still showed him that he was a much richer man than he had ever admitted. He not only held the bonds of Dr. Cary and a bond of his late employer Mr. Gray, of which Leech already knew; but he held another bond of Mr. Gray's for an amount large enough to swallow up his entire estate. Leech could scarcely believe his eyes, but the bond was undoubtedly genuine. Mrs. Gray herself, Still said, would admit that. She did not know of its existence, but he had a perfectly satisfactory explanation for her ignorance as well as for the fact that he had never before mentioned to Leech that he held the bond. He had made the money negro-trading quietly before the war and had lent it to Mr. Gray to stock a plantation, which he as his agent had bought for him in the far South. And he had not mentioned it to Mrs. Gray or anyone else for a very simple reason. He had promised Mr. Gray that he would never trouble Mrs. Gray about them.

Leech did not believe this; but there were the bonds, one a small one, and one a very big one, and Still had of late several times hinted at something that he was storing up against the proper time to divulge it.

"I told you I didn't care if you killed that young Jack that night," he laughed. "Why didn't you do it? I'd have given right smart money if you had, and I must say I never allowed that he'd git thar alive."

"Neither did I," suggested Leech. "And I believe it did him good."

"I don't know about that," said Still, enigmatically, looking at his bond; "but I wouldn't 'a' shed no tears over him. But if you do as I tell you, we'll git even and have a leetle somethin' to spare. You just work Krafton and get your friends to back you, and you and me'll own this county. I'll see that Moses is there on time if he don't have an inch of skin left on him."

A rumor had meantime gotten abroad at the county-seat that an order had been sent to Leech forbidding the entertainment, and that though Middleton knew nothing of it as yet, Leech would spring it at the proper time and try to prevent the assembly. There was much excitement over it. A number of young men dropped in at Steve Allen's office to ascertain the truth of the report. Middleton, when asked about it, said he had no knowledge on the subject, and knew of no one to whom such an order should be addressed except himself.

Jerry, who was lounging sleepily not far from Leech's office, was called in and interrogated again with sundry forcible intimations of what would happen in case he should be deceiving them. But Jerry was firm. He reiterated again and again his fervent wish for a speedy dissolution and a perpetual condemnation of the most fiery character, if every word he had spoken were not more than true. Leech had the paper in his pocket, and had read it to Sherwood and Moses and Nicholas in his

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back office, and was going to deliver it to Captain Middleton the next day, the day set for the entertainment.

Steve, with a new light in his face, went up to Mrs. Dockett's and had a brief talk with Miss Dockett and one or two of the girls there, and in ten minutes, with locked doors, they were busy sewing for life. It must have been something very amusing that they were engaged on, to judge from the laughter that at times floated down from their windows.

A few hours after this, Hiram Still and his son were on their way back to Red Rock from their meeting with Leech, while Leech was riding to the court-house.

It was about ten o'clock, and the moon was covered by clouds; Leech was riding along thinking of the plans he had formed, and laying off the manner of publishing his order. He had gotten within a mile or two of the village, when in a little bottom in a lonely piece of woods, just before reaching a fork in the road, there was an owl-hoot behind him, and another a little ahead of him; the next moment his horse started as a dark object, which Leech had noticed when still at a distance from it but thought merely a bush, moved out into the road immediately before him. His heart jumped into his throat; for it was not like anything earthly. In the darkness it looked as much like a small elephant with a howdah on it as anything else; but the provost did not have time to think much about it, for in a second it was close on him right across the road—a huge muffled figure on a high shapeless beast. His horse snorted and wheeled. Another figure was behind him, closing in on him. Leech pulled in his frightened horse; for somewhere about the middle of the dark figure lowering above him, as he slipped from behind a cloud, there was a momentary flash of steel. Leech thought of his own pistol; but the great figures moved closer to him—very close to him and stopped. Not a word was said. One figure simply sat in front of him silent and motionless, while the other moved up on the other side and did the same. The stillness and silence were more awful than any words could have been. Leech's tongue was cleaving to his mouth. He tried to speak; but his lips could scarcely frame the words. Presently he managed to falter:

"What do you want?"

There was no answer, and again the silence became worse than ever. The voices of the katydids sounded far and near.

"Who are you?"

There was not a word. Only the figures pressed closer to him.

"What—what do you want?"

Silence and the katydids in the woods.

"Let me go by. I have no money."

There was no answer; and for a moment no motion, only the gleam of steel again. Then the two figures pressing close against him silently turned his horse around and moved slowly off into the woods, with the provost between them, without a word.

He tried to pull up his reins; they were held on either side, and an arm was thrown around him.

"Where are you going?"

They moved on.

"Wait—I will—I will give——"

A bag or something was suddenly thrown over his head and pressed down to his elbows, which at the same moment were pinioned to his side, and his pistol was taken. He was afraid to cry out and, perhaps, could not have done so had he tried.

The next instant a hand was put into his breast-pocket, and his pocket-book and all his papers were taken out; he was conscious of a match being struck and a light made and that his papers were being looked over. One of his captors said:

"Ah!" and the next moment his papers and his pocket-book were put back into the provost's pocket, and the light was extinguished; the bag was drawn from over his head, and his captors rode off through the woods. When he tried to move he discovered that his horse was tied to a bush, and he had to dismount to untie him. His pistol was lying at the foot of the sapling. Long before he had finished, the sound of his two waylayers had died out. As he entered Brutusville, the sour expression on his face deepened. The clouds had disappeared, and the summer night was perfect; the village lay before him a picture of Peace; the glint of white beneath the court-house trees being just enough to suggest that the tents there were hidden. The streets were filled with a careless throng, and all the sounds were those of merriment, laughter, and

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shouting, and the twang of banjoes. There was never an unlikelier field for such a plan as he had had in his mind.

He rode through like a shadow, silencing the negroes and scowling at the whites, and a little later he called on Captain Middleton. It was not a long interview, but it was a stormy one, and when the Provost came out of the Captain's office he had thrown down the gauntlet, and there was an open breach between them. He had complained to Middleton of being beset by highwaymen and robbed of his order, and Middleton had told him plainly he did not believe a word he said; that had there been such an order it should have been addressed to him. On this Leech had attempted a bolder tone than he had ever before dared use with Middleton, and had actually forbidden the meeting the following night. The young captain, however, had given him to understand that he was the commandant there, and that for another word, order or no order, he would place him under arrest, which step at that moment would have so interfered with Leech's plans, that he had not ventured to push the matter farther.

Next night, therefore, the long-talked-of entertainment came off duly, and Miss Blair Cary, and Miss Elizabeth Dockett, and the other girls who had waited so long, showed their little plain, sweet white and pink dresses which they had made themselves, and their white throats and pink faces, which God had made, and danced with their gray jacketed escorts, their little feet slipped into their little slippers, many of which were high-heeled and faded with age, having belonged to their mothers, and grandmothers, and even great-grandmothers; and enjoyed it all as much as ever the former wearers of the slippers did in their full glory of satin and lace. For of such is the Kingdom of Youth.

CHAPTER XIV

The Yankee officers attended, very dignified, and were treated politely, but not warmly, of course—only just so civilly as to show that Southerners knew what was due to guests even when they were enemies, but not so warmly as to let them forget that they were foes. Everyone meant to be civil to them, and, at least, for the time at peace.

But there was more than this; the night was perfect; the breath of flowers and shrubbery came in from the open windows; the moon was almost at her full and her light was lying on the grass, mantling the trees and filling the night with that amber mellowness which sometimes comes in summer and which seems to bring a special peacefulness. The camp lay hidden in the distance and the throng in the streets hung on the fences, listening to the music, or laughed and danced in full sympathy with the occasion.

The young Yankee officers were treated with great civility by the other men, and Steve Allen constituted himself their especial host. It was by him that Middleton and Thurston were introduced to most of the girls, who bowed coolly, and to the older ladies who sat at the end of the room farthest from the music, their eyes filled with light, following their daughters or other relatives whose success was near to their hearts, or, like Miss Thomasia, beaming a benediction on the whole throng of happy dancers.

Still an hour after the dancing began the one that Middleton particularly wished to meet had not appeared, and Middleton, who had been planning for a week what he should say to Miss Cary—as Thurston said, to "paralyze her"—found himself with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. Thurston was capering around as if to the manner born, perspiring at every pore, paying attention to half the girls in the room, and casting glances at Miss Dockett languishing enough, as Middleton said, to lay the foundation for a breach of promise. But Middleton could not get into the spirit. He asked a number of girls to dance, but they were all engaged, and politely showed their cards. So Middleton fell back. Dr. Cary and General Legaie and the other older gentlemen courteously drew him into their conversation, and the General rallied him, with an old bachelor's licence, on not dancing, declaring that the sight of such girls was the true fountain of youth, but the young captain was not in the mood for fun. A vague feeling of unrest was on him. The order that Leech had mentioned, his positive manner, the warning that he had given him, the covert

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threat he had dared to employ, all began to recur to him and to worry him. He felt that he would be responsible if any trouble should occur. He went out and walked through the village. A light was shining under the door of Leech's office, but all was as it had been: good-humor everywhere. The moonlight soothed him and the pleasant greetings as he passed served to restore his good-humor, and he returned to the ball. As he did so an old high-backed carriage which he thought he recognized, made its way slowly past him; the old driver was explaining to someone who walked beside him, the cause of his delay.

"Dat fool hoss—you can't get him in de water to save your life. He'll breck ev'ything to pieces fust. But my young Mistis, she dyah now, an' she's de queen on 'em all, I tell you. You go dyah an' look at her, th'oo de winder," he wound up with a laugh.

As Middleton re-entered the ball-room, there was quite a group near the door surrounding someone who was the centre of attraction and whom Allen was teasing.

"Oh! you'll dance with him. He left because you hadn't come; but I have sent for him. He's saved a set expressly for you."

"I won't. He has done no such thing, and I won't dance with you either, unless you go away and let me alone." The voice was a charming one.

"I'll bet you do. I understand why you made old Gideon drive you up the stream that evening; but you can't expect him to be mooning on the bank of every creek in the county, you know——"

"That settles it for you, Steve," said the voice over behind the heads. "Jack, I have the seventh dance with you, as well as the first and fourth."

"Jack never was any hand at arithmetic, and, besides, he can't dance," declared Allen, as his friend professed his gratitude.

Just then Allen caught sight of Middleton, over the heads of the others.

"Ah! here, Captain Middleton, I want to present you to my cousin, Miss Cary, who wishes to know how you happened not to be——" he caught his cousin's eye, and changed his speech — "who has a question to ask you. Captain Middleton, Miss Cary." The others made way for Middleton, and he stepped forward and bowed low.

She was all in white, and was blazing with brass buttons. They were her only ornaments except a single old jewel consisting of a ruby surrounded by diamonds. She wore bracelets of them on her arms, and a necklace of larger ones around her white throat. A broad belt of them girdled her little waist.

As Middleton bowed, he caught her eyes, and in them was the same look of mingled defiance and amusement which he remembered so well at the ford. He hardly knew whether to laugh or be grave, and was conscious that he was growing red, as the look in her eyes changed into one of triumph. He remained grave, however, and rallied enough to ask her for a dance. They were all engaged, she told him.

"I have the seventh—to sit out, I believe?" said Jacquelin Gray, maliciously, for Steve's benefit. She looked at her card.

"You only *believe?* As you have forgotten so far as to have a doubt about it, the seventh is not engaged," said the young coquette, with a courtesy to him, "I will give it to you, Captain Middleton." She looked at Jacquelin, and with a little—only the least little toss of her head, took the arm of a young man who had just claimed his set, and, bowing to Middleton, moved off, leaving both Steve and Jacquelin looking a little blank.

"That girl's the most unaccountable creature that ever was on earth," growled Jacquelin. "I'll be hanged if I'll be treated so." He looked over the room after her floating form.

"Go slow, old man, go slow," said Steve. "You'll be treated that way, and come again for more. And you know you will."

Jacquelin growled.

Middleton thought that the seventh set would never come; but, like everything else in life, it came at last, and though there were three claimants for it, the one who was the final judge decided for Middleton, and walked off with him, calmly leaving both the other aspirants fuming and scowling.

"You can't fight him, Jack," said Steve, with a laugh, to his cousin, who was muttering to himself. "Because I'd first have to fight you, you know."

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Having thus punished both her admirers, Miss Cary declined to dance—whether to keep her word; to avoid pleasing too much the young Federal captain, or to soothe the ruffled spirits of his unsuccessful competitors, who may tell? For no one can thread the mazes of a girl's caprice.

But this made little difference to Middleton. They strolled outside, and found a seat. The moonlight appeared to Middleton more charming than he had ever known it, and he discovered something which he had never known before. He wanted to please this girl as he never remembered to have wished to please any other, and he was conscious that it was a difficult, if not an impossible task. Yet she did not appear to be attempting anything. She was simply in opposition to him, that was all. She appeared so unaffected and simple that, remembering what he had just seen of her coquetry, he wondered if she could be as natural as she appeared. Her gaze was so direct, her voice so placid, her manner so self-possessed, that he felt she had the advantage of him. And all this time he wanted to please her.

She spoke of her brother.

Middleton did not know that she had a brother.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"He was killed."

"Oh!" he said, softly. "I beg your pardon."

"He was killed at Jacquelin Gray's side and Jacquelin brought his body out under fire—just as Steve afterward tried to bring Jack." Her eyes seemed to say, "You can understand now?"

Middleton had a strange sensation.

As she stood there in the moonlight he had a sudden thrill that it would be worth his life to win her, and she had never given him even one friendly glance. He could not help thinking,

"What would Thurston say?"

A partner came and claimed his set, and Middleton was left outside. He strolled down to the gate. There were fewer people in the street. A man came hurrying along and spoke to another. His voice was so excited that it arrested Middleton's attention, and he caught the last of his sentence.

"It ought to be broke up at once. Go in there and call Steve Allen and some o' the other fellows out."

"What's that?" asked Middleton, walking out of the gate, and up to him.

"A nigger meetin' down yonder," answered the man, somewhat sullenly. "If it ain't broke up there'll be trouble. Leech started it by reading a paper he had and then he put Sherrod up and now that yaller nigger, Moses, is up. He's been givin' 'em liquor, and unless it's stopped there'll be the devil to pay."

"I'll see about it," said Middleton. He walked rapidly in the direction the man had indicated, leaving the two men looking after him. He was sensible as he passed along of some change; and presently the distant sound of a man speaking at the top of his voice came to him, followed by a roar of applause. He hurried on and passed a small group of a half dozen white men, some of whom were advocating waiting for "reinforcements," as they said, while others were insisting that they should go right in on them at once. All were united as to one thing: that it ought to be stopped.

"If we don't," said one, "there'll be trouble, and we might's well do it at once. I can do it by myself."

Someone said something about "the Yankees."

"Yankees be blanked! Wasn't it that scoundrel Leech that started it all? He's been workin' it up all day. We've got to do it ourselves."

Just then they saw Middleton and followed him, offering their advice and services.

When he arrived, Middleton agreed with them that the speaking ought to be stopped at once. He had never seen such a sight. Almost the entire negro population of the place appeared to be packed there, moaning and singing, hugging each other and shouting; while Moses, the negro he had ordered a few nights before to leave town, was on the platform tossing his arms in a sort of frenzy, and calling on them to rise and prove they were "the chosen people." God had brought their enemies all together in one place, he cried, and all that was needed was for Samson to arise and prove his strength. Their deliverer was at hand. "Ain't my name Moses—Moses? Moses is my name," he shouted, in a wild frenzy,

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intoning the words. The shout that greeted him proved the danger of his course.

"Blank him, I'll stop his mouth," said one of the young men, starting forward; but Middleton was before him. He pushed his way, followed by the others, through the crowd which gave back before him at his command, and when still some yards away from the platform, ordered the speaker to cease. But Moses was either too drunk or too excited to heed, and went on shouting his sing song.

"I'll lead you to de burnin' bush," he cried. "I'll give to you de promise lan'." As it happened, a man standing in the crowd had a carriage-whip in his hand. The Captain snatched it from him and sprang on the platform, and the next instant was raining on the would-be prophet and leader such a thrashing as he had never had in his life. The effect was miraculous. The first lash of the heavy whip took the preacher by surprise and dazzled him, the second recalled him to himself and stripped his prophetic character from him, leaving him nothing but a whining, miserable creature who was trying to deceive and mislead others as miserable and more ignorant than himself.

As the Captain laid the blows on fast and thick, Moses cringed and finally broke and fled from the platform, followed by the jeers and shouts of the crowd who had just been ready to be led by him in any violence if, indeed, he would have had the courage to lead them. And when the irate officer appeared ready to turn his whip on them, and did accompany his peremptory order that they should disperse at once, with a few contemptuous lashes at those nearest him, they broke and ran with as much good-humor as they had showed an hour previous, when they were dancing and shuffling in the street, before Leech and his agents got hold of them.

CHAPTER XV

THE next day there was much stir about the court-house, and it was known that Middleton had summoned Leech before him, and had had an interview with him.

This much was certain, Middleton took charge of matters which up to this time Leech had been attending to, and Leech remained out of sight until he left the place, two days later.

One of the first steps Middleton took was to summon the negroes before him and give them a talk. And he closed his speech to them by a warning that they should keep order wherever they were, declaring that if there were any repetition of Moses's performance of the previous night the offender would not escape so easily.

The effect of this action was admirable. By nightfall nearly every negro who was not employed about the county-seat had left; and within two days many of them were at work, back at their old homes.

Middleton found himself suddenly as popular as he had formerly been unpopular, receiving visits and invitations from half the gentlemen in the place, so that Thurston said "It was just the old story, he set the triggers and worked everything, and Middleton just walked in and took the game."

"Here I have been working like a nigger," he said to Middleton, "watching around, and following that fellow Leech in all his rascality; displaying the most consummate qualities of leadership, and singing my head off, and you happen to come along, pick up a driver's whip, and let into a drunken rascal; talk a lot of rot next morning, and in five minutes do what I with all my genius haven't been able to do in as many months. It's the old story, Larry, it's fate. What did I tell you? Long legs are worth more to a man than a long head. But, Larry, look out for Leech. He's a blood-sucker. Tra-la; I have an engagement. Might as well get some of the good of your glory, old man, while it lasts, you know." And leaving Middleton over his report, the cheery little Lieutenant went off to have a ride with Miss Dockett, who in view of certain professions of his, and proceedings of his Captain's since the night before, had honored him so far as to accord to him that privilege.

Reely Thurston's half-humorous warning to his friend was not without foundation, as both he and Middleton knew, and within a week the Captain was up to his ears in reports and correspondence, relative to his conduct in the county. The quietness of everything around him was

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a fact to which he pointed with pride. Crime had diminished; order had been restored, good feeling had grown up; the negroes had returned to work, and were getting regular wages. They were already beginning to save a little and some were buying land. The whites had accepted the status of affairs in good faith and were, he believed, turning all their energies to meet the exigencies of the time in the best way they could. In a word, Peace was fully restored in the territory under his command. Even Reely Thurston commended the report, and confided to Miss Dockett, who was beginning to receive such confidences more graciously of late, that "Larry, somewhere in that high head of his, had a deuced lot of brains," a compliment which the young Captain would have taken more gratefully than from any other soul on earth.

Miss Cary also began to treat him now with some degree of Christian charity and actually condescended to take a ride with him on horseback, and when he proved himself sufficiently appreciative of this honor took another.

So things went, and before the summer evenings were over, the young Captain had ridden to the point where he had given Blair Cary all the confidences which a young man in his twenties is likely to give the prettiest girl in his circle of acquaintance, especially when she is the only one whose eyes soften a little at the recital, and who responds a bit by giving just a little of her own. Not that Miss Cary for a moment allowed Middleton to forget that on the one great subject always present, the world stretched between them. Between them there was never more than a truce. She would be his friend while it lasted, but never more. That was all!

She always wore, when she rode, a gray cap, which Middleton, without asking any questions about it, knew had been her brother's. It was a badge, and he recognized it as such. She still wore her brass buttons, and would never give him one of them. One afternoon, as they were returning from a ride in which he had told her all about Ruth Welch, dwelling somewhat on their cousinship, they stopped at the ford where he had gone to her rescue that afternoon, and he asked her if she would give him one of the buttons to save his life. She quietly said: "No," and he believed her. Yet this made little difference to the young man. He was not in love with her, he was sure. He only enjoyed her, and those summer evenings were the pleasantest he had ever known. As they watered their horses at the ford, no less than four other couples came riding up on their way home, and there was quite a little levee held in the limpid stream, Middleton finding himself taken into the talk and raillery quite as a member of the circle. As he looked at the faded gray coats and his blue one, their numbers doubled by the reflection in the placid stream, and listened to the laughter about him he could not but think what a picture and proof of peace it was.

Suddenly one of the horses became restive, and slashed away at the nearest horse to him, and Blair, in pulling her horse out of the way, got under an overhanging bough and her cap was knocked from her head into the water. She gave a little cry of dismay as it floated down the stream, and more than one of the young men turned his horse to recover it; but Middleton was nearest, and he spurred straight into the deep water and swam for the cap, reaching it just before the others got it. He was pleased at the applause he received when he returned.

Miss Cary only said, "Thank you," as she might have said it if he had picked the cap from the floor.

There was at least one young man in the neighborhood, however, who did not appreciate Middleton's mode of exhibiting his friendliness, and that was Jacquelin Gray. Steve and Middleton had become very good friends, but Jacquelin grew more and more reserved toward the young officer, and at last began to put on so many airs about his attentions to Blair Cary, that that young lady gave him to understand that she intended to do just as she pleased and did not propose to be held accountable by him for anything whatever.

The evening of the ride during which Blair had lost her cap, and Middleton had recovered it for her, Jacquelin had driven over "to see the doctor," and had found her gone off riding with Middleton. As Dr. Cary was absent, and Mrs. Cary was confined to her room that day, Jacquelin was left to himself, and had a plenty of

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time, as he sat on the porch all alone, to reflect on the caprices of a part of the human race. He was not much consoled when Mammy Krenda came out and, with kindly sympathy, said:

"You too late; you better git off dem crutches, honey, and git 'pon horseback." She disappeared inside and Jacquelin was left in a flame of jealousy. By the time Blair arrived he was in just the state of wrath to make a fool of himself. When Jacquelin began the interview, he, perhaps, had no idea of going as far as his heat carried him; but unhappily he lost his head.

It was quite dusk when the riders came slowly up. They stopped at the gate and Jacquelin could hear Blair's cordial invitation to Middleton to come in and take supper with them, and his refusal.

"But I'm afraid you will catch cold riding so far in wet clothes," she urged. He had to return immediately, however, he declared, and after a few more words he galloped off while Blair came on to the house.

"Why, Jacquelin! You here all by yourself!" She bent over him to prevent his rising for her. Had Jacquelin been cool enough to note her voice it might have saved him; but he was not even looking at her. His manner hauled her up short, and the next instant hers had changed. She seated herself and tried for a few moments to be light, and divert him. Jacquelin was not to be diverted, however, and taking the silence which fell on her for confession, he began to assume a bolder tone, and proceeded to take her to task for her conduct. It was when he said it was an outrage—on Steve that the explosion came. It was shameful, he said, that with such a man as Steve offering his heart to her she should be boldly encouraging a Yankee officer so that everybody was talking about it. Blair was on her feet in a second.

"Jacquelin!" she exclaimed, with a gasp. The next second she had found her voice. He had never seen her as she became. It was a new Blair. She positively flamed with indignation, not because of the charge; but against him for making it.

"Whose business is it?" she asked him, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. If her father and mother did not object, had he a right to interfere? Who had given him such a right? And before Jacquelin could recover from his surprise, she had burst into tears and rushed into the house.

Jacquelin drove home in black despair. He had been put wholly in the wrong, and yet he felt that he had had right originally on his side. His whole past appeared suddenly rooted up; his whole future destroyed by this new-comer, this interloper. How he would love to have some cause of personal quarrel with him! How gladly he would put it all to the test of one meeting. Yet what had Middleton done but win fairly? And he had been a gentleman always. He was forced to admit this. But oh! if he only had a just cause of quarrel! Let him look out hereafter. But if he were to meet him and he should fall what would be the consequences! He would only have ruined Blair's happiness and have destroyed his only hope. He almost ground his teeth at his helplessness as he rode home through the dusk. He did not know that at that moment Blair Cary with locked door, was still sobbing in her little white-curtained room, her anger no longer turned against him, but against herself.

When Jacquelin awoke the next morning it was with a sinking at the heart. Blair was lost to him forever. Daylight, however, is a great restorer of courage, and little by little his spirits revived until by evening he began to consider himself a most ill-used person, and to fancy Blair suing for pardon. He even found himself nursing an idea that she would write a note; but instead of that he heard that Middleton had been up to see her again, and once more his heart sank and his anger rose. He would show her that he was not to be trampled on and insulted as she had done. Next evening came the fast travelling news that Middleton and his company were ordered away. Jacquelin was conscious of his heart giving a bound of joy. He would be only cool and chilling to Blair and show her by his manner how disapprovingly he regarded her conduct. After a little this mood changed, and he began to think it would be more manly to be only very dignified and yet show her that he was above harboring little feelings. He would be generous and forgive her. When he met Blair, however, she was so far from showing any contrition, that she was actually savage to him; so that instead of having an opportunity to display

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his lofty feelings, he found himself thrown into a situation of the strongest hostility to her, and after a life-time of friendship they were enemies. Their friends tried to patch up the quarrel, but in vain. Jacquelin felt himself now really aggrieved, and Blair declined to allow even the mention of him.

When Middleton arrived at the Courthouse, the evening of his ride, he found an order transferring his company to a frontier post in the far Northwest.

The same train by which the old company was to go, was to bring their successors.

The afternoon before his company left, Middleton rode up to Birdwood. He had given no one any notice, and he arrived unexpectedly. No one was in sight. Tying his horse to a tree, Middleton walked up through the grove. As he passed along he happened to cast his eyes in the direction of a little double building, which was off to one side, at some distance back of the dwelling, and seeing the old mammy enter one of the doors he walked over, thinking that she might come out, and he would ask if the family were at home. When in front of the nearest door he found that it was the kitchen and he was facing not the mammy —who, as a matter of fact, had entered another door—but Miss Cary herself. She was dressed in white, her skirt was turned back and pinned about her waist, and her sleeves were rolled up, showing her round white arms. Middleton would have drawn back, but she looked up and their eyes met. There was a moment of embarrassment, and Middleton was about to apologize for his intrusion, but before he could do so she came forward.

"Won't you come in?" she said; "or will you walk into the house?" The color had mounted to her cheeks, and the half-mocking smile had still a little embarrassment in it; but Middleton thought she had never looked half so charming.

"Can you doubt what I will do?" He stepped over the high threshold. "Even if I be but scullion——"

"You must have been taking lessons from the General. No one is ever allowed in here who will not work." She gave him a rolling-pin, and he set to work with it industriously.

"This comes of your doing," she said, still smiling. "I am the only cook left. Why don't you detail me one? If you were worth a button, you would."

"How would *I* do?" hazarded Middleton. "I'm a pretty good cook."

"Aunt Betty wouldn't have let you come into the kitchen, if she knew you handled your rolling-pin that way. Let me show you."

"Which is the best argument yet for the change of cooks," said Middleton, guilefully holding the rolling-pin more and more awkwardly for the very pleasure of being scolded by her. "Now, don't you think I am worth a button?"

"No, but you may learn."

"Unfortunately, I am going away."

"Are you? When are you coming back?" A polite little tone coming into her voice.

"Never." He tried to say it as indifferently as he had said it practising when he rode up, and which he liked better than the tragic "*Never*," which he had first proposed to himself; and all the time he was watching her out of the tail of his eye. She said nothing, and he felt a little disappointed.

"We are ordered away," he began. She was busying herself about something. But he was sure she heard.

"To the Northwest to keep the Indians down," he proceeded.

"Oh!" She turned quickly toward him, and their eyes met.

"Well, I hope you'll be as successful and find your task as pleasant there as you have here." Her head had gone up, as it did on the veranda the night of the ball.

"I do not appear to have been particularly successful here," Middleton began, banteringly, then walked over to her side. "Miss Cary, do you think I have really enjoyed my task here?"

"Why—yes," she began; then she glanced up and found him grave. "I don't know—I thought——"

"No," said Middleton. "You did not."

Just at this moment a shadow fell across the light, and Mammy Krenda stood in the door.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed, in well-feigned astonishment. "What in the worl' air you doin' in this kitchen?"

They both thought she was addressing Middleton, and he began to stammer a reply; but it was her young mistress whose

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presence there appeared to scandalize the old woman.

"Don't you know, you ain' got no business in heah? I can't turn my back to git nothin', but what you come interferin' wid my things. Go right in de house dis minute an' put yo' nice clo's on. I air really ashamed o' you to let a gent—a—anybody see you dat way."

She was pushing Blair out gently.

"I don' know what she air' doin' in heah," she said to Middleton, addressing him for the first time and with some disdain in her manner, as if she wished him to understand that he had no business there either.

As Blair passed him on her way out, she said to him, in a whisper:

"That's a yarn."

He followed her out and she said, with a low laugh:

"I do nearly all the cooking; but she thinks it's beneath my dignity to be caught at it."

They did not go into the house; but walked over into the grove and sat down on the grass on the farther slope. There Middleton threw himself at Blair's feet. As the old mammy passed from the kitchen to the house she made a little detour and cast a glance through the grove. The glint of a white dress through the trees caught her eye, and she gave a little sniff as she went on.

An hour later Middleton mounted his horse and rode away without returning to the house, and Blair Cary walked back through the grove alone. She turned across to the house which the old mammy occupied. It was empty, and she entered and flung herself on the snowy counterpaned bed.

The old woman came in a moment later. She gave the girl a swift glance, and turning to the window dropped the white curtain to shut out the slanting afternoon sun.

"'Taint no use to 'sturb yo'self, honey: he ain' gone," she said, sympathizingly. "He comin' back, jest sho as I live."

"He has gone," said Blair, suddenly, with some vehemence. "I have sent him away. I wish he had never come." But was she thinking of Middleton?

The old woman had turned and was looking down at her from where she stood.

"An' I glad you is," she said, "I ain't like Yankees no way. Dat deah man——"

"Mammy," said Blair, rising, "I do not wish you to speak so of a gentleman—who—who has been our guest."

"Yes, honey, dat's so," said the old woman, simply, without the least surprise. "Mammy won' say no more 'bout him. What I got to do wid abusin' a gent'man, no how!"

"Oh, Mammy!" said the girl, throwing her arms about her; and the old woman only said:

"Yes, honey — yes — yes. But don't you pester yoreself. 'T 'll all come right."

CHAPTER XVI

THE difference between the old company and the new one was marked in many ways besides in color, and the latter had not been in the county an hour before the people knew that the struggle had begun, and set themselves to prepare for it.

The afternoon of their arrival, Jerry entered Mr. Allen's office somewhat hastily and busied himself with suspicious industry. Presently Steve looked at him amusedly.

"Well, what do you want now?—Grandmother dead again?—If you get drunk again I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Done send a company o' niggers heah," Jerry announced with something like a grin, as he cut his eyes at his master.

"Negroes—hey?" Steve's expression did not change a particle and Jerry looked disappointed. If anything there was a little more light in Steve's eyes, but they were gazing out of the window, and Jerry could not see them.

"Leech back?" asked Mr. Allen, indifferently.

"Don' know, suh—I'll fine out."

The look on Jerry's face became once more a pleasant one.

The sound of a distant bugle came in at the window, and Steve rose and walked to the door of his office. The doors of several other offices were filled about the same moment. He went down to the fence in front of the court green and stood leaning against it listlessly watching the company as it came by, the bugle blowing, dust ris-

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ing, and the crowd of young negroes running beside them.

"Halt!" The Captain, a stout, red-faced man, turned his horse, and waved his sword to the negroes in the road, "Pull that fence down." He indicated the panel where Steve stood, adding a string of oaths to stir them from their slowness. A dozen men jumped toward the fence. Steve never budged an inch. With his arms resting on the top rail, he looked the Captain in the eye calmly, then looked at the negroes before him and kept his place. Except for a little dilatation of the nostrils, he might not have known there was a soldier within miles. The men hesitated a second, then just as the Captain began to swear again, ran to the next panel and tore it down even with the ground, dragging the posts out of their holes, and making a wide breach through which the company passed in to the old camp which Middleton's company had occupied.

As Steve turned away he said to a man near him:

"Seventy-nine negroes and three white men. We can manage them. Jerry, saddle my horse, and find out when Leech is coming back."

"Yes, suh," and Jerry, with a shrewd look, disappeared.

Ten minutes later the officer had called a guard, but Steve was already riding out the back lane toward the upper part of the county.

Leech arrived on the next train to that which brought the new troops. He opened a law office in a part of the building occupied by his commissary, and announced himself as a practitioner of the law as well as the Provost of the county.

He boasted openly that he had had Middleton's company removed, and he began to exercise new functions. The new company seemed to be under his authority, and he shortly appeared to be the real commander in the county.

Within a few weeks Dr. Cary and the other civil officers around received notices from Leech vacating their commissions on the ground, among others, that they had exceeded their powers. Still was appointed Justice of the Peace in place of Dr. Cary, and Nicholas Ash was made his Constable. Their services were not in immediate requisition, however, as, for the time being, Leech appeared to prefer to exercise his military rather than his civil government. He began forthwith to send out the soldiers in squads on tours through the county, partly to distribute rations and partly to patrol the country.

They had not been at this business long when they began to exercise many other functions; bullying and tyrannizing over the people and terrorizing them as far as possible. At first they devoted their energies principally to the whites, and the negroes were both impressed and affected by their power and insolence. But after more than one of the marauders were shot, they began to go in larger parties and turned their energies against the negroes as well as against their former masters, and were soon almost as obnoxious to the blacks as to the whites.

The condition throughout the county became such that many of the ladies and children were sent away to the city; and work in the country came nearly to a standstill. Steve Allen had almost abandoned his law practice, or, at least, his office, and spent his time visiting about in the adjoining counties. Leech took it as a sign of timidity, and breathed the freer that the insolent young lawyer was away.

"I mean to drive him out of the county," he boasted to Still. "I'll make it too hot for him."

"Wish you could," answered Still, devoutly. "But don't you go too fast. He ain't the sort to drive easy. And if you push him too hard, there'll be trouble."

Leech sneered. He wished he would do something so he might get his hand on him.

"You don't mean nothin' to *you?* 'Cause if he got his hand on you first——"

"No, I ain't afraid of him. He ain't such a fool as to do anything to me. I am the Government of the United States!" The Provost puffed out his bosom, and with a look of pride glanced at himself in a mirror.

"He ain't afeard of the government or nuthin' else. I wish he was."

"Well, he'd better be. As soon as I get things straight I mean to make him give an account of himself."

Steve soon gave an account of himself. A considerable party of the men of the negro troop, under command of a sergeant

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was "raiding" one afternoon, in the upper end of the county, when an incident occurred which had a signal effect on both the company and the county. They had already raided several places on their tour, and were on their way home, their saddle-bows ornamented with the trophies of their prowess and their rapacity, when toward sunset they stopped at the road-side store which Andy Stamper had started near the edge of the Red Rock plantation. Andy was not there that day, but his agent was. They demanded liquor. They got all they wanted, and called in a number of negroes, and made them drunk also. Old Waverley, who had come to the store to make some little purchases, was sitting on a block, smoking. Him they tried to induce to drink too; and when he declined, they hustled him a good deal, and finally kicked him out into the road as a "worthless old fool." Then, in their drunken folly, they began to talk of going to Red Rock and ordering supper before returning to camp. It would be a fine thing to take possession of that big house and have supper, and they would raid Stamper's on the way. They knew all about both places, and declared that they ought both to be burnt down. Meantime they demanded more liquor, which the store-keeper seemed suddenly ready to furnish. He made a sign to old Waverley, and the latter slipped off, and took a path through the woods. The nearest place to him was a little homestead on the road-side; but there was no one there but a woman; her husband had gone up to Mr. Stamper's, she said. So warning her as to the squad of negroes, the old man set out as hard as he could for home. Before he was through the woods, however, he met Rupert, riding down to the store on his colt, a handsome gray, and to him he gave notice, telling him that the store-keeper was doing what he could to hold the men there. Rupert wheeled his horse, and was off like a shot, and when Waverley emerged from the woods he saw Rupert a half mile away, dashing up, not to Red Rock, but to the Stamper place, which stood out clear on its little hill, a straight column of smoke going up in the still evening air. It seemed to the old man that there were a number of horses standing about in the yard, and it occurred to him to wonder if the soldiers could possibly have gotten there already. If so, his young master would be in danger of being hurt. But if they were soldiers, they did not remain long, for in a few minutes he saw a number of men mount, and the whole party ride rapidly away down the hill, with Rupert on his gray colt among them. Waverley caught one more glimpse of them as they disappeared in the wood, going in the direction of the store, and then he hurried on to Red Rock, where he found everything quiet.

Jacquelin was ill that day, and Steve Allen had left the house about mid-day. Rupert had gone to the store for the mail. Waverley did not tell anything about having seen Rupert go off with the men from Stamper's, but he turned and hurried back to the store. He had not gone far when he heard a shot or two fired, and then, on a sudden, a dozen or more. The old fellow broke into a run. When he reached the edge of the woods, from which he could see the little homestead, he stopped, appalled.

A half dozen negroes lay on the ground dead or dying, and a half dozen young white men were engaged either reloading their pistols or talking.

The little company of men Waverley had seen were a few who had gathered together on hearing of the raid that was taking place in the neighborhood that day. They, too, had heard of the contemplated visit to Red Rock and the Stamper place; for Jerry had gotten from someone a hint that a descent was to be made on those places.

Shortly after Waverley had left the store, the squad of soldiers had started for Red Rock; but thinking to make a clean sweep as they went, they stopped at the little house on the way, where Waverley had warned the woman and where there was a well, to take another drink, and were engaged in the amusement of looting this place, shooting at chickens, etc., when the company that Waverley had seen ride off from Stamper's came upon them. It was well for Mrs. Deal, the woman of the house, that the young men arrived when they did; for the negroes were tiring of merely destroying property, and just as the young men rode up they had seized her. No one knew for a long time who composed the party, for in five minutes every one of the raiders had been killed.

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There was excitement enough in the county that night, and when the news reached the Court-house, which, owing to the picketing of the roads, it did not do till next morning, the citizens were prepared. The comrades of the dead men swore they would burn the village and carry fire and sword through the county. The officers, however, suddenly awoke to the gravity of the situation, which was well for them. They were no doubt aided by the sudden appearance of perhaps two hundred grave-looking men who rode into town by every road that led to it, silent, and dusty, and grim. They were of every age and condition, and they lacked just enough order not to appear marching troops, but showed enough to seem one body. They were as serious and silent and with that something in their deliberate movements which, whether it be mere resolution or desperation, impresses all who behold it. The negroes about the village who had been in a flurry of excitement since the news came and had been crowding about the camp, shouting and yelling, suddenly melted out of sight, and even the soldiers quieted at the appearance of that steadily increasing body of resolute and orderly men gathered along the fences. General Legaie and Dr. Cary were their spokesmen, and they held an interview with the Captain, in which they gave him to understand certain things; they would obey his orders if he sent them by a single messenger; but if armed bodies of negroes continued to roam around the country, they would not be responsible for the consequences.

Leech was not to be found that afternoon. He had "gone to the city." Jerry learned afterward and told Captain Allen that he did not go until night, and that when the crowd was there he was hidden at Hiram Still's.

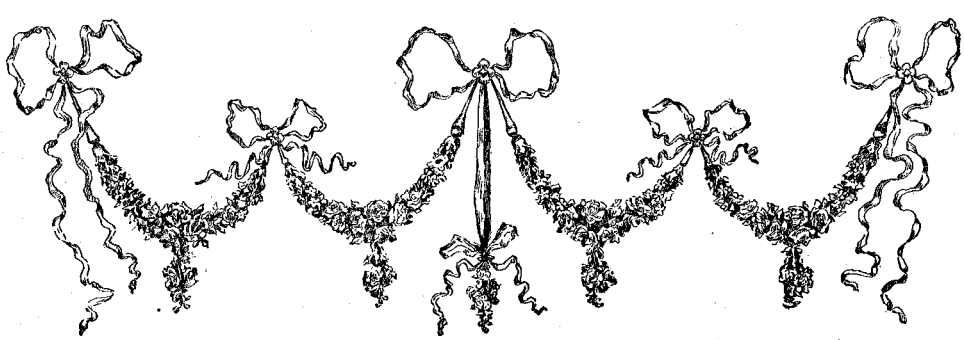
An investigation of the outbreak was held and as an effect of the investigation several young men left the county for a time, among them Rupert Gray, who was sent off to school to an academy which was not known to the neighbors generally.

Another result was that the old county got a bad name with those who were controlling the destiny of the State, which clung to it for many years. Andy Stamper was arrested for the affair; but it was shown that he was away from home that day, and the group of men Waverley had seen were waiting for him. All of these things, however, at the time were little cared for by the residents there; for the negro troop was removed and a white company was sent in its place.

It turned out, afterward, that these men had never been in actual service, but for the time being the people of the county were ready to welcome any exchange.

About the same time came down a new visitor, Mr. Hurlbut Bail, who though, as has been seen, he had been formerly a fierce fire-eater had become a most violent advocate of the other side. He paid a visit to the county as Leech's guest. It was rumored that he had come down to look into the recent outbreak; but if so, nothing was done at that time, and after a day or two he returned to the city and later to the National Capital.

(To be continued.)



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THE CONVENTIONS OF THE DRAMA

By Brander Matthews

IN her frankly feminine and agreeably Gallic "Notes on London," Mme. Alphonse Daudet records her surprise at the strange spectacle of old ladies going to the Queen's Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace with bare arms, and shoulders uncovered, and hair bediamonded, all in the broad daylight. In Paris personal decoration so sumptuous is reserved for evening, and for artificial illumination. On the other hand, in England men put on the white tie and the dress-coat only when twilight begins; whereas in France this garb is primarily ceremonial and is worn on state occasions whatever the hour of the day; it was in a dress-coat and with a white tie, and bareheaded under the summer sun, that President Casimir-Perier followed the bier of the murdered Carnot. Mme. Daudet also notes that she kept to the French custom, and took off her bonnet when she went out to lunch in London, only to discover that it was the English fashion for ladies to retain their head-coverings at a mid-day meal in a friend's house. When the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton brought his French bride to visit his British family, he put her on her guard on some points, so she relates: "I was told not to be always thanking the servants for their services (as we do in France) if I wished to be considered well-bred."

Thus we see that the social practices of the Gaul and the Briton are sometimes sharply opposed, one to the other, although the English Channel is but a narrow strip of water. When we go as far as the Suez Canal, we find oriental customs as arbitrary as the occidental, and absolutely different from them. In the Orient a man wears his hat in church or in the presence of his superior and he takes off his shoes. The women of the East veil their faces, even though their figures be ill-concealed beneath a single floating and diaphanous garment, and they are wont to think the worst of the women of the West who clothe their bodies and reveal their visages.

It would be easy to collect other contradictions as characteristic as these; but here are quite enough to suggest that the differing customs, although everywhere enforced by the pressure of opinion, are often quite illogical in themselves. There is no inherent reason why a man should wear a dress-coat in the daytime or should not wear it; the French decide the question in accordance with one theory and the British in accordance with another. The decision having been made, there is in each country an unformulated agreement as to the proper course on all occasions. These conventions of society are subject to constant change, but while they are in force they are quite as powerful as the unwritten laws that govern our political actions. In public life, for example, there is a tacit understanding that no President of the United States shall have a third term and that the presidential electors shall not really exercise any choice of their own. Upon conventions like these the whole structure of society has been erected, and life would become immensely difficult were we to begin suddenly to question the countless implied contracts to which we submit ourselves unhesitatingly without having given them any consideration whatever.

Language is likewise a convention, whether spoken or written; and our accepted orthography is only a common understanding to use certain combinations of letters to represent the several sounds of English speech. The Morse alphabet of dots and lines is no more a matter of consensus than is the use of the Arabic numerals. Every art has its own language and its own picture-writing. Implied contracts, like those that underly the art of human intercourse, are at the base of all the other fine arts also; and not a few of the denunciations of artistic conventionalities

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we hear so frequently are due to an imperfect apprehension of the condition precedent to each of the several arts; they are the result of a failure to perceive the terms of the tacit understanding between the public, party of the first part, and the practitioners of the art in question, parties of the second part—an unwritten treaty which alone makes that art possible.

The infinite variety of nature can never be reproduced by finite means; and therefore art necessarily consists in the suppression of non-essentials—the decision as to what is essential changing with every art, with every artist, and with every subject. Life so varied and so complex that the poet, the painter, and the sculptor must each of them select from the multiplicity of details before him those which will best suggest the whole. The movement of real life is eternal, and the play of light and shade and color is incessant; yet the sculptor is forced to accept monochrome and to renounce all attempt to reproduce actual motion; and if he refuses to subscribe to the convention which allows him to falsify realities by excluding motion and color, the most he can hope to achieve is some sort of mechanical waxworks. In like manner, the draughtsman in black and white represents a marble figure or an ivory carving by tracing dark lines on light paper, thus calling up before us the real truth by a denial of the actual fact. The screen-scene of the "School for Scandal" is seen by us only because in the theatre one side of *Joseph Surface's* library has been removed, the play-goers knowing that in real life most rooms have four walls, but none the less permitting the playwright to eliminate one of the four, or else he could never set before them what was taking place within doors.

The convention on which sculpture depends is that the statue of a living man may be colorless and motionless. The convention without which the art of black-and-white could not exist, is that all the soft play of shifting color which perpetually delights us in nature, shall be represented by dark lines of varying sharpness. As art cannot reproduce nature as a whole, it must rely on the implied contract for the right to make the suppressions and the modifications it thinks it needs. Some suppression and some modification is absolutely necessary; but so willing is the public to let the artist have all the license he requires, that it has often accorded privileges not at all needful. For example, in the processions painted on the walls of the Egyptian temples, the sovereign was always depicted as of a stature mightily exceeding that of any of his warriors. This conventionality, not being essential, was only temporary. Certain other conventionalities are tolerated without objection even now, when they are imposed on the artist by the material in which he is working; thus, as marble is fragile, the sculptor working in it is allowed to stiffen a nude figure by a wholly gratuitous trunk of a tree and sometimes even by a frankly unexplained support of the stone itself; but this privilege is properly denied to the statuary who works in bronze.

In no one of the arts are there more legitimate conventions than in the drama, in none also are there more outworn and accidental conventionalities. To study these is to gain increased insight into the methods of the great dramatists. The artist is rarely a theorist also; and generally he employs without question the conventions he finds in use by the predecessors whose apprentice he was. The essential conventions underlying the drama are permanent, like those supporting each of the other arts; and the play-goer is so accustomed to these that he takes them for granted and never cavils at the artistic deviation from complexity of real life. In the drama, as in the novel and in narrative verse, the author needs to disentangle the action he has chosen to set forth from out the countless accessory incidents with which it would be intermingled inextricably were it a true story. He needs to acquaint his auditors with that part of his plot which has taken place before the play begins. He needs to present his characters clearly and unhesitatingly, so that the spectator can follow them without confusion or doubt, perceiving at once the motive for their respective actions. He needs to remember always that his minutes are few and that he has none to spare, so that he must pick his words and compact his dialogue, presenting, in a quarter of an hour, a discussion that in reality might have been protracted through half a day or half a year.

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These are among the permanent and essential conventions as necessary, in Athens of old as in New York now. And by the side of these the student of stage-history can draw up a list of temporary conventionalities, acceptable somewhere for a season, but seeming very absurd where they are not in fashion. In the Japanese theatre the gorgeously costumed characters are accompanied each by an attendant in sombre black, who is supposed to be invisible, and whose duty it is to hold his master's fan or sword and to act as his body servant. In the Chinese theatre in New York, half a dozen chairs piled on the top of a couple of tables serve to suggest a mountain covered with ice and snow. In the Passion-play, which still survives in New Mexico, almost four centuries after the Spanish brought it across the Atlantic, the *Devil* is now represented always in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer; and when Captain Bourke once proffered an infantry uniform instead, it was declined. In the Greek theatre two thousand years ago, when a murder had been committed behind closed doors, the portals were opened from within and there was thrust forward the *ekkyklema*, a platform on rollers, on which was a group—a *tableau vivant*, as it were—posed to represent the deed of death just committed out of sight.

Now, each of these spectacles seems to us unnatural and ridiculous; but no one of them so impressed the spectators before whom it was produced. Because they were accustomed to it and knew nothing else, it seemed to them perfectly natural. And this is not merely because they were barbarians or Greeks, since we New Yorkers of the nineteenth century now accept as normal conventionalities which would strike a Chinaman or a Mexican, a Japanese, or an Athenian, as inexpressibly ludicrous. Is the invisible attendant in black much more impossible than our stage waiting-maid, with her silk stockings, short skirts, beribboned cap, and bejewelled ears? Is the frozen peak made of obvious chairs and tables much more impossible than the sudden lowering from the sky of a drop-scene on which is painted a street of solidly built stone-houses? Is the *ekkyklema* much more impossible than our equivalent device of a wall made of wire-gauze and becoming unexpectedly transparent when the lights are lowered in front of it and turned up behind?

If we take time to think, we can see that these things are out of nature; but we are so accustomed to them that we accept them as a matter of course. So in other countries and at other times other conventionalities have passed unperceived, however abnormal and freakish they may seem now to us. The Greeks saw nothing out of the way in a tragic hero, raised up on tall buskins and speaking through the mouth of a mask, which had to retain its set expression throughout the play, however startling the unexpected turns of the plot. The Latins found pleasure in a lyric monologue (called *cantica*) chanted by a singer in a corner of the stage, while the actor in the centre made the appropriate gestures; and this has a modern parallel in our unsuspicious enjoyment of the orchestral accompaniment of a song supposed to be sung under circumstances where no orchestra could possibly be present, in the Forest of Arden, for instance. The English under Elizabeth expected to be forewarned of the exit of an important character by a rhyming couplet at the end of his speech, that they might be ready with their applause. The French under Louis XIV. were not shocked by the presence of rows of courtiers seated down each side of the stage and leaving only a contracted space in the centre for the characters of the comedy to transact their most private affairs.

As we read down the history of the drama we discover that almost every generation has prided itself on getting closer to nature than its predecessor did; but an analysis of this boasted progress shows us that it has consisted generally in the discarding of some of the more flagrant conventionalities of the earlier generation—for which others quite as arbitrary were often substituted promptly. A conventionality which had its origin in some circumstance of a single theatre is transplanted to other theatres, where it is quite meaningless; and there it lingers long, for the stage is the most conservative of all human institutions, very loath to give up anything which has once pleased the public. The Theatre of Dionysius at Athens was the model of the Greek theatres else-

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where; and as it was so situated that the city was West of its stage and the open country East, a habit sprang up for a character to enter by the western entrance if he were a resident of the place where the scene was laid, or if he came from the harbor, and by the eastern if he were a traveller by land. This Athenian custom spread to the other Greek theatres, where it was a pure conventionality, not dependent on the relative situation of the city and the theatre. Nay, more, like so many other traditions of the Greek stage, it was carried over to Rome; and in the comedies of Plautus we find that personages entering stage-right are supposed to come from the harbor, while those entering stage-left are supposed to come from the Forum, the former being strangers and the latter citizens.

Perhaps the fondness of certain actors to-day for the centre of the stage is a survival from the time when no other position was adequately lighted. In the early days of this century, before the introduction of gas, the footlights consisted of half a dozen or more oil lamps, and the point where their rays converged was very properly known as the "focus." Here all important passages of the piece had to be delivered, since elsewhere the accompanying play of feature was not assuredly visible. It is told that when one of Kean's admirers complimented him at supper after a performance of "Othello," saying that in the great scene with *Iago* he almost thought the tragedian would strangle the villain, Kean answered, "Confound the fellow! He was trying to get me out of the focus!" Under the electric light the face of the actor can now be seen clearly in the most remote corner of the stage.

Other conventionalities have been abandoned as the modern stage has become more realistic. In the last century the "box-set" had not been devised, which frames a room in with walls and a ceiling; a baronial hall was then indicated by side-scenes placed one behind the other, the characters appearing on the stage through the first entrance right or the second entrance left, after apparently walking right through the walls of the house. The spectators never cried out against this impossibility as we should nowadays, because they then had never seen anything better. So far as we know, nobody ever commented on the practice of the elder Booth in "Richard III.," who, when the time came for him to fight *Richmond*, walked to a side-scene and received a sword from an invisible attendant. This frank conventionality is not unpleasing; *Richard* was there to fight, and he did fight, and how he got his sword was an inconsiderable trifle no man need note in that moment of supreme effort.

Junius Brutus Booth's simplicity here is far preferable to Charles Kean's conduct in calling to the actor who played the porter and who was crossing the stage at a rehearsal of "Macbeth," to answer the dread knocking at the gate. "Don't hide that key in your hand," cried Kean; "as if it were an ordinary key! Let everybody see it; it's a key of the period!"

No doubt Charles Kean knew the temper of those who came to see him act better than we can know it now; but it would seem that only when *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* were wretchedly impersonated could any spectator spare a thought for the material implement in that moment of awful suspense. It is a most artistic convention which authorizes the stage-manager to keep all the accessories of a climax as vague as may be, so that the attention of the audience shall never be distracted from the points of prime importance, the faces of the men and women whose souls are about to be wrung with anguish.

Whatever may be said against the three unities, the unity of attention must ever be respected. Mr. Jefferson has told us how scrupulous Burke and Burton were not to interfere with one another in the scenes they had together, each attracting the eyes of the audience in turn and each remaining passive (or, at most, expectant) while the other was speaking. In real life both characters might have been simultaneously energetic, but as the audience can give heed to only a single performer at a time, the one comedian or the other subordinated himself temporarily, with the result of intensifying the effect of the acting of both.

It may even be doubted whether the individualizing of the constituent fractions of the mob in the Forum scene of "Julius Cæsar" (as that play was presented by the Meiningen Company) was not an artistic

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error. True it is, that no rabble had ever before been so well realized on the stage, and that if we watched the many-headed throng while *Mark Antony* was making his dexterous appeal, we could discover how this phrase or that won over the successive groups of the populace. But we could observe the crowd thus closely only at the cost of a certain neglect of *Mark Antony* himself, who ought to centre all eyes at that supreme moment of the tragedy. Splendidly successfully as the Meiningers were in their histrionic exposition of the fickleness of a crowd, their performance explained the long survival of the ordinary stage-mob, a mere operatic chorus, almost automatic, moved always as one man and always leaving our attention free to follow the plea of the protagonist. The traditional crowd was a simplification of the complexity of actual existence, an artistic convention that justified itself.

As the spectator has but one pair of eyes and but one pair of ears, conflicting emotions that might be expressed simultaneously in real life must on the stage be expressed consecutively. Only one actor must act at once, the others biding their time. Since—in the final analysis—what we seek in the theatre is acting, everything else must be kept subordinate to the actor, suppressing itself so that attention may be concentrated on him. To lay undue stress on the accessories of acting—on costume, for instance, and on scenery—is to divert the mind of the playgoer from what ought to be our chief source of pleasure in the theatre. In his Shakespearian productions, Charles Kean took an infinity of pains to have every dress and every background and every property historically accurate—an accuracy to which Shakespeare himself had never given a thought. The theatre was not built to hold a platform for illustrated lectures on archæology and history; it was meant to contain a stage for the depicting of human struggle so that the soul of the spectator might be purged by sympathy or lightened by laughter.

It is in matters of costume and scenery that convention is perhaps most convenient. Absolute accuracy in either is not requisite, even if it were possible, but only such approach to the actual fact as will not distract attention by its incongruity. To-day we should not be able to appreciate Molière's acting as *Cæsar*, if we were to see him as Mignard has painted him in the part, with flowing periwig crowned with laurel; but under Louis XIV that was the conventional head of a hero, and any closer reproduction of antiquity would have distracted the attention of Molière's contemporaries from his performance to the mere accident of his make-up. As *Macbeth*, Garrick wore the uniform of a British major-general—perfectly acceptable in his time, when play-goers had not been taught to think about historic propriety; and in the same part, John Philip Kemble used to wear in his cap towering black plumes, which Walter Scott once plucked out to replace with the single eagle's feather of a Highland chief. In Talma's time in France, the play-going public was slowly getting to have a vague perception of the wide gulf between the ancients and the moderns, and yet when the great French tragedian first entered the green-room of the Théâtre Français as *Cinna* in what was meant for a toga, one of the actresses, shocked at this unexpected attire, cried out reproachfully, "*Fi, Talma, vous avez l'air d'une statue antique!*"

As with costume, so with scenery; it best serves its purpose when it is least obtrusive. The most accomplished scene-painter cannot give us real sky on the stage or real daylight, real trees, or real houses. He cannot present the real thing; the best he can do is to represent it. And as realism can go only so far and no farther, it is not a question of principle, but a question of degree. All he is called upon to do is to suggest these things to us, and to refrain from any too flagrant solecism, which might jar on our nerves and prevent our giving our minds unreservedly to the play itself. If he places a real tree amid the trees he has painted, it looks sadly out of place; and what is worse, it also recalls us from our voluntary illusion and reminds us of the unreality of its surroundings. In the nineteenth century we are so accustomed to the elaborately upholstered set, richly decorated and sumptuously furnished, that we should now resent the simplicity that amply satisfied our ancestors in the eighteenth century.

The Elizabethans asked no questions as to where the scene of a play was laid; they saw before them a platform jutting

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into the yard, and they gave their attention to what the men and women did upon that platform. In most of the earlier Elizabethan dramas the scene is laid on the stage —frankly on the stage; and whenever it is necessary for the audience to know just what part of the universe the stage is then supposed to represent, this information is promptly supplied by the text, as in Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," for example. There was no need of the alleged placards declaring the scene; these would have been an obtrusion in the eyes of Marlowe's contemporaries, who never cared where the place was, so long as the play was interesting. These supposed signs are no more than the Victorian explanation of a need not felt by the Elizabethans; and they are not warranted by the passage of Sydney, which is cited in support. In the Greek drama, also, I see no necessity whatever for any scenery. The Athenians were quite artistic enough in their tastes to make believe as much as might be necessary. In the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, for example, the earlier passages are on earth and the later in Hades, but I do not believe that this change of scene was indicated by any modification of the architectural background. Probably *Bacchus*, on one side of the stage, stepped into a pasteboard boat —as little deceptive as the basket-horses of our childhood—and pretended to help *Charon* row across the Styx; and when they had come to the other side of the stage, *Bacchus* simply stepped out of his boat, and everybody knew that he had arrived in Hades. We must not read our modern demands into the minds of the Greeks. To us a device like this might appear too primitive, although in a burlesque—and the "Frogs" is a burlesque, after all—anything of this sort would be accepted as part of the joke. But we are looking back at the simplicity of the Greek theatre with the consciousness of our own scenic elaboration; the Greeks accepted it as an immense advance on the still more primitive dance in the market-place out of which the drama had been developed.

And even now, when we have been sated with costumes and scenery and have trained ourselves to be very exacting in these accessories, we are perfectly willing to do without them, if only we are warned beforehand, so that we are not disappointed of any just expectation. Sir Henry Irving once took his company to West Point and acted the "Merchant of Venice," in the mess-hall, on a platform, draped with hangings only, without any pretence of scenery; and never was there a more effective performance, so I have been told both by those who beheld it and by those who took part in it. Mr. Edwin Booth once went to the theatre at Hartford to act "Hamlet," only to find that the trunks containing the costumes had all miscarried. At his suggestion announcement was made from the stage that those who wished their money back might have it, while for those who remained the tragedy would be given in the everyday clothes of the company. Here was a more startling experiment than Sir Henry Irving's, but it was equally triumphant, for after the first few minutes of surprise the spectators ceased to be conscious of the clothes and gave their minds wholly to the play itself. Thus we see that even in these sophisticated times, when we are told that Shakespeare is possible on the stage only when presented with every richness of scenic display and costly costuming, we find that one of his plays was acted at West Point with costumes, but without scenery, and another was acted at Hartford with scenery but without costumes. In each of these cases the audience was forewarned; and here we have the convention in its strictly etymological meaning of "agreement." It was a condition precedent of their enjoyment that the spectators should not notice the absence of scenery in the one case and of costume in the other; and the audience had no difficulty in keeping its bargain. The public never cavils at what aids its own amusement, and when it wants to know what has taken place behind the scenes, it welcomes either the ek*kyklema* of the Greeks or the temporarily transparent wall of Sir Henry Irving's "Faust," freely permitting the dramatist even to contradict the actual facts, if that will in any way help him in his task. Indeed, the willingness of the broad public to go halves with the playwright and to make believe as much as he may ask it, has always been underestimated, I think. Just as the skilful etcher translates the light and shade of a human countenance by an arrangement of sharp black lines and pre-

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sents us with a portrait we are quick to call lifelike, though in fact no man's face is surrounded by a sharp black line, so the dramatist is allowed not merely the liberties he absolutely needs, but a few more, for good measure. Some license he must have, since art cannot repeat or reproduce the whole of life ; and after the permission is once given to vary from the exact and complete fact, what does it matter whether the variation be more or less ?

If we give heed to the conversation we hear all about us every day, we are surprised to discover how slovenly it is, the most of it—how involved, how full of repetitions, how studded with broken phrases and with sentences that begin anywhere and end nowhere. Very rare is the man whose remarks will parse and whose conversation does not abound in restatements. When we write out from memory the turns of a dialogue in real life, we recall and set down only the significant remarks and those which led up to these—the insignificant words, the repetitions, the digressions we suppress as though we had never heard them. Probably the stenographer in a law-court is the only reporter of human speech who does not cut out tautology and straighten out grammar. The most prolix and tedious of novelists has never dared to encumber any chapter of his most sluggish story with the half of the trivial verbiage that would have accompanied a similar discussion in real life. If this variation from nature—the convention of condensation—is necessary for the novelist whose pages are as many as he shall please, it is doubly imperative upon the playwright, whose minutes are counted. One reason why it is difficult to dramatize a novel is due to the different scale of condensation used in the two arts—a conversation that seemed easy and flowing in a story turning out to be too loose in texture and twice too long in a play. Stage dialogue, when at its best, when it has most of the directness and simplicity of good talk, is very far from the laxity of everyday conversation. In Augier's comedies, in Ibsen's dramas, we are in a world where every character is quick to seize the meaning of what is said to him and able to express his own thought with the utmost brevity and without any fumbling for the just word.

Having signed the convention of condensation and having accepted the play in which no phrase is wasted and no time is lost, it is only a slight additional concession that Sheridan and Beaumarchais ask from us. In their comedies not only has every character a mastery of terse speech, he is also a wit. From the picked and polished sentences of Sheridan, it is but a short step to the rhythmic prose that Shakespeare often employs; and from that to blank verse is only a little farther. And if we once agree to rhythm, there is really no reason why we should not allow rhyme also. Shakespeare used blank verse generally, but he dropped into rhyme now and again, especially in his earlier plays; Corneille, Molière, and Racine employed the rhyming couplet. In the Spanish drama *asonantes* were used instead of ordinary rhymes, but the metrical scheme was often elaborate and Lope de Vega especially recommends the sonnet form as excellent for soliloquies. To us who speak English, sonnet and *asonante* and rhymed couplet are alike unduly artificial, while blank verse and polished prose are so familiar that they seem natural. But the English practice is a matter of convention, just as the Spanish is and the French.

In Shakespeare's tragedies we meet a people whose natural speech is blank verse, and in Molière's comedies a people whose natural speech is the rhymed couplet. In French light opera we find characters whose ordinary medium of conversation is compact prose, but who become lyrical in moments of emotion. In Wagner's operas we are brought face to face with a tribe who know no other means of communicating their thoughts and feelings than song; they are not singing as ordinary mortals may do by an effort of the will—they simply have never suspected the existence of any other form of speech. And just as the convention underlying Wagner's operas (without the acceptance of which that form of art is impossible), is that of a race expressing themselves naturally in song, so the convention underlying pantomime is that of a race expressing themselves naturally by gesture. The characters of " L'Enfant Prodigue," for example, are not deaf and dumb, they are not creatures deprived of the ability to speak; they use gesture freely and inevitably be-

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cause they have never dreamed that there is any other way to converse than by signs. One of these conventions may be a little closer to nature than another, but all of them are sufficiently removed from the actual facts of life; and although we may not be disposed to relish all of them equally, all are alike legitimate in art.

Another essential convention permits all the persons of the drama to use the same language as the audience, no matter what their nationality may be. Not only *Henry VIII.*, but *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, *Brutus* and *Cassius*, *Timon* of Athens and *Dromio* of Syracuse, all speak English in Shakespeare's plays. In "Henry V." the scenes in the English camp are in English of course, but so are those at the French court, and even those when the princes of the rival kingdoms meet and confer; yet when *Henry V.*, woos *Katherine* she has only broken French to answer his sturdy English. We see the inconsistency here when it is pointed out, but it does not annoy us in the theatre. If all the characters did not speak our own language we should not understand them. That we should be able to follow the story by taking in the words spoken is a condition precedent to our enjoyment, so we do not deny the implied contract the dramatist pleads in self-defence.

Shrill protests greeted Signor Salvini's first appearance as *Othello* with a supporting company of American actors; and yet this novel arrangement was only a slight elaboration of the ordinary convention. When Mr. Edwin Booth had acted *Othello* the tacit compact was that all the Italians of the play should speak English; and when he acted *Iago* to Signor Salvini's *Othello* the implied contract called for a Moor speaking Italian yet understanding English, and for various Italian characters speaking English yet understanding Italian. When Mr. Booth had acted *Iago* (speaking English) with Herr Devrient as *Othello* (speaking German), Frau Methua-Schiller was the *Desdemona*, and she spoke English except when addressing *Othello*, and then she spoke German. In the Sanskrit drama heroes and the nobler male characters speak Sanskrit, while women and slaves speak Pali—the vernacular of which Sanskrit is the more ceremonial form. Oddly enough a similar distinction obtains to-day in the theatres of the New York ghetto, where Mrs. Van Rensselaer recently "saw an operetta in which most of the characters spoke or sang comprehensible German, while the pronouncedly comic ones used Yiddish."

It is an indisputable necessity of the acted drama that the performers shall so pitch their voices as to be heard all over the house, and that they shall so place themselves on the stage as to keep their faces visible from all parts of the theatre. These are both deviations from ordinary usage, since common-sense tells us that a man does not discuss his private affairs in tones to be heard by a thousand people, and the doctrine of probabilities assures us that only a quarter of the time would a couple face toward any given point of the compass. Even when two characters alone on the stage whisper together, not to be overheard by other characters supposed to be in the next room, they can but pretend to lower their voices, since what they say must be audible to the audience—or else why say it? Many a critic, accustomed to blank verse and to the absence of the fourth wall of a room and to a hundred other conventions he blindly accepts, unconscious that they too are out of nature, has refused to legitimate the "stage-whisper," the "aside," and the "soliloquy," holding them to be a little too flagrantly unreal. It is not to be denied that the aside and the soliloquy are labor-saving devices, which some dramatists have worked hard. The easy convenience of soliloquy, by means of which a tortuous character can undeceive the audience while taking in the other personages of the play, has been too tempting to many a playwright. The conscientious dramatist has tended of late to get along without the aside and the soliloquy. The younger Dumas and Ibsen and Mr. William Gillette (in "Secret Service") have proved that it is perfectly possible to eschew them both. Here the later playwright holds to a higher standard of technic than the earlier, just as Molière made us perceive *Tartuffe's* evil purpose without a single self-explanatory aside, while Shakespeare had allowed *Iago* to unbosom himself freely to the audience in the intervals of his hideous machinations. After all, what is the convention underlying the soliloquy? It is that *Ham-*

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let, for example, is a man in the habit of thinking aloud when alone. Few of us would refuse to sign this agreement at the cost of losing "To be or not to be." Few of us, on the other hand, fail to think that the permission is strained when we find *Romeo* overhearing *Juliet's* soliloquy on the balcony. Molière took this license as well as Shakespeare, for in "L'École des Femmes" the *Notary* overhears the soliloquy of *Arnolphe*.

The more we examine the history of the acting drama the more clearly we see that convention is only a question of more or less, since more or less convention is inevitable in the drama as in every other art. Some conventions are essential and permanent, as we have noted in the preceding pages; and some are accidental and temporary. Of these last—which had perhaps best be called conventionalities—a few are due to the physical condition of the theatres where they arose, while others have come into being for reasons not always conjecturable now. While the temporary conventionality is acceptable, no one remarks its absurdity, which is obvious to every one so soon as it falls out of fashion. The conventionalities of one nation or of one epoch sometimes strike the people of other nations and of other epochs as grotesque; and the wonder is how anything so gross could ever have been tolerated.

Although every convention makes art remoter from nature—what of it? Nature is not art; indeed, if it were, art would have no excuse for existence. What art does is to give us a skilfully chosen part so arranged as to suggest the whole. No one who enters a theatre really expects or desires to be shown an exact presentation of life; and the spectators are ready therefore to enjoy the artistically modified representation of life. Essential truth is what the drama can offer us and not a collection of the mere facts.

Professor William James, after reminding us how a poor child will make a doll of a rag-bundle having only the vaguest likeness to humanity, remarks "that a thing not too interesting by its own real qualities generally does best service here." Playgoers are as willing as little children to make believe. Experience proves that a too close imitation of the external facts of real life tends to check this willingness. "Real tubs" lead straight to the "tank drama." The stage is the realm of unreality, and a real tree is not as natural as a scene-painter's tree. A true sense of artistic fitness prescribes that the real and the imitation shall not be mingled incongruously; the picture should be all of a piece and not a thing of shreds and patches.

Once upon a time a little girl had amused herself by dramatizing a horse out of a sofa-cushion; and at last she came to her mother and said, "Horsey thirsty." The kind parent went to the side-board and poured out a glass of water for the imaginary steed. But this the child rejected at once with a finer sense of dramatic propriety, explaining that a "purtending horse ought to drink purtending water."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

PERSONAL publicity, the sort that comes from the distribution of biographical details and the publication of likenesses, may be commercially useful to some purveyors of public entertainment, but it seems probable that there has been an overestimation of its value to the makers of books.

The Commercial Value of Personal Publicity.

One of the most popular books ever written was "Alice in Wonderland." Its distribution must have been enormous, and doubtless it still goes vigorously on, but who had ever seen a likeness of the man who wrote it? When Dr. Dodgson died the other day and the newspapers told who he was and what title he had to be held in grateful memory, thousands of his debtors identified him for the first time as "Lewis Carroll," the author of the inimitable stories that are almost as familiar to contemporary children as "Mother Goose." Dr. Dodgson liked peace and a quiet life, and very cordially disliked notoriety. Like many wise people, he found great pleasure and recreation in the companionship of nice children, and for their amusement he concocted two of the queerest and most original and delightful books that ever were written. But he never considered that merely because his books became famous there was any need that he should become famous too. There was no real mystery about the authorship of the "Alice" books, and he never seriously attempted to make any. He simply put an assumed name on their title-pages, and declined to admit the authorship of any book to which his real name was not signed. So far as appears, this expedient was entirely successful. He went on living at Oxford, and pursuing his vocation as a mathematician, without annoyance from the attention of admirers. American tourists did not ask themselves to dine with him; writers of literary articles did not question him with any success as to his habits, nor were they able to lay bare the intellectual apparatus that had contributed so much to the amusement of the world. None of the familiar calamities which notoriety is supposed to have brought down on all the popular British authors, from Scott to Du Maurier, seem ever to have overtaken him.

So it seems that even a successful author, if he really yearns for privacy, may have it, and keep it, if only he plans for it in time and persists in wanting it.

Mr. Kipling's case may seem evidence to the contrary, and it is true that everyone knows his picture; but in view of his enormous popularity and of the fact that he acknowledges the authorship of what he writes, it would have savored of affectation for him to have tried to suppress that. It is recognized, though, that Mr. Kipling prefers to maintain the privacy of his private life, and he certainly succeeds in doing so.

One of the books that have made the most recent conquest of the popular taste is "Quo Vadis," but of its thousands of readers in the United States how many know anything about its author except his name? Not many. Mr. Sienkiewicz's picture has been published, and is getting tolerably familiar, but no appreciable part of the popularity of his books is due to anything that is known of him as an individual. Some biographical facts about him have lately been printed, but they have been the dust that followed his chariot, and not a preliminary disturbance made by outriders.

It is evident that the most successful books succeed because of what is put between the covers of them, and not because they are helped by writers of personal paragraphs, or because of any delectation that the public finds in intimate acquaintance with the domestic environment of authors. It is pathetic, for one thing, how eager people are to read something that they think will do them good. That desire had some part in the success of "Ben Hur," and the success of "Quo Vadis." Both books touched upon matters which concerned the history of Christianity; and though that alone would not necessarily win readers for them, it had very much to do with the interest of the readers that they found. Personal advertising had scarcely anything to do with it.

No modest author need hesitate to produce a masterpiece, or even a popular novel (which need not be a masterpiece, and usually isn't one), for fear that his success will involve the sacrifice of a reasonable privacy. His book must be published if its worth is to be fairly tested; but that he should be published too is not at all indispensable. If he chooses not to have his likeness run in the advertising col-

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umns of the newspapers, he can keep it out, and his book won't suffer; if he prefers that his personal idiosyncracies and circumstances should not be discussed, that, too, can be accomplished in great measure without much trouble. The only things the public absolutely requires from writers in exchange for its favors are ideas and good writing. Everything else is thrown in, and may in most cases be easily and safely withheld.

AN Easterner who likes to indulge his sympathy with

the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,

can get much food for his meditations in the breezy and prairie-sweeping suggestiveness of many things which arise in the great West. Not long since, for example, a Kansas editor, replying to a toast to his State (we may suppose that it was drunk in water), spoke such high truths as these: "Here is a youthful community of little more than a million souls, receiving citizens from all over the world—from every kindred, every tribe—digesting them, assimilating them, and making them—not ex-Ohioans, not ex-Hoosiers, not Southerners, not Yankees, not Irish, Dutch, French, Russians, Germans, Swedes, nor Jews, but Kansans, and proud of it; who are, let us hope and believe, the best types of Americans." And farther on: "A true essence of the sway that Kansas has in the world may not be gathered into statistics; it may not find lodging in the clearing-house ledger; it eludes the pursuer with his avoirdupois scales; but it shines forth in the high percentum of literacy and the consequent deep, wholesome morality of the people. They are approaching—even if from afar off—the ideal of conduct that was always before the fathers who 'crossed the seas.' Kansas has erected to her god a little white shrine in every township. The high priestess thereof is the schoolma'am, and when she is in her holy temple—well may the nations tremble." The speech as a whole has much more to it than these scraps; it has a good deal of the humor of the larger Mark Twain variety; and it is full of the kind of half-intentional bombast which is so dear to the heart of the True American, as an Englishman conceives him. It is, however, just this titanic, bantering brag which, to a reflective Easterner, is so stimulating to thought.

Behind the Brag.

For underlying the rhodomontade and the screaming of the eagle and the not infrequent bad manners, is a consciousness of strength which gives a serious side to the joking. If the True American (as above defined) in a speech like this, or in such antics as those of certain senators and representatives in Congress over any question of foreign affairs, is ready to brag of himself and then to laugh, half uncomfortably, it may be, at his own braggings, he is also never very unready to show that his boasts are not empty. His happy recklessness takes my thought back to the times when his ancestors were singeing the King of Spain's beard under Drake, or under Lord Howard of Effingham were meeting the Armada with hearts as light as if the numbers in the two fleets had been reversed. One can imagine a Spaniard of the time of Philip II. shaking his beard over the excessively bad taste which Raleigh and Drake showed in their braggings and in their total disregard of the comforts and rights of the rest of the world. And one can imagine, too, the surprised and unhesitating contempt with which the polished writers of Italy—Marini and Tassoni, for example—might have looked on the untamed exuberance of Marlowe, or Shakespeare's splendid unconsciousness of academic form. There is an analogy here that is a large opening to divagation.

What I wish to dwell on now, however, is that the bragging and bad manners of the True American (the capitals are again the Englishman's) can fairly be taken as one of the less agreeable symptoms of youth and vigor. Bad manners are never to be excused any more than bad morals; but good manners and bad morals are much worse than bad manners and good morals. And such humorous bragging as I have taken for my text is not to be considered as either bad morals or bad manners; it is only the mind of a very crusty foreigner which could make any such confusion of terms. Where the bad manners go no farther than a little unreasonable boasting, we Americans can afford to be magnanimous and unperturbed. We can point out to the Englishman in his splutterings that, after all, the goddess of the little white shrine in every village *is* the schoolma'am, and that, in the end, her doctrines make for manners as well as for righteousness; we can display to him the unfailing reverence for the comfort of women, which is the new chivalry of the New World; and we can reinforce our confidence,

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by the faith of so great a man as Lincoln, in the soundness and courage of the common people. Perhaps the architecture of the little white shrine, its interior decoration if it has any, the harsh twang of its pupils, even of the goddess herself, would leave Mr. Ruskin dumb with despair; and perhaps the words of the brakeman to the lady whose bundles and children he handles so carefully, are to the ear unpolished and rough; nevertheless the kindness is an instinct of courtesy which is deeply inwrought into the fibre of the people; and the teaching and aspirations of the shrine are for noble and regenerating ideals. So that the wide world, dreaming on things to come, may get more comfort and solace than might be supposed out of this same Kansas editor, and his brag that Kansas can not only swallow her and her whole population, but can digest them all, too.

A New Anxiety.

THE anxiety that seems to prevail about the dulness and mediocrity of our literary period is not a new symptom, as every writer who shares it takes pains to point out. Mr. J. S. Tunison, for instance, whose papers on "The Coming Literary Revival" were printed recently in the *Atlantic*, said: "If this generation had been the first to be criticised in this way, the cry of decadence might fill one with melancholy forebodings. The fact is that these prosaic intervals are the rule, and the visits of genius to the world the rare exception." Not only the prosaic intervals, but in the later ones at least the consciousness of them and the lament over them are the rule; and the lament is natural. It is hard upon us to live in a time without genius; though we may derive some consolation from the fact that the periods of genius themselves do not always seem to have enjoyed the counterpoising happiness of a realization of its presence, and indeed have commonly left this to be appreciated by a generation or two later. It may fairly be questioned, certainly, whether a man might find more pleasure in Shakespeare by living in Shakespeare's time, than by living in a time when Shakespeare was most keenly appreciated; whether in general our chief pleasure as a race comes from the literature of our contemporaries; but this is the selfish point of view, and a certain regret over the dearth of our own day is to be expected.

I do not mean to suggest, therefore, that we are all worrying over the wrong thing; but it seems entirely possible that in addition to this futile if interesting anxiety, we might be, to use a current phrase, putting in some worry in a more profitable direction. Are we to have an intelligent audience for genius at its next visit? Or must we pass it on, as in so many former cases, to a differently trained generation? Mr. Tunison cites Hartmann's grim prophecy that coming literature is going to occupy the same place as the farce a business-man goes to see in the evening by way of recreation. The difficulty with us seems to be not so much that we are beginning to go to the farce, but that we are trying to have our cake and eat it too, by pretending to believe that the farce is serious drama of a high order.

The Point of View has harped on this string before; and no doubt it is a truism that the very worst way to fit ourselves for the appreciation of work of the first rank is a false optimism about work of the fourth or fifth. But this is so peculiarly the vice of the time that to point it out may well be made the "*delenda est Carthago*" of every literary discussion. If we are so conscious of the dearth of geniuses, why work so hard all the apparatus of criticism that might be reserved for them, or exercised on the very considerable mass of their work already existent? If we are not to have a meal of great literature, why go so elaborately through a Barmecide's feast? This empty dish that your reviewer is passing you is not a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, and you know it and he knows it.

We grow so used to the conventions of our own creation in this process that when the real thing comes along we unconsciously try it by them. A good deal of current criticism of Mr. Kipling—especially of his poetry—is an instance in point. That the reality of Mr. Kipling's genius has been established and recognized beyond a doubt within these last few years is, of course, in so far an argument against this frittering away of our discrimination; but see how we take him. We either deluge him with indiscriminate laudation and insist that he shall take his place in the after-dinner vaudeville, as of the same kind with the rest, though greater; or we demand of him qualities which in our previous course of setting up men of straw we have decided to be necessary. If he has these, we are told, "the future is his." It would be worth while, perhaps, to make sure that some of his future is ours.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE NEW PORCHES OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON

A PECULIAR fascination invariably attaches to the work of an acknowledged artist which is not thoroughly finished. When we study the crayon sketch of a Leonardo, or read an uncompleted poem of a Shelley, or listen to an unfinished symphony of a Schubert, we gain a special delight which the artist's highly finished work does not give to us. This delight is, without doubt, due in part, as Lessing has taught us, to the enjoyable play of imagination within us, which is possible only because the work is incomplete; but we feel another and very subtle charm in such cases which seems to be linked with a sense of intimate relationship between ourselves and the artist; it is as though he had unfolded to us the secret of his skill, had let us into his confidence, had said to us, "I need go no farther with you; you will understand and appreciate what I have meant to express."

But to those only whose lives are touched with the divine spark is granted the ability to stop at an incompleteness which we do not wish to complement; it is only the true genius who is able to stay his hand at the moment he has expressed his thought or feeling, knowing that the world will appreciate. A Michelangelo may stop thus; and even a Rodin occasionally; but the feebler imitator who looks upon this imperfection as part of the master's technique must certainly fail.

As one endowed with some measure of genius alone should dare to leave his work thus incomplete, as genius is rare amongst men, and the same type of genius seldom vouchsafed to any two mortals, we might be sure, in advance of experience, that failure would almost certainly await those who attempt to fill out to completeness a work which an artist has left unfinished, or which comes to us in imperfect form. And note how fully this expectation is realized. If we consider how inadequate to satisfy us have been the many suggested "restorations" of the Venus de Milo, for instance; if we think of the almost absurd results of efforts to complete romance or poem left unfinished when death has robbed us of the writer; if we note how crude and mean the art of our painters appears when the best of them undertake to renew some master's mutilated picture; then we feel ourselves fully justified in our scepticism as to the value of such completions, and thoroughly logical in our distrust of those who attempt them. If we turn our thought to the art of architecture with which we are here directly concerned, and consider how naturally we pass carelessly by the new façade of St. Ouen, at Rouen, and with what satisfaction we seat ourselves in the gardens from which we may view the ancient parts of that noble pile; when we note how thoroughly out of the scale of conception which guided the original constructors this new façade appears; then we realize how exceedingly difficult it is for an artist of any one time to enter into the spirit of the ages which for him are passed and gone, and we rejoice that no one in modern days has essayed to build anew the fallen tower, and to complete the great nave of Beauvais.

In general then, without fear of æsthetic loss, we may make it a rule that where a great artist has been willing to leave his creation unfinished or incomplete, we in our turn should be willing to allow it to remain just as he bequeathed it to us.

Feeling the force of this general rule we cannot help asking ourselves whether an error may not have been made in attempting to complete Trinity Church, in Boston, which Richardson left to us in an unfinished condition, by the addition of the westerly towers and the richly sculptured Galilee porch which is illustrated in the accompanying plates. It must indeed have required no little courage to make the attempt, for as we have already seen, it has become very evident to us how little probability there is that success will attend the efforts of the architect-artist who undertakes such a task; how difficult for anyone else to grasp thoroughly the constructional scale of the work of an artist predeces-

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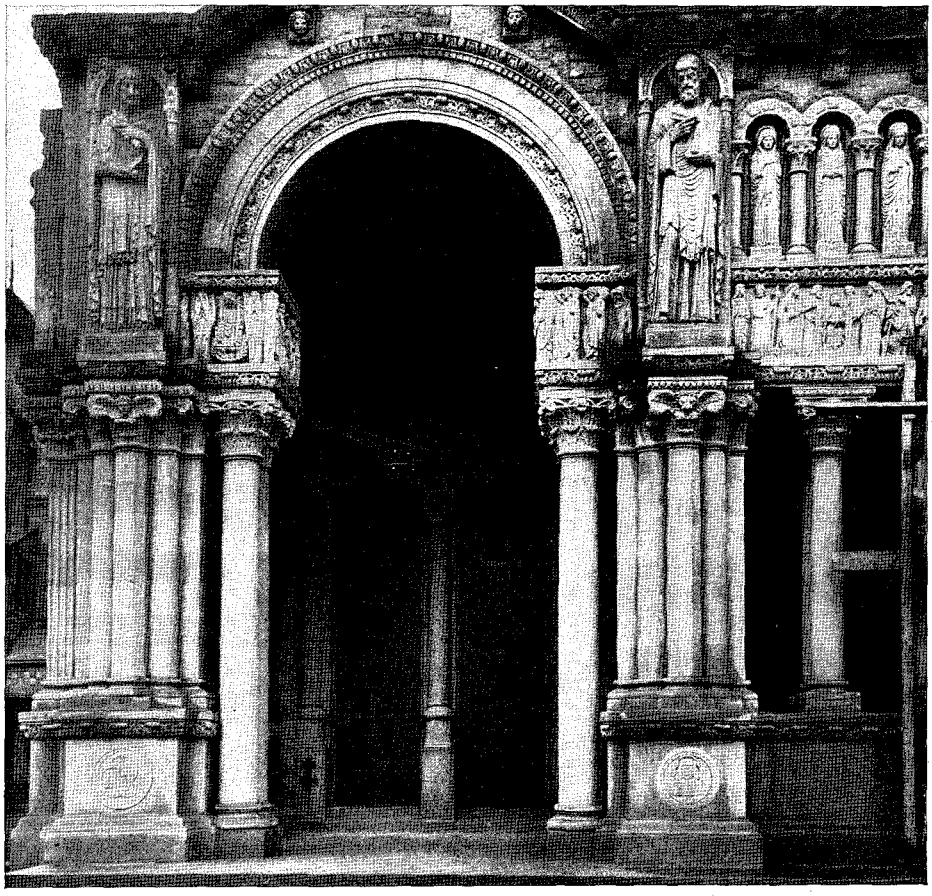
sor ; how impossible that any one of us should be swayed by the delicate influences which would certainly have led the original designer to modify his conception of the newer parts as they developed under his eye. Some of us who have known the noble masses of the church dominated by its great central tower, as it stood for years after Richardson's death, feel a distinct sense of loss now that the new towers and porches have arisen; they seem to compel us to interpret the masses in terms of a constructional scale quite diverse from that in which the unfinished work was wrought. It may be that those who live after us, who cannot recall the building as it stood of old, may become accustomed to the new scale, and delight in the fuller completeness. It may even be that the newer parts will appear to them to have greater artistic value than the older parts.

But beyond this special question, which is a local and limited one, the study of this new work leads us to ask a broader general question, Is the art of architectural sculpture a living one with us to-day ; and if not, can it become one? Are we sufficiently masters of that abstract fine art of form to dare to utilize figure-sculpture in the adornment of our buildings as the craftsmen of the thirteenth century did?

In considering this we may note that if an architect finds it no simple task to grasp the constructional scale of a work left unfinished by another architect, this is not because he is struggling with a troublesome problem which is presented only to those who practise his special art ; that with which he copes is but a special example of a general difficulty which all artists must meet.

All artistic products are presented in what we may call a special scale of conception, a scale which is determined by the constitution of the artist's mind, and which in its turn determines the emphasis of special elements in that



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very complex object which we designate as a work of art. Every artistic work of lasting merit is effective because it stimulates the exercise of many capacities in the observer; it is graceful and beautiful because many elementary effects of pleasure are combined, are summated, so to speak, to produce one effect of permanent delight. It is the mark of the genius that he is able to make this unity of beauty out of his manifold of pleasurable elements; a man of less talent will be unable to preserve the delicate balance of our attention which renders possible the preservation of the unity, which avoids that emphasis of some special element that would make this element the centre of interest, and thus destroy the æsthetic value of the unified whole. We may look for illustration to the musical drama, where we perceive how keenly great masters have felt the necessity of keeping well within bounds the development of marked "plot interest" in connection with their compositions. The literary quality of Wagner's work is manifestly crude and barbaric, and it is felt to be necessarily so; for, were our attention liable to be centred upon finer literary details, we should certainly lose the power inherent in the unity which gives to his operas their essential significance.

The general principle of æsthetics thus illustrated, this necessity which compels the artist to subordinate the effects of elementary parts to the effect of the whole has especial significance in reference to the work of art we are here considering. Sculpture as it is used in connection with architecture may be employed in two ways. The Greeks often treated the two arts as independent, although cognate, their statues being distinctly applied to the buildings as appropriate although not absolutely necessary parts of the whole work. From such a point of view the sculptural and the architectural parts are to be considered as harmonious works of art which are placed in conjunction, rather than as elementary parts of a unified æsthetic whole. But in many of the greatest works of architecture, sculpture is freely employed as a mere unit in the total which produces the æsthetic effect. We note this in the metopes of the Parthenon, and in the delicate carvings upon the Greek mouldings in general. In these latter we see embodied the effort to emphasize the sec-

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tional forms of the mouldings so that they can be appreciated by one who cannot see the profiles, and this was accomplished with wonderful skill without destroying these form values even when they were seen at a distance. We see the same thing exemplified in the unique carvings on the base of the façade of Orvieto; carvings which at a distance seem to do little more than throw a light veil over, without in the least obliterating, the structural lines of the great piers. We see the same thing again in the mediæval buildings from which Richardson drew the inspiration for Boston's great church, the sculpture in those old edifices being felt to be part and parcel of the architectural creation.

If we examine this mediæval sculpture it appears to be for the most part crude in modelling and unrealistic in detail; and this fact serves to throw it out of prominence as we study the monument in which it appears, serves to subordinate it so that it becomes but an element in the broader æsthetic unit. It is highly probable that if it were less crude and more realistic, it would force attention in a way that would tend to make it the æsthetic object for us with a background of mere building, rather than as now merely one element in the total object of architectural interest. It is thus quite comparable to the plot of the Wagnerian opera above referred to, which through its very crudeness in a literary sense becomes part and parcel of the complex artistic totality.

In the sculpture which we are here considering we can scarcely fail to note a marked departure from these mediæval forms. They are mediæval in inspiration to be sure, but they are deeply affected by modern thought and modern technique. The evidence here is clear that the artist-sculptor has been strongly influenced by the careful modelling from the nude, which is a necessary part of the sculptor's method in our day, a method almost, if not quite, unknown to the mediæval artisan-sculptors who for the most part wrought out the rough carvings which are so telling on the Romanesque cathedrals. It is an æsthetic question of great interest whether the modern sculptors, in thus assuming to perfect the forms inspired by the mediæval carvers, have not thrown their own work out of scale with the rest of the work; and whether in so doing they have not reduced the value of the building as an æsthetic unity. Have they not in the very perfecting of their carvings compelled us to concentrate our interest too much upon the sculptural detail, or sufficiently at least to change the "conceptual scale" of the work and to reduce the æsthetic value of the building as a totality? To the writer it appears clear that such has been the result; and yet this judgment must be held as a tentative one, so difficult is it for one man to speak for the mass of cultivated men in his own generation. The critic is necessarily biased by his special attainments and his special point of view, and particularly in this case by his remembrance of the unfinished work with which he has been familiar in past years and which has established for him a standard which may perhaps be found to be a thoroughly artificial one. If he must be cautious in speaking for men of his own day and generation, far less is he competent to pass judgment for the men of a future time who will know naught of the unfinished work, and it must be remembered that it is this judgment of no one generation but of the specially cultivated of many generations which must finally determine the æsthetic value of all works of man.

The force of such criticism as we have here given is tempered further by the remembrance that all art in the past, and architectural art in particular, has advanced by the very method which has apparently been adopted here; by following the precedents of the past, and yet at the same time aiming to perfect some special element of the complex æsthetic unity from which the artist has gained his inspiration. In architecture especially is this method emphasized, for the imagination of the architect-artist is more closely restricted than that of his fellow-artists in consequence of the rigid demands which utility presses upon him and which will not permit of facile alteration, which in compelling the architect to copy more freely from his predecessors than is permissible to his fellows at the same time compels him to restrict his imagination more completely to adaptation, and to the perfecting of special details of the whole art-work. The difficulty of making such adaptation, of the perfecting of parts without reducing the æsthetic effect of wholes, must be faced; the puzzling problem presented can only be satisfactorily solved by men of real genius; but we who would be watchful to encourage the genius in his effort must beware of establishing within ourselves too rigid notions of propriety which so often stand in the way of just appreciation. H. R. M.

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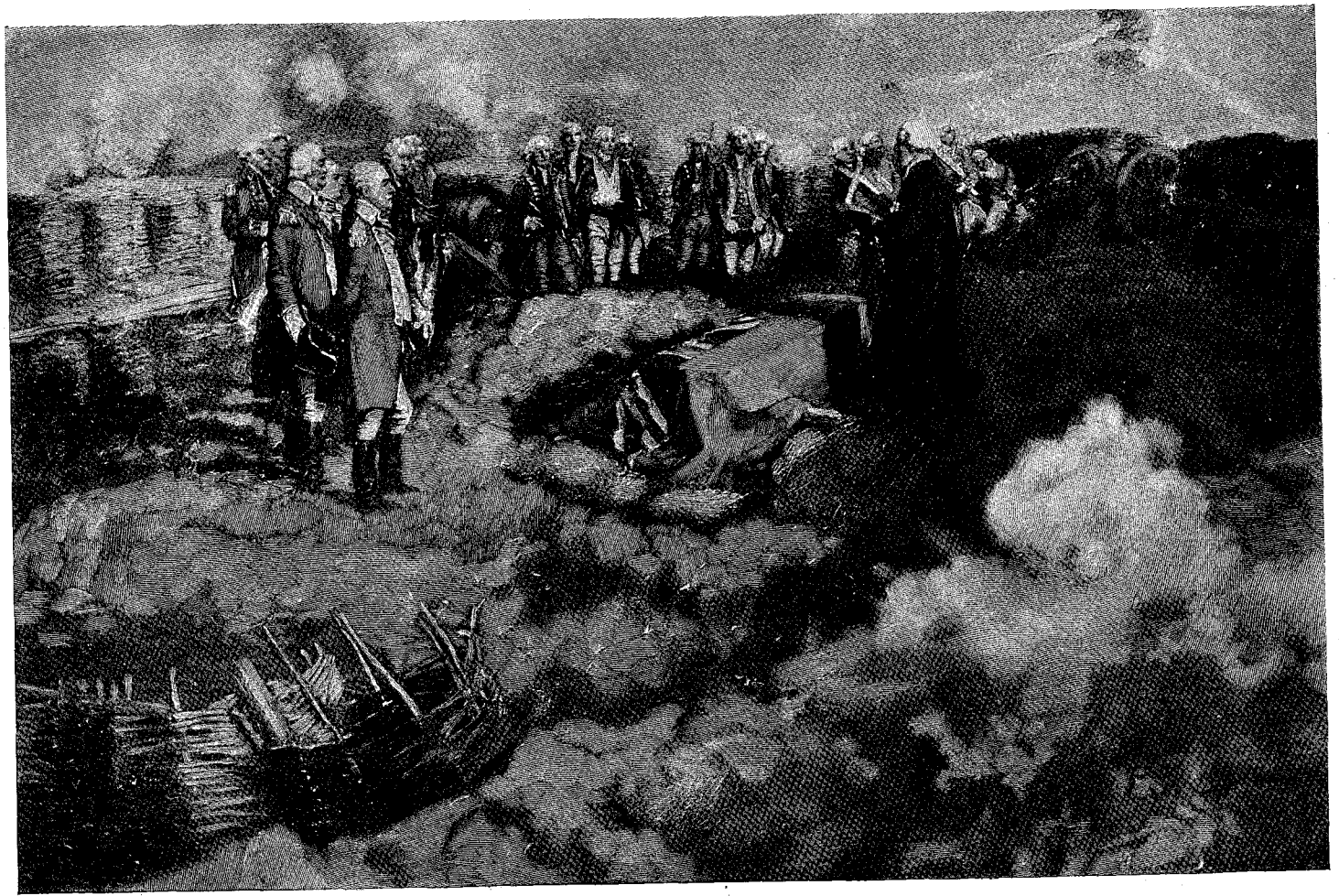

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

THE BURIAL OF GENERAL FRASER.

The Story of the Revolution, page 559.

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